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Collier's

June 14, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

ON GUARD AT THE POLE

First Story, Color Photos Of Our New Bases on Greenland's Icy Wastes

Rainy Day
In the Attic
(See Page 70)

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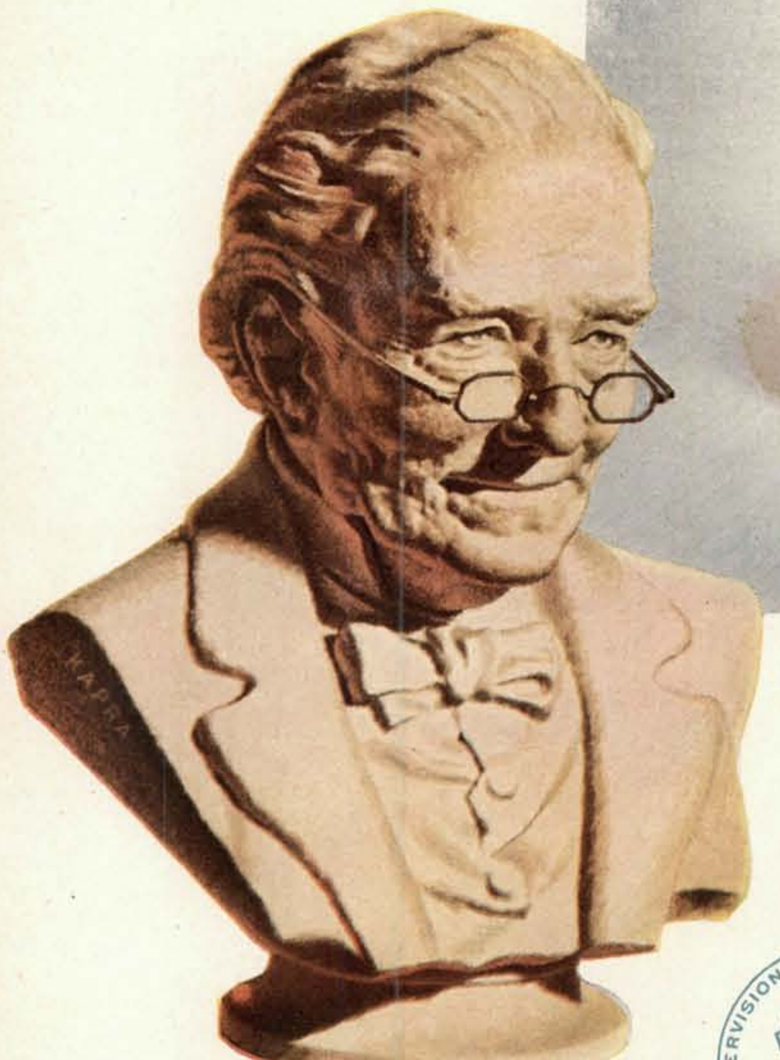

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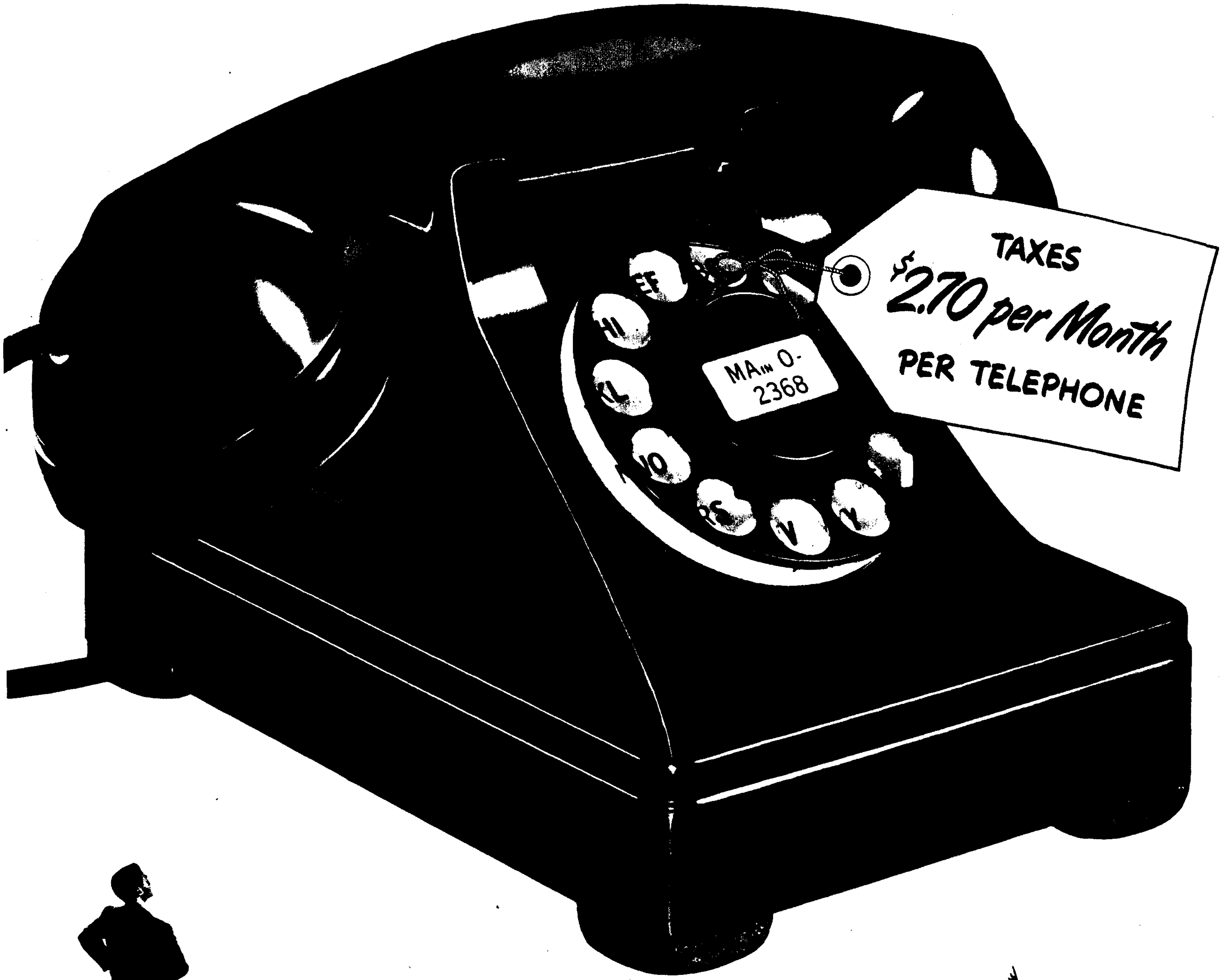
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June 14, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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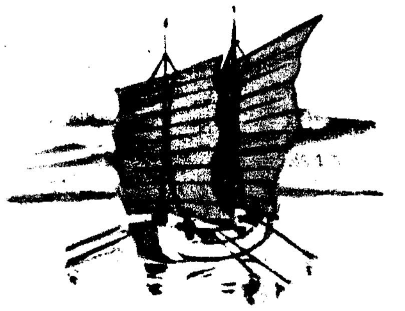
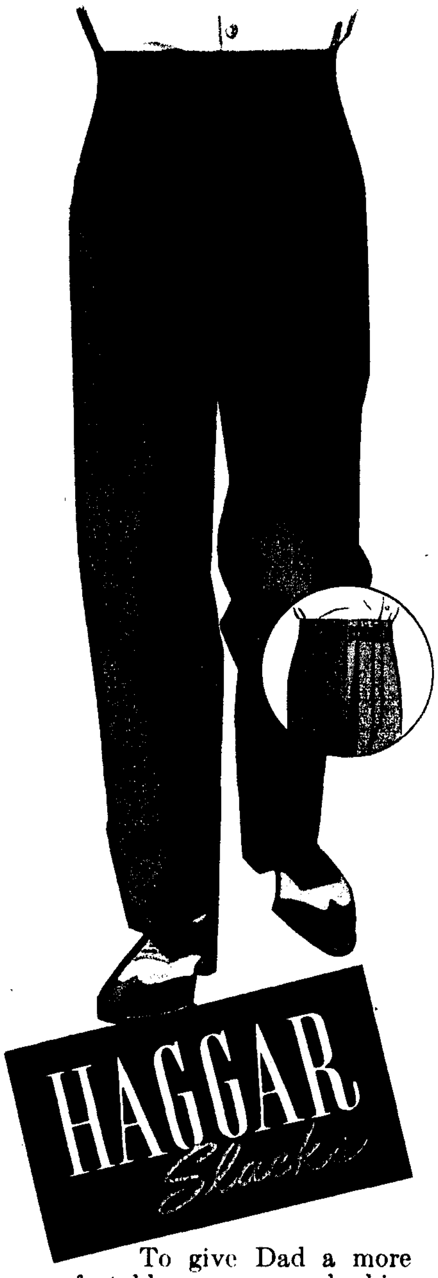


For Father's Day...COOL
SHANGHAI WEAVE
Slacks by Haggar



To give Dad a more comfortable summer, make him a Father's Day present of these linen-like Haggar Slacks! Guaranteed Washable! Wrinkle Resistant! Extra-cool! Generously full cut and expertly tailored in seven new shades!

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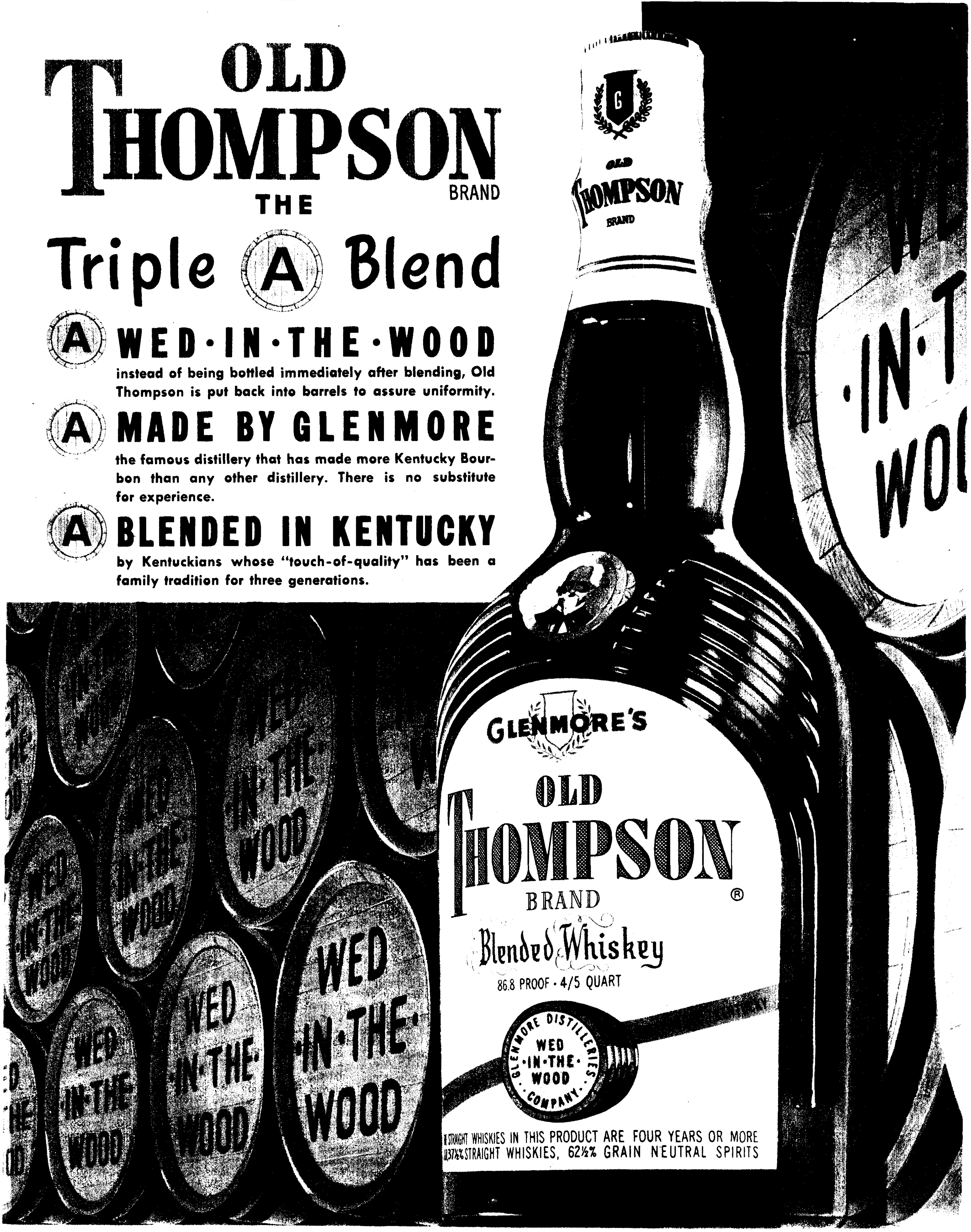
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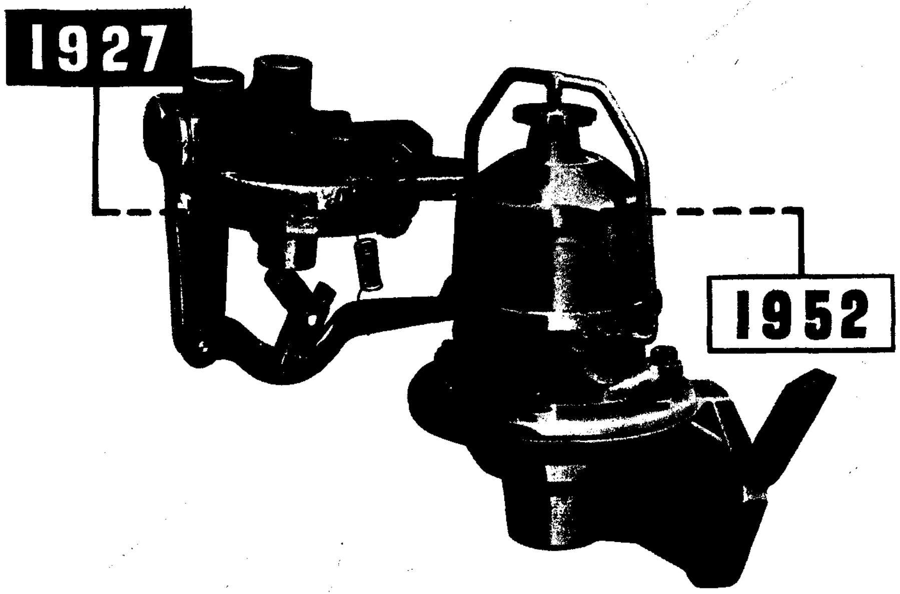
AND STILL FIRST



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They were so sound in design, so reliable in service, that they were adopted as the industry's standard.

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AMERICA'S FIRST AND FINEST

AC FUEL PUMPS

ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT ON 9 OUT OF 10 CARS ON THE ROAD

The Cover

This week Collier's departs from its usual cover design by adding to the upper right-hand corner a picture of U.S. Air Force Lieutenant Colonel A. E. Milliken, in sheer good spirits, waving a Confederate flag deep within the Arctic Circle. It announces the first exclusive text-and-picture report about Allied defense bases on Greenland's icy wastes. This remarkable story, On Guard at the Pole, begins on page 15. The larger picture on the cover, featuring Gwen Kessler and Guy Porter, introduces Rainy Day in the Attic. You'll find this charming and nostalgic picture story on page 70.

Week's Mail

Byrnes vs. Truman

EDITOR: I read with very great interest Jimmy Byrnes's fascinating article on the Byrnes-Truman controversy (Byrnes Answers Truman, Apr. 26th). I heartily congratulate you on presenting such invaluable historical documents as this and the stimulating Hoover memoirs. Your editors always hit the jack pot.

CYRIL CLEMENS, Webster Groves, Mo.

. . . Thank you, Mr. Byrnes, for informing America what some of us already knew.

I wish God and the American people would make James Byrnes President of the United States. South Carolina is fortunate and proud to have him as governor.

COY ANDREW BAYNE, Columbia, S.C.

Correction

An article in Collier's of February 23d stated:

"Today, Negroes vote with relative ease in every state in the Union except Louisiana, Alabama and Florida—where registration is still made difficult for them, either by physical intimidation or by subjecting them to an intelligence-test question like, 'How many windows in the White House?' "

Florida should not have been included in the statement and we regret the error.

Putting the Veep to Work

EDITOR: I liked your editorial No More Throttlebottoms (Apr. 26th).

There is a suggestion which I have been considering for a number of years, and have often wondered why it had not been made before. In national politics we have often had the question of succession come up, and it seems to me that it would be a very easy matter to settle it once and for all. In electing a President why should we not elect two Vice-Presidents?

The duties of the first Vice-President could be designated as Assistant to the President, and he would of course be first in line for succession to the Presidency. The second Vice-President's duties would be the same as at present—presiding officer of the Senate. In the voting the Vice-President receiving the highest vote would be first Vice-President, etc.

No doubt a constitutional amendment would be necessary. So what? The question of direct election of Presidents is already being considered. Why not get both in one package? O. A. SETZER, Tampa, Fla.

. . . I believe this country is in very real danger—danger of internal socialization and danger from external aggression. I believe these dangers can be averted only by very hard work on the part of our ablest leaders.

What can I do about it? The issue will be decided not in the November elections but at the conventions in July. I want the Republican convention to nominate *both* Eisenhower and Taft. I want one of them as President and the other as "Executive Vice-President." I don't want another political hack as Vice-President. I want the Executive Vice-President to be in charge of the internal affairs of this country. It's a full-time, man-sized job. I want the Republican leaders to quit playing politics and insist that the country secure the ungrudging services of both of these fine men.

J. W. MCILWRAITH, New Castle, Pa.

. . . For a long time I have been thinking that this job of being President of the United States is too much for one man. Why not take the Vice-President away from the Senate and put him where he belongs—right in the same office with the President? Of course, it would require a new amendment, but we have made amendments before.

H. L. HALBE, Temple City, Cal.

. . . In your editorial of April 26th you state: "Its (the Presidency's) duties are taxing and exhausting."

That's the understatement of the week. The President has performed his duty so well we are taxed and exhausted to the vanishing point.

MILDRED F. ADAMS, Coldwater, Mich.

Generous Emcee

EDITOR: I deeply enjoyed your article, "Mr. Dixie" (Apr. 19th), as I have heard Grady Cole for years and have enjoyed his program.

You mention the fact that Grady had been the master of ceremonies for an amateur show at the Clover, S.C., high school, but you did not give any details.

When Grady was asked to be the master of ceremonies he gladly consented, as it was a fund-raising occasion for our local Boy Scout troop. Grady agreed that there would be a split of the receipts: 65 per cent for the scout troop and 35 per cent for Grady.

When the program was over and the receipts were totaled, we tried to pay Grady his portion, but his reply, in the usual Mr. Dixie manner, was, "Boys, just give me a quarter for a hamburger and a cup of coffee so I won't starve before I get back to Charlotte." This was his final reply, and we were not able to get him to accept more than the quarter.

The above is only one small reason why Grady Cole has so many friends throughout the two Carolinas.

ARTHUR M. SUGGS, Columbia, S.C.

Sympathy from Korea

EDITOR: Today is April 21st; your February 2d issue finally found a way into our company. Reading through the Week's Mail section we found a letter from a soldier in France, complaining about Army living conditions there.

For a soldier stationed in Korea to read a letter such as that is damn' disgusting. We sort of feel sorry for those in France and Germany. The only difference is that they're safe from any danger of being killed other than by their own carelessness.

Clean: A man lives in a bunker for an indefinite period of time. Before, it was cold, but with the thaw and the persistent rains, he is just one big oversize mud ball.

Warm: During the winter if we had a "potbellied" stove, we sure as hell wouldn't complain about cutting wood all day to

(Continued on page 10)

The "Empire" where everyone's a king

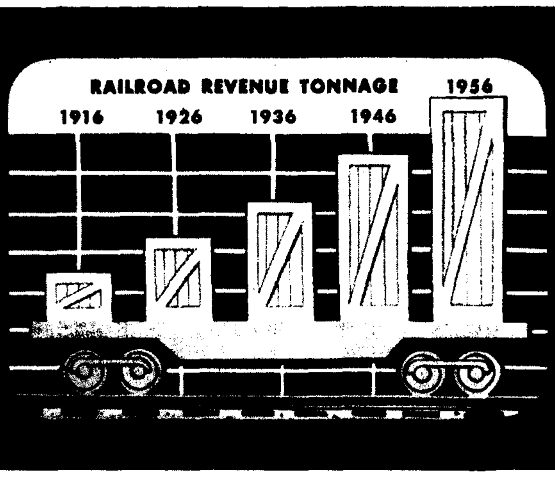
YOUR OWN THRONE comes with the ticket when you take New York Central's *Empire State Express* along the scenic Water Level Route. It's a throne few rulers can match—a luxurious coach seat that helps make you feel like a king for a day.

STROLL BACK to the observation lounge for more royal comforts. Sofas face outward for sight-seeing. A semi-circular bar serves refreshments. Watching the scenery speed by, you can see why it's only 11 hours from New York to Cleveland.

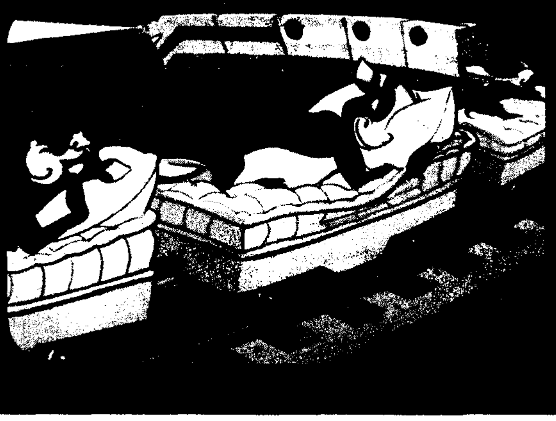
IN YOUR CURVED "BANQUETTE" nook, you enjoy *The Empire's* excellent meals in smooth-rolling comfort because of Timken® roller bearings on the axles. They're one of the big railroad improvements that made today's streamliners a reality.

Now here's the next great step in railroading

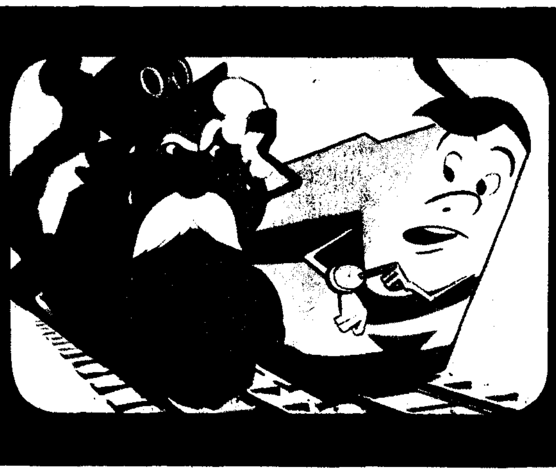
"ROLLER FREIGHT" is the next great step in railroading! Already improved by better terminals and mechanized handling, freight service will be *revolutionized* when freight cars roll on Timken bearings instead of old-style friction bearings.



IN WINNING tomorrow's freight business, "Roller Freight" can be the railroads' top attraction. Timken bearings reduce starting resistance 88%, permit jolt-free starts and stops. That means less damage to lading, longer life for cars.



ONE RAILROAD has already put a "Roller Freight" livestock train into service. And what results! Running time has been cut in half! Cattle spend less time in cars, arrive in better condition. The railroad's livestock business increased 30% in two years.



TIMKEN BEARINGS let cars spend less time in the repair shop, more time on the road. "Hot-boxes", primary cause of freight train delays, are practically eliminated. With Timken bearings, railroads can cut lube bills up to 89%. Man-hours for terminal inspection can be cut 90%.

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PRICE CUT 20%

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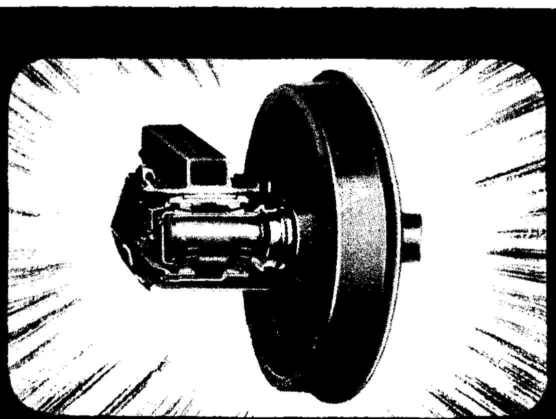

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Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IT'S SOUND ADVICE for you, too! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day keep your hair and scalp in fine condition. Checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. Makes a grand difference in the good looks of your hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care for scalp and hair, and it's economical, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Dr. Carleton Smith and Mr. A. C. Pierson, respectively director and secretary of the National Arts Foundation, have been giving Anchorage, Alaska, a good cultural going-over. We see by the columns of the Portland Oregonian that they've won Anchorage's agreement to name or rename her streets after men and women celebrated in the arts. Ethel Barrymore Way, for example. Also Bach Boulevard, Sibelius Square, Michelangelo Mews and a possibility of Grandma Moses Lane, Toscanini Terrace and Rodgers and Hammerstein Road. Dickens Drive is under consideration and so is Brahms Block, Hemingway Highway, Caruso Crescent and Faulkner Freeway. Assume there's an alley that may become Dan McGrew Chute.

* * *

Thus far, nobody's been pinched in San Jose, California, by a cop executing a *pas seul,* an *entrechat* or even a twiddly little pirouette. No one has received so much as a traffic ticket from a San Jose gendarme making like a dervish while his fellow officers paddle around as the *corps de ballet.* We entreat patience. An important part of the curriculum of the police school at San Jose State College is ballet dancing. The aim is to add muscular grace, discipline and control to the talents the cops already have. However, you can be lugged off to the jailhouse just as fast by a cop who flings himself at you in a *tour jeté* as by an earth-bound bull trudging over on flat feet. So don't get gay in San Jose.

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Our fiction editor has a dilemma. Last year he received a letter from an American Army captain in Korea, a man he'd never heard of and whose name he has now, alas, forgotten. There was a line or two in it in which the captain said his heart ached for a young Korean boy whom he had spotted staring at a magazine picture of an American kid of his own age riding a shiny new bicycle. There were tears in the Korean boy's eyes. "I'm no writer, but I thought the contrast might make a story for someone," the captain wrote. Months later, the fiction editor mentioned the idea to Harry Middleton, a writer just back from Korean duty himself, and the resulting story appears in this issue (see page 28). We hope you'll get a kick out of it. We are sorry we can't show our appreciation to the captain; but we have no way of locating his letter, which is undoubtedly buried someplace in our files—with 20,000 other pieces of miscellaneous correspondence for 1951.

* * *

California has more federal employees than Washington, D.C.—252,249 to 249,949. And Mr. Casey Carrol in Los Angeles says the mob of hopefuls makes the Rush of 1849 look like slow motion. "But you have to be awful tough out here," says Mr. Carrol, "to fight off the number of Washington guys who want to hang you on the government payroll."

* * *

Dismal news from Missoula, Montana. Mr. Ben Dilly reports the finding of a dead hunter. "Something he disagreed with ate him," says Mr. Dilly.

* * *

And Jim Russell, of Belton, Texas, informs us that he got to talking to a soldier in that Exercise Long Horn operation. Soldier said he was happy in the Army. The surprised Mr. Belton asked him what he was back home in civilian life. "Much happier," replied the soldier.

* * *

Asked what he thought was the greatest progress in agriculture in the past 35 years, Governor Gordon Browning of Tennessee thought hard for a moment and then said: "Well, nowadays you can't tell a farmer's daughter from a city girl."

* * *

The United States government has just been notified by a gentleman named Workman that he is the rightful owner of Pelican Island in San Francisco Bay and that he'd like to have it. Says his grandfather bought it in 1845. It is suggested by disinterested parties that the population of the island be polled and it's predicted that so far as they're concerned he can have it all to himself. But the government doesn't concur. Besides the government calls it by its Spanish name—Alcatraz.

* * *

And if we hadn't seen this in the Arkansas Democrat, a rigidly truthful paper published in Little Rock, we'd have been inclined to doubt it. Two gentlemen were having a heated argument about the atom bomb. Weren't getting anywhere either until one of them, jabbing the other with a forefinger, came through with the clincher: "Remember: when you're fooling with the atom bomb, you're playing with dynamite."

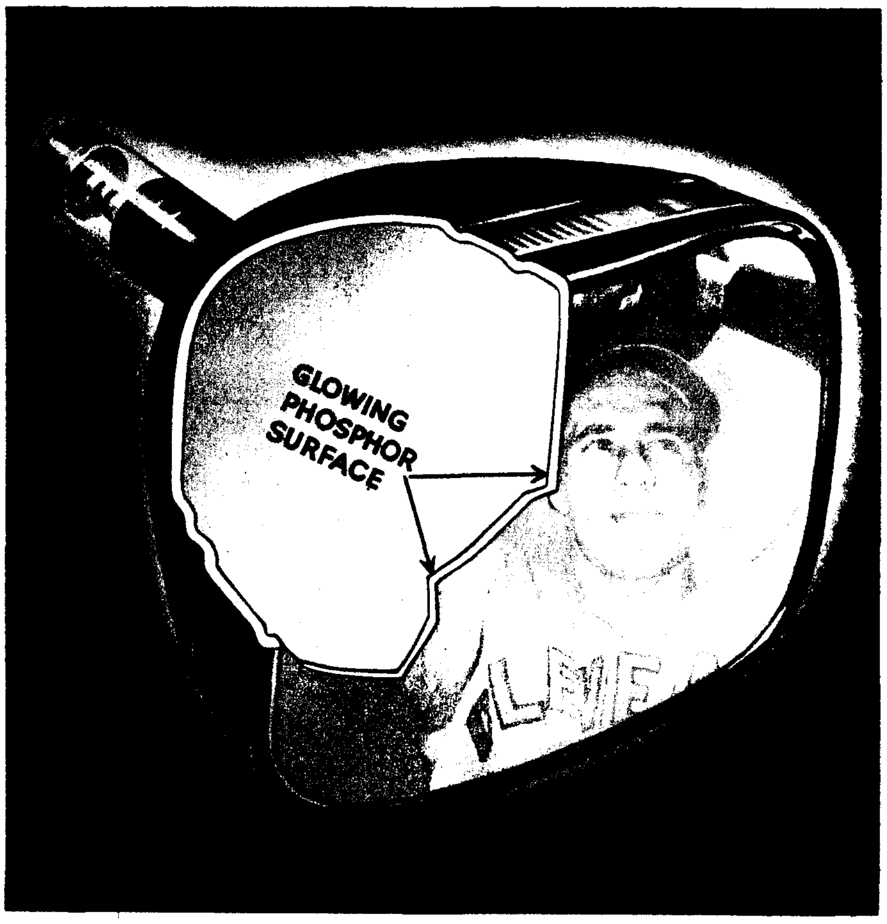
* * *

Heard about those mewling movements to change the traditional cartoon character representing Uncle Sam and to find too a new name for the Capitalist System? Some folks want to make Uncle Sam look like a sharply dressed bond salesman and others have been urging that the name of the system we live under with considerable success be weaseled down to something like the Good Life or Mutuality or something similarly pawky. Mr. John P. McFaul of Seattle, Washington, says he won't be at all

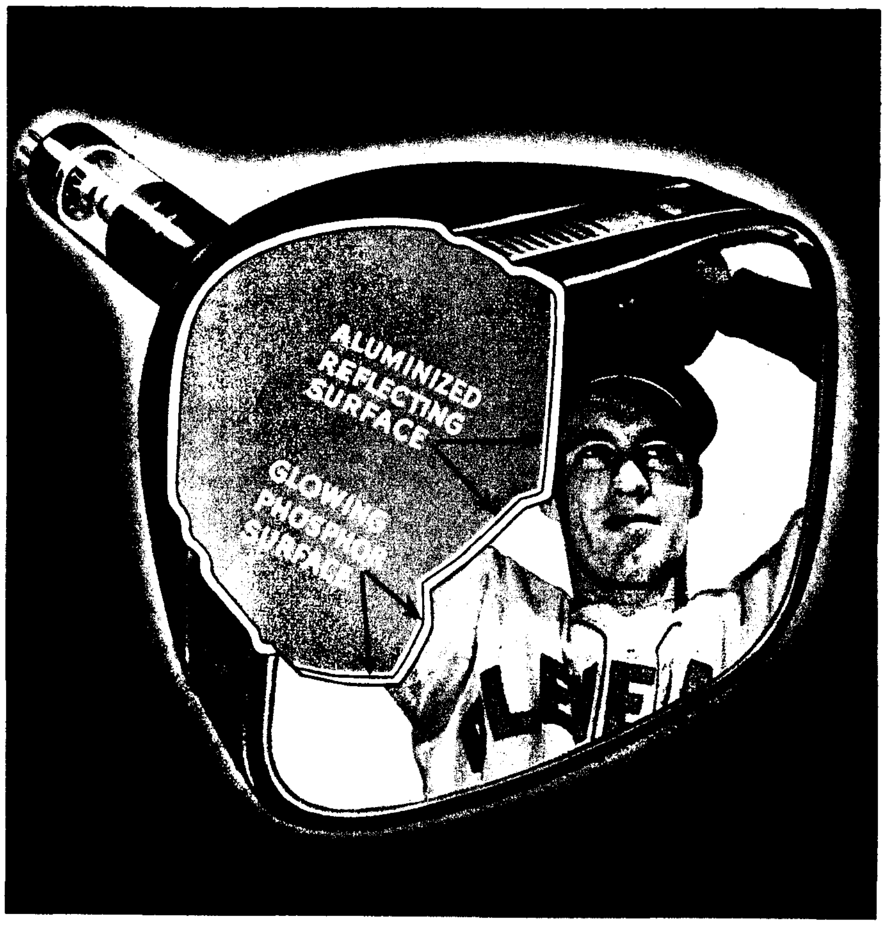
"YOU'D NEVER KNOW OUR TV SET IS OVER 3 YEARS OLD!"...

● "When the original tube wore out, we had it replaced with a new G-E Aluminized Picture Tube," says *Mrs. Caroline Quinlan, 238 North Tyson Ave., Floral Park, L.I., N.Y.* "What a difference! Now our picture's better than new. Besides, we're protected by the General Electric registered Factory Tube Warranty." The extra performance and protection of the G-E Aluminized Tube add up to the best television investment you can make!

G-E ALUMINIZED PICTURE TUBE MAKES OLD TV Better Than New!



ORDINARY TUBES often lack brightness *even when new*—give faded, hazy pictures like this. Reason: much of the light is released backward inside the tube. Not only is this light wasted, it actually degrades the picture—robs it of sharpness and detail. White areas of the picture have no sparkle—black areas gray down. Contrast is poor. Viewing is hard on the eyes.



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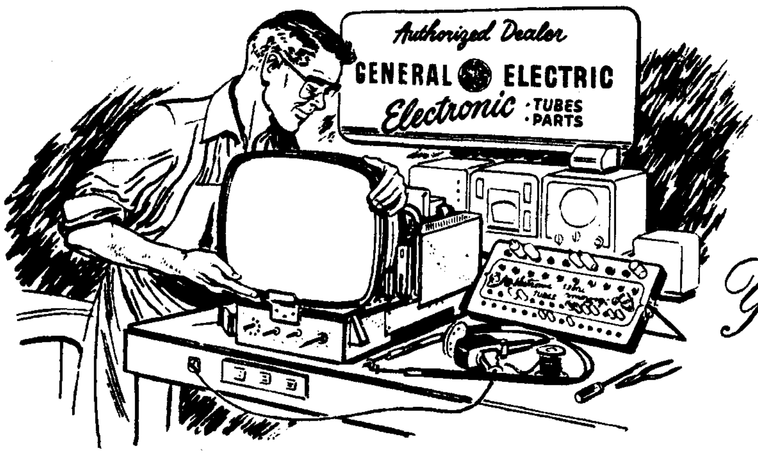


NEW G-E ALUMINIZED TUBES are backed by registered Factory Warranty. Be sure you get this warranty certificate from your service dealer. Remember, no rebuilt picture tube can give the same permanent satisfaction! Always insist on G-E tubes for TV and Radio. They're the finest any set can have. *Tube Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, New York.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

166-1A3

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH

AND

STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate Dental Cream Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate In the Mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

Colgate Dental Cream cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Yes, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. And, no other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. In fact, the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER OFFERS SUCH CONCLUSIVE PROOF!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

surprised if some whistlehead hatches a scheme to have the Declaration of Independence jived up and the Liberty Bell sent to a foundry to be mended. "In fact," says he, "I hear that a guy in Michigan wants a committee of professors to rewrite the Bill of Rights. This is to serve notice that I have a dandy punch in the nose saved up for that bum if he'll just tell me when and where to deliver it."

★ ★ ★

Armand Cirilli, of Hurley, Wisconsin, says he borrowed a book from the Public Library recently and found it pretty dull reading. But, says Mr. Cirilli: "The delicately perfumed letter somebody left in it for a bookmark was a honey."

★ ★ ★

And Mr. Jim Canole got to talking to a neighbor in Lincoln, Nebraska, about a bit of extra weight he was carrying around. Said he ought to do something about it, but hated the idea of dieting. Said the neighbor: "Forget those formal diets, Jim. The cost of living's fixed all that. Just eat what you can afford. That's all."

★ ★ ★

Old 48 has learned by tough experience that nothing deflates a bully, a liar, a snide politician or a combination thereof so much or so fast as ignoring him. Thus he recommends the silent treatment for Russia, for all Commies. Keep the ears alert, the gun cocked, but the eyes averted and the mouth closed—let's say for six months. Of course, it will be tough on some of our own office-seeking statesmen who haven't much else to talk about, but sacrifices are sometimes necessary. Bust the Reds with silence and watch them come whining. Effective? Like using a steam roller on a gnat.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours in Wyoming says the current sing-sob epidemic is spreading to political oratory. Says he's heard appeals for votes that could spot Johnnie Ray a Missouri River flood and beat him by a couple of tidal waves. Maybe. But we've always suspected that politicians sob for us to keep from laughing at us.

★ ★ ★

Free but valuable suggestion to New England vacationers: Go listen to the Vermont Symphony—a swell band of 55 native musicians who play for the sheer love of music. Oh, all right, they do get something—about four bucks per instrument per concert provided there are a couple of hundred dollars left over after paying for the hall. We went with Mr. Wells Barndollar, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, to hear them. Excellent. They got a couple of bucks each for that program and played a thousand dollars' worth. Mr. Barndollar said Vermonters must be slipping. Nobody in the Green Mountain State complaining that the money's squandered.

★ ★ ★

Been reading the National Patent Council's Invention News, an inspiring sheet aimed at arousing inventive genius. Lots of gossip about gadgets that defy human error. But as far as we see, every time some smart guy comes out with a foolproof gimmick, nature comes along and brushes it off by producing an inventionproof fool.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

have a warm bunker to sleep in between hours of guard. Try lying in a cold snow-covered rice paddy all night, and not moving for fear of making noise. Then come into your cold bunker at daybreak without your "potbellied" stove.

Dry: Try living in a mud-floored bunker with a mud-covered roof and the communication trenches between bunkers nothing but rivers after five days of rain. You would swear that the Army had moved their shower point to your bunker on the outpost you're living on.

Fresh milk: What is it?

We could go on and on, but we sure do feel sorry for those boys in France. We wish we could shake the hand of every man over there and give them an encouraging word for the great hardships they are enduring.

CPL. THOMAS TURGG,
SGT. DAVID FINA,
PVT. CHARLES L. SCHOON,
PFC DAVID C. THRANE,
PFC ANDREW DE LYSER,
PFC JOHN V. DISTIFORO,
23d Regt Medics Co., 2d Inf. Division,
c/o APO 248, San Francisco, Cal.

CAA Funds & Air Safety

EDITOR: I was very interested to read your editorial "It's Too Dangerous" (Apr. 12th). All conclusions drawn are true, but there are a few points that I would like to bring forth. Having been employed by the Civil Aeronautics Authority in Air Traffic Control (Air Route) for over eight years, I believe I can speak with experience.

Are you aware that funds for CAA have been greatly cut in the last budget? That the 10 per cent raise in pay had to be given out of budgets that had not been made to include the raise, thus making a cut in funds of that amount? The reduction in funds has forced curtailment of, among other things, the installation and staffing of radar installations and the closing of others.

Reductions in force have cost ATC the services of numerous trained men, and will lose more. The cuts have forced the integration of all airways operations functions, with the result that top officials are men with little or no background in aviation and very little interest in the furthering of air traffic control procedures or research.

ROBERT SCOTT, Honolulu, T.H.

Collier's Scoop

Collier's
THROUGH HELL and HIGH BRASS

EDITOR: Congratulations! In addition to your editorial duties, you have joined the ranks of successful talent scouts.

I believe that Debbie Reynolds, the young lady in the above picture, is now appearing in Singin' in the Rain, and doing an excellent job, too.

New faces are always pleasant on magazine covers, but you really scored a scoop with this one. Collier's may have given Miss Reynolds her first "cover."

EVELYN C. WALLACE, Chillicothe, Ohio

Mrs. Wallace is correct. Debbie Reynolds was Collier's cover girl, November 13, 1948, shortly after she won a movie talent contest.

Something Old

"READY, DAD?" Doris Arnold took her hands away from her father's eyes, stepped around in front of his chair and swirled about in her shimmering satin wedding gown. Then she said, in a shy voice that was almost a whisper, "Do you like it?"

"Like it! I've never seen anything so beautiful, Doris!" Jeff Arnold glanced at his wife, still standing at the entrance to the living room, and then winked at Doris and added, "Except once."

Beth Arnold came in and sat on the arm of her husband's chair. "That's my Jeff," she said, "always tactful! But honestly, isn't it a dream? There are still a few things to be done to it, but it will be ready in plenty of time."

She reached over, smoothed out a small wrinkle in the dress and then said, "Doris and I were just talking about the old custom—you know, 'something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue'—and we ran into a snag. Doris is all set as far as everything else is concerned, but we can't decide on what she should wear that's old. There's that brooch my grandmother left me, or those pearls of Mother's . . ."

"Or the old emerald ring Aunt Molly gave me when I graduated," Doris interrupted. "Or . . ."

Jeff Arnold rubbed his chin, looked up at his daughter and said, "Tell you what, Doris—I've got just the thing for you. I don't know quite how you'll manage to wear it, but it's something old, all right." He reached in his inside pocket and said, "Know what it is?"

Without waiting for an answer, Jeff pulled out his wallet, took a check from it and handed it to Doris. "Money. And with it my very best wishes . . ."

"Dad! Mother!" Doris cried. "What in the world . . . why, how . . . for goodness' sake . . ."

"Easy, Doris, easy," Jeff said, smiling up at her. "I know the size of the check surprises you. But actually it's something that has been growing up with you for years and years and has always been intended for you.

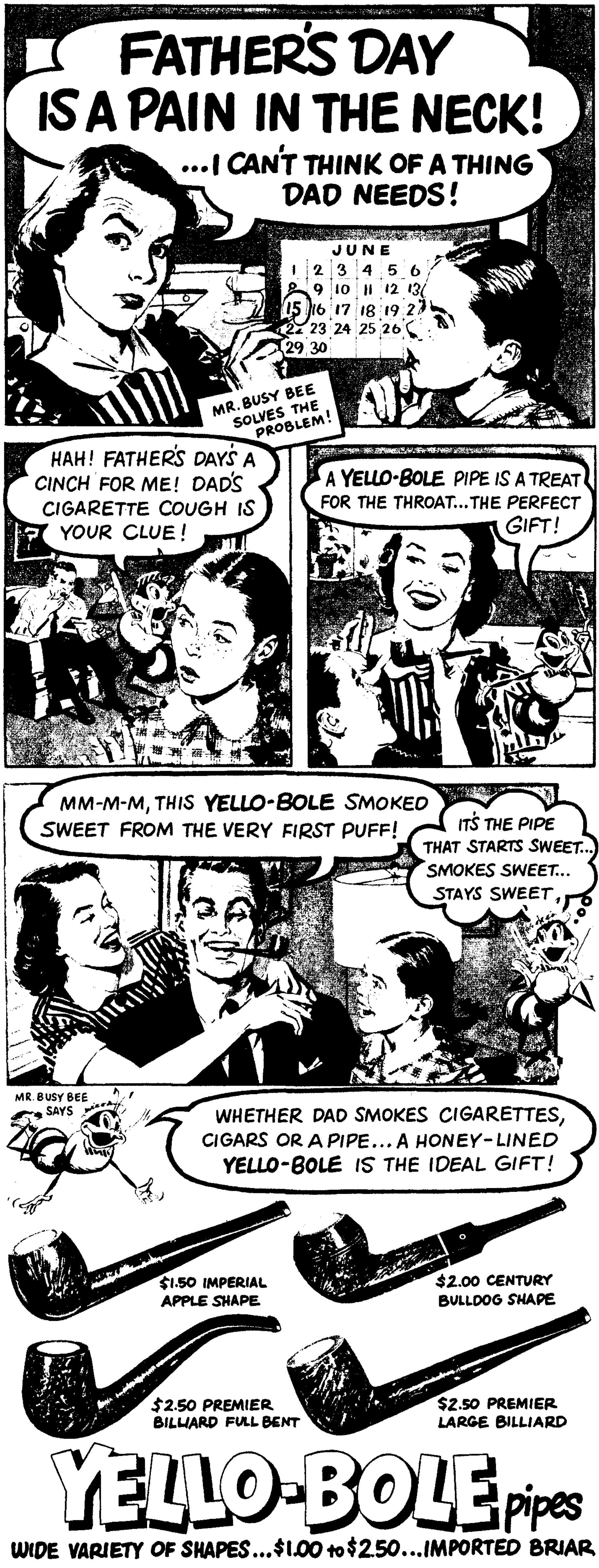
"You see, right after you were born, Tom Barton, the New York Life agent, came to the house and advised me to take out some more insurance. Among other things, he suggested that I take an endowment policy so that no matter what might happen you'd always be sure to have enough money to go on to college when you grew up.

"Well, we managed to put you through college without touching the insurance, praise be, and when it matured a while ago we put the money aside as an extra wedding present for you." Jeff chuckled and said, "Anyway, I hope it will do for your 'something old'—because it's *almost* as old as you are!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.


FATHER'S DAY IS A PAIN IN THE NECK!
...I CAN'T THINK OF A THING DAD NEEDS!
JUNE
MR. BUSY BEE SOLVES THE PROBLEM!
HAH! FATHER'S DAY'S A CINCH FOR ME! DAD'S CIGARETTE COUGH IS YOUR CLUE!
A YELLO-BOLE PIPE IS A TREAT FOR THE THROAT...THE PERFECT GIFT!
MM-M-M, THIS YELLO-BOLE SMOKED SWEET FROM THE VERY FIRST PUFF!
IT'S THE PIPE THAT STARTS SWEET... SMOKES SWEET... STAYS SWEET,
MR. BUSY BEE SAYS
WHETHER DAD SMOKES CIGARETTES, CIGARS OR A PIPE... A HONEY-LINED YELLO-BOLE IS THE IDEAL GIFT!
$1.50 IMPERIAL APPLE SHAPE
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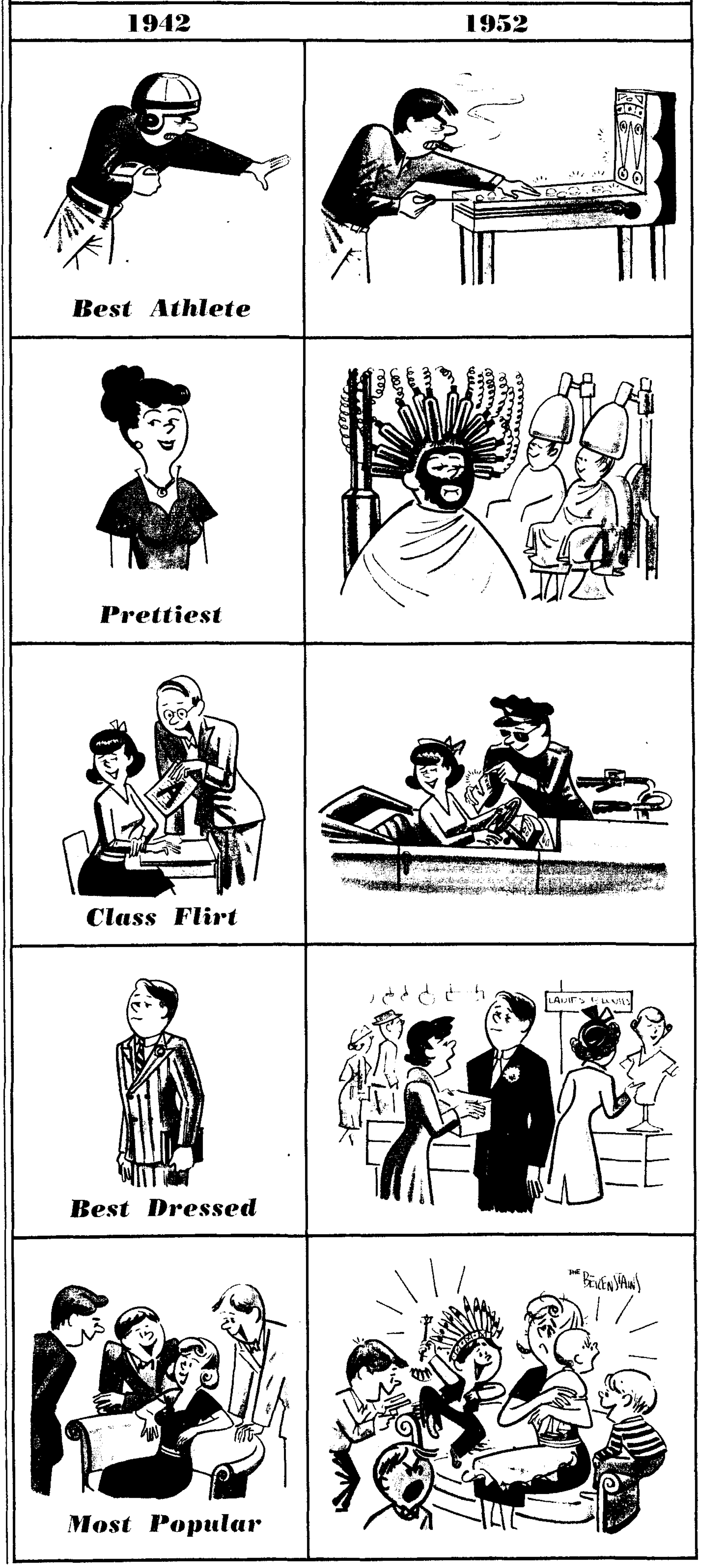
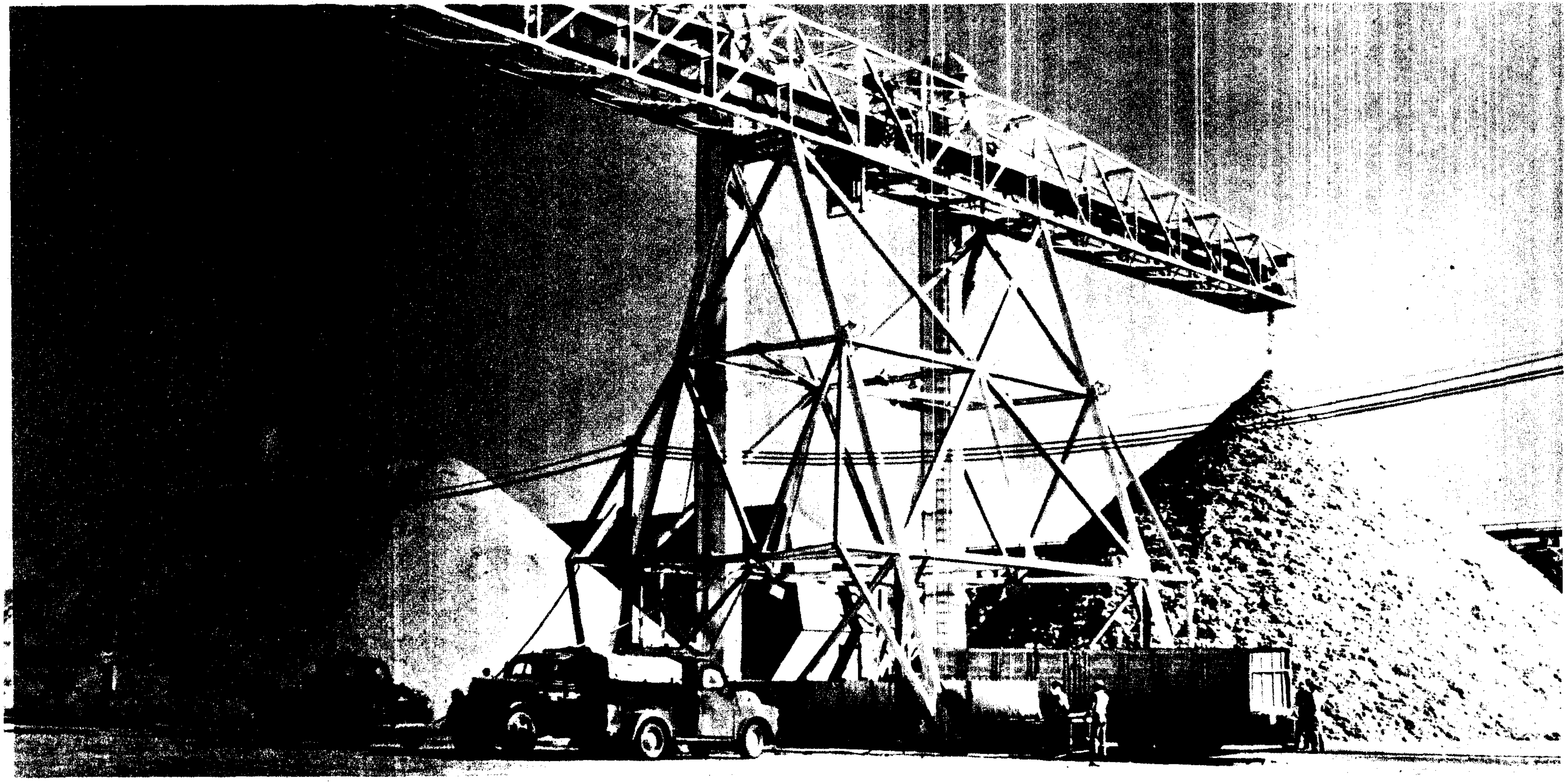
$2.50 PREMIER BILLIARD FULL BENT
$2.50 PREMIER LARGE BILLIARD
YELLO-BOLE pipes
WIDE VARIETY OF SHAPES...$1.00 to $2.50...IMPORTED BRIAR

YESTERDAY'S YEARBOOK

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN

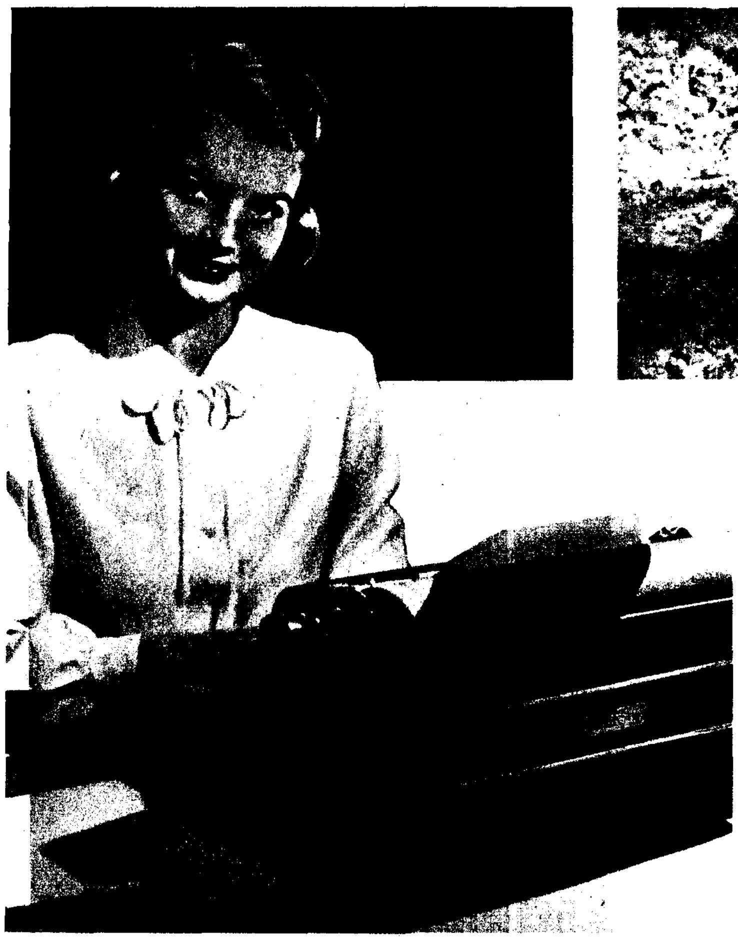

1942
1952
Best Athlete
Prettiest
Class Flirt
Best Dressed
LADIES' ...
Most Popular
THE BERENSTAINS

Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

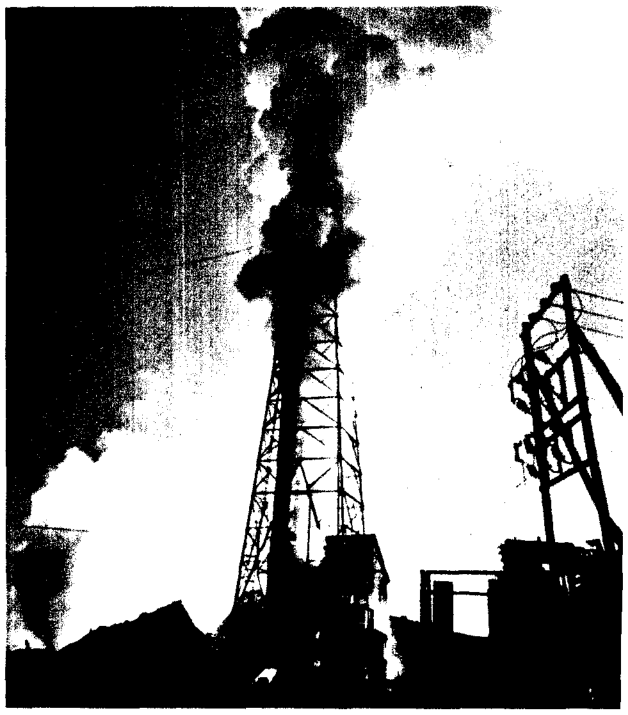


COTTON SEED PILER. This new machine, the first of its kind, piles cotton seed 50 feet high on both sides of the track it travels on. The seed, unloaded from trucks, is carried on bucket elevators up the perpendicular columns, then on belts out to the ends of the horizontal arms. This efficient cotton seed piler was built by United States Steel.

ERASING 13 YEARS. A boiler house, located in an extremely corrosive industrial atmosphere, was built with roof and siding of U·S·S Stainless Steel 13 years ago. This picture shows an ordinary gum eraser easily removing the 13-year accumulation of mill dirt on the building to reveal that the stainless steel beneath is still bright, shining, unmarred.



SPRING SONG. The pleasant music of speed, accuracy and efficiency which is played on the keys of countless machines for office and home, is made possible only by small and usually unseen springs of steel. Almost without exception, the spring's the thing that keeps the mechanism singing. U. S. Steel makes millions of American Quality Springs for such uses.



TAPPING A VOLCANO. There's a power shortage in Italy. And one method of helping to alleviate it is with volcanic steam. Here is an "Oilwell" drilling rig, made by U.S. Steel for use in the oil fields, being used to drill an Italian volcanic steam well. One of these rigs recently brought in a record-breaking well which is producing at the rate of 650,357 pounds of steam per hour.

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UNITED STATES STEEL

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Helping to Build a Better America

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL—In 1951, approximately 1,365 pounds of steel ingots and castings were made by the American steel industry for every man, woman and child in the continental United States.

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OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . Divisions of UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

It's a matter of Opinion...

Riding a Brahman steer or hanging onto a bronco — which is the bigger challenge? Some cowhands say the bronco is like harnessed lightning — faster, more unpredictable. Others think the steer is tougher because of strength and stamina. It's a matter of opinion!

...but it's a Fact that Havoline is the best motor oil your money can buy

Driving a new '52 car? Or an older car? In each case, one motor oil is your right choice: Custom-Made Havoline. New car engines have closer clearances demanding a Heavy Duty motor oil. And Havoline *exceeds* Heavy Duty requirements!

In any car engine, new or old, this Heavy Duty motor oil does this important four-way job: It means more engine power, more gasoline mileage, fewer engine repairs, and *longer* engine life. Drive in today for a change to Custom-Made Havoline. See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

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RD at the POLE

we're glacial story

By BILL DAVIDSON

I HAVE just returned from the ends of the earth. With Danish polar experts, U.S. Air Force pioneers and U.S. Weather Bureau arctic specialists, photographer Lew Merrim and I landed at the closest point in the world to the North Pole—Peary Land, on the extreme northern tip of Greenland. Thus, Collier's is able to report in detail for the first time the establishment of a vital new outpost in a chain of arctic stations.

But this was only part of the adventure we experienced as the first journalists permitted to visit Allied installations at the top of the world. We flew over a huge unknown frozen island whose river valleys, harbors and waterfalls have been locked in ice for millions of years; and we trudged along snow-covered fjords where no other human beings may ever have set foot. In other places, we knew we were preceded only by the great arctic explorers like Peary, Rasmussen and MacMillan; and once, when our plane nearly smashed into a cliff while vainly trying to take off from the snow-drifted ice of the Wandel Sea, we thought we were going to end up like Amundsen and Scott in remote frozen graves.

This new icy front that we covered extends across the northern rim of the Western Hemisphere—from Mould Bay and Ellesmere Island in Canada, to Peary Land and Crown Prince Christian's Land on the Danish-owned island of Greenland. These bleak territories fringing the Arctic Ocean are so far north that many of them are 550 miles or more closer to the Pole than Point Barrow, the northernmost area in Alaska—a fact which led the navigator of our plane, Lieutenant William Gunning, of Baltimore, to remark, "Those people in Alaska are so far south, they say 'you all.' "

The temperatures here range down to a numbing 60 or 70 degrees below zero, and man-killing 150-mile-per-hour winds sweep in from the arctic, blowing snow and ice particles that can lacerate human skin. Not even the Eskimos live in the northernmost parts of this rock-and-ice wilderness, and in order to survive we had to wear multilayer, fur-lined clothing, four pairs of gloves at a time and heavy felt boots. The Danes in the party brought along piles of caribou skins for protection from the cold in emergencies—an old Eskimo technique.

But all this raises the question: Why are we risking men's lives in this barren arctic waste? The answer lies in any map of the top of the world. If you draw a straight line over the arctic from our own mid-continental bomber bases and industrial centers to those of the Soviet Union, it passes directly over north Greenland. Further, if you look at any series of weather maps, you will note that storms are manufactured in the arctic and move over the north Canadian islands and north Greenland on their way to affect the weather of the entire North Atlantic and Europe.

Keeping tabs on them provides information which would be invaluable if ever we must fight a war on that continent. North Greenland already is so important in the aviation picture that Scandinavian Airlines is planning test flights for October, in which DC-6 passenger planes will fly in a

Arctic rescue. Lt. Cols. Thomas Gray (l.) and Robert Sykes head thankfully for plane after being marooned by weather 450 miles from Pole. Their party endured 11 rugged days seeking airstrip site, now called Nord

"Blowtorch" Morgan (left) plays cribbage with pal Cecil Courtney en route to set up station at Nord

Maj. K. L. McFadden, arctic-wise pilot who flew Sykes party to northern Greenland for exploration

Maj. James Butts piloted rescue plane, landing and taking off on snow-drifted ice without skis

straight line over the top of the world from America's West Coast to a U.S. base in northwest Greenland (for refueling), and then on to Scandinavian countries. The air line claims that these flights, for which they have borrowed top U.S. Air Force arctic navigator Captain James F. A. O'Shea, of New York, will save approximately 20 hours flying time over the conventional route via New York. In the same way, London-Greenland-Tokyo is 1,430 miles shorter than London-Cairo-Tokyo.

Menace of Russia's Arctic Islands

So, in peace or war, the east arctic is destined to become one of the Crossroads of the World. The Russians, who have long recognized this, have solidified their hold on Franz Josef Land, a group of arctic islands just 550 miles—or an hour's jet flying time—from the northeast coast of Greenland. We and our allies know it, too, which accounts for our own activity in Greenland. The newest installation, named Nord, is a Danish weather station, with an airstrip to resupply it, in hitherto uninhabited Crown Prince Christian's Land in northern Greenland. It is possible to speculate that, if war ever comes, great fleets of bombers and fighters will be battling each other in what is now one of the most desolate areas of the world.

It was not until World War II that Americans became conscious of the threat of these Sunday punches which might be delivered from the northeast, and after Denmark had been occupied by the Nazis in 1940, we entered into a treaty with the Danish ambassador in Washington to defend Greenland—which is the world's largest island, nearly one third the size of the United States. We bombed the Germans out of a weather station they had established on Greenland's east coast, and then a string of U.S.-Danish weather stations was set up to predict atmospheric conditions for our European land and air operations.

As part of the Roosevelt-Churchill plan to ferry bombers across the Atlantic, we also built several airfields in the inhabited southern half of Greenland, among them famous Bluie West One at Narsarssuak and Bluie West Eight at Sondrestromfjord, both of which are still in existence as alternate emergency landing strips. In addition, we created a naval base in a fjord on the south coast to help fight the Nazi submarines in the North Atlantic. But it wasn't until the Cold War with Russia waxed hotter that we pushed into *northern* Greenland to build a weather station and then an air base about three fourths of the way up the west coast. (At the time I visited this main base, it could not be named for security reasons.) The move was made after careful negotiation of a new defense agreement with Denmark, a NATO ally. The importance of this new base is obvious: at the very least it is invaluable as a spotting post for any hostile planes that might come over the roof of the world.

But even this desolate installation is technically in a habitable area. The Eskimo village of Umanak is nearby and there is, too, the tiny Danish colony at Thule which was founded by explorer Rasmussen in 1910. So the first genuine push into the unknown came with the recent Danish–U.S. move farther north into bleak, uninhabited, man-killing Peary Land and Crown Prince Christian's Land.

The saga of the opening of Nord, the newest installation, is a classic example of man battling against nature amidst numbing desolation. It also provides excellent insight into the breed of modern pioneers who are waging the struggle.

There is Edmund Nielsen, for instance, a red-haired Dane in polar bear-skin pants, who looks as if he could have been one of the members of the crew which, led by Eric the Red, discovered Greenland in 980 A.D.; and there is Eddie Goodale, a scholarly looking Harvard graduate who drove dog-sled teams for Dr. Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador and accompanied Admiral Richard E. Byrd to the South Pole. There is the Norwegian-born U.S. Air Force officer Colonel Bernt Balchen, one of the greatest living arctic and antarctic explorers; and Lieutenant Colonel Robert B. Sykes, of Mahopac, New York, an Air Force expert on loan to the U.S. Weather Bureau, whose World War II Greenland weather stations were mainly responsible for the accurate job of long-range forecasting that helped ensure the success of the D-Day landings in Normandy.

But the number one character in the saga of the carving of Nord out of the wilderness is a remarkable gentleman known throughout the arctic as "Blowtorch" Morgan. Morgan, whose never-used first name is William, is a lanky, six-foot, fast-talking Oklahoman, right out of the pages of Jack London. He is of dubious age, though presumed to be about forty, and his nickname derives from the fact that he carries a blowtorch in his belt, like a gun. He uses this blowtorch for everything. In 60-degree-below-zero cold, it is a rare technician who can get a tractor or airplane engine started; Morgan merely whips out his blowtorch, and with a few deft applications of searing heat, gets the engine roaring.

Morgan relies on his blowtorch to light cigarettes, to loosen the frozen caps of highly explosive gasoline drums, even to defrost heaters that are supposed to warm airplane engines. He has used the blowtorch on the seats of recalcitrant GIs and on airplane brakes, though he admits the Air Force frowns on both practices. "Everything up here," he explains, "you've got to use heat on it. You can stick your finger in real thin No. 10 oil in an engine crankcase, and the hole made by your finger will stay there all day."

Technically, Morgan is a civilian "airstrip mechanic" attached to the Arctic Operations Project of the U.S. Weather Bureau, but like others of his ilk, you find him wherever someone is engaged in pushing back a frontier. His contributions are varied—and immeasurable. In 1950, he was at Alert, a weather station on Ellesmere Island, approximately 520 miles from the North Pole, when the spark plugs in the outpost's lone bulldozer ceased to function. It would be two months before the 24-hour-a-day darkness lifted and an airplane could fly in with replacement parts; and without the bulldozer, there was danger that the half-completed outpost would be buried in the drifts and its personnel would perish.

On this occasion, Morgan merely commented, "Well, I guess I can't run down to the corner garage for parts," and he sat down and fabricated substitutes for the spark plugs out of sections of broom handle and wire. The tractor ran perfectly until the Dark Period was over.

His Blowtorch Again Saved the Day

Another time, at equally isolated Isachsen, he was faced with the problem of burned-out bearings in that installation's tractor. He solved this dilemma by turning to his blowtorch again and melting down new bearings from the aluminum alloy in gasoline-drum caps.

Morgan has walked away from four airplane crashes and, in 1949, at Isachsen, he staggered unscathed out of a 130-mile-per-hour storm that caught him in the open and would have killed a lesser man. He is reputed to make the best home-brew in the North, and he holds the distinction of having shot 13 out of 17 wolves who made the mistake of stalking him into camp. He has been going to the arctic ever since 1932, when he drifted up to the Circle City project in Alaska as a kid construction worker, and then stayed on to become a GI Arctic Survival expert in the Army Air Force during the last war.

No one knows why he keeps coming back. His brother is a lawyer in Watonga, Oklahoma, and between them they own a cattle ranch that brings in more money than Morgan can earn in years in the North. His brother keeps imploring him to stay home, but Morgan says, "I really like it up here. It's the peacefulness. There's nothing to worry about."

Notwithstanding, Morgan announces every couple of years that he is going home "to see if the liquor laws in the States have changed." He departs, but in a few months he is back—generally with a handful of stalwarts from his home town in tow. These turn out to be near-carbon copies of Morgan, making him, as Colonel Sykes puts it, "the best recruiter we have." This year, Morgan came back with a handsome black-bearded mechanic named Cecil Courtney and a rugged, capable technician named Peter Moore. Both were to play an important part in the founding of the new installation at Nord.

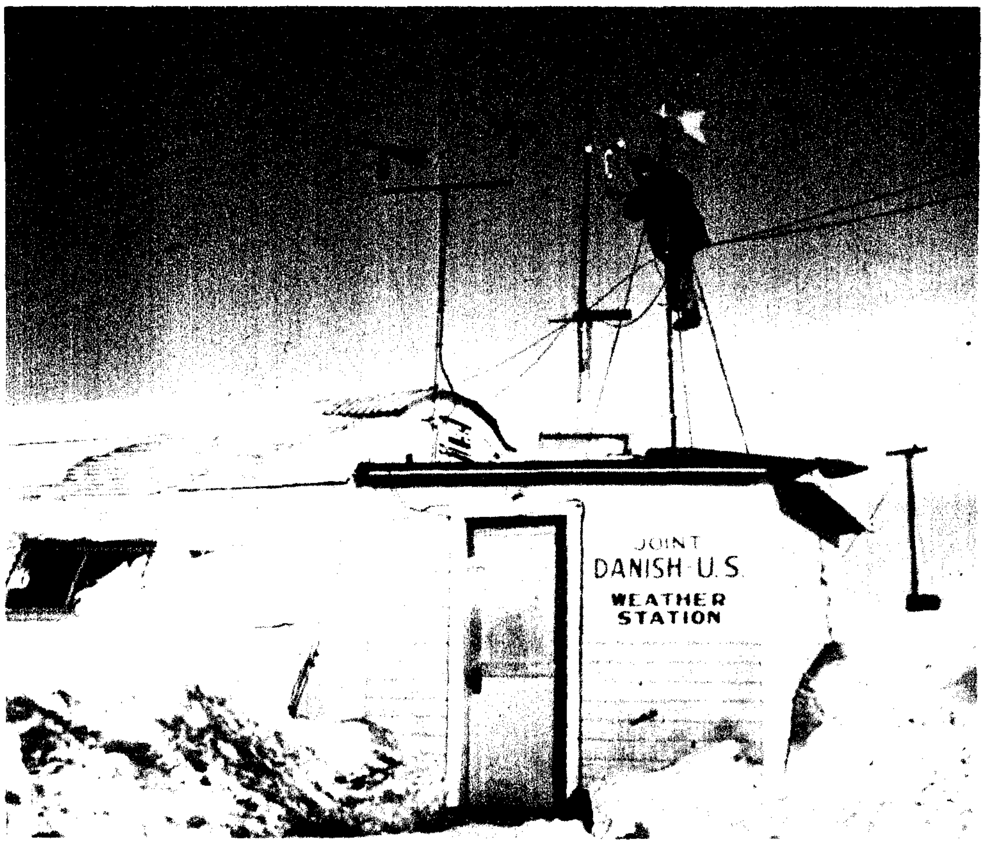
The Nord project got under way in June, 1950, when Colonel Sykes was sent to Denmark by the Air Force to discuss aspects of the renewal of the

Air view of desolate northern Greenland shows terrain difficulties which confront Americans and Danes trying to set up installations near the Pole

Eskimos from village near Allies' main base. Farther north, where we're building stations, survival is so difficult even Eskimos won't live there

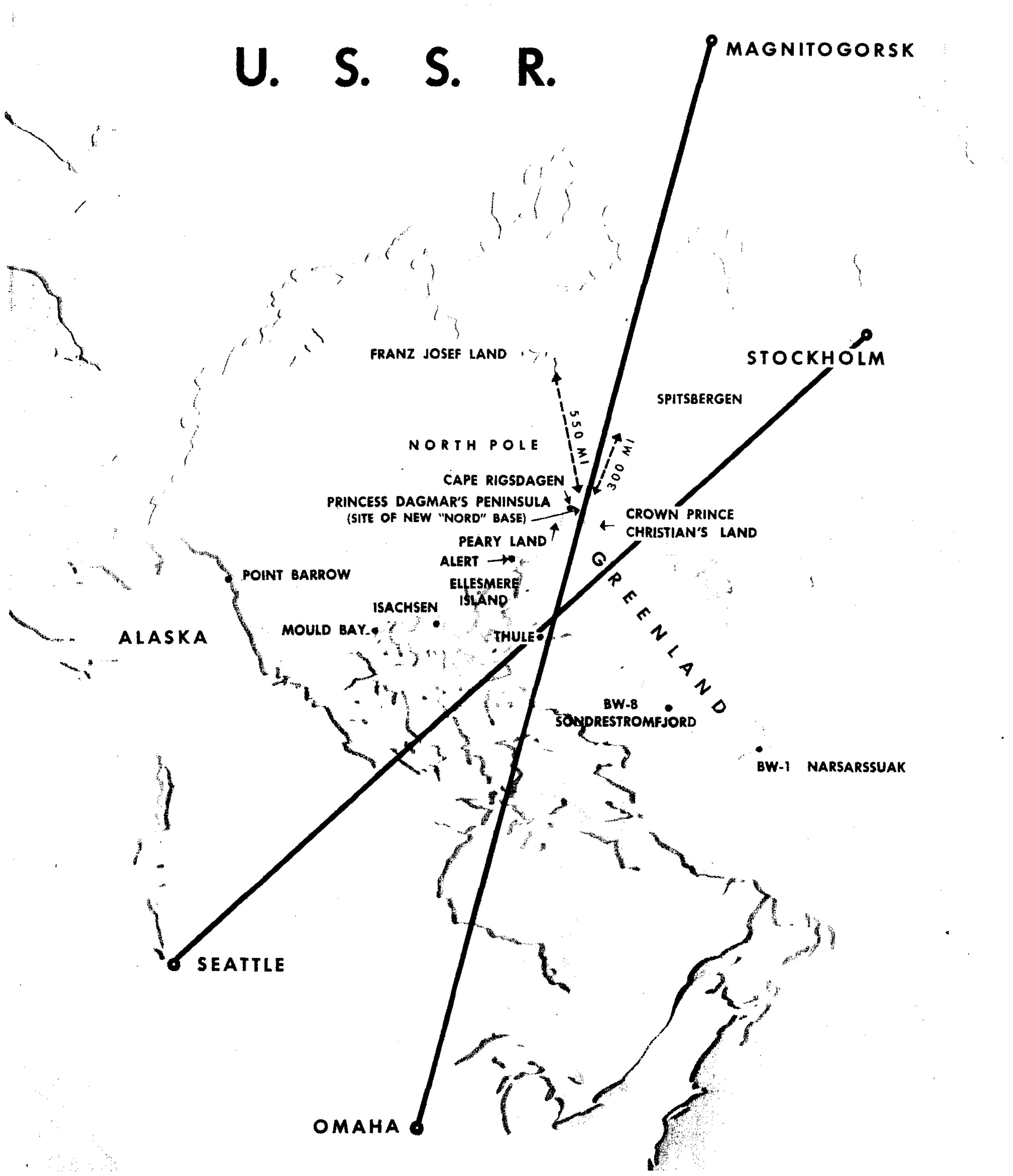
Civil engineer Barney Trawicky (left), expert on arctic construction, and Col. Sykes aboard C-54 after dramatic take-off from campsite in the north

Morgan group prepares to push overland toward Nord site. Photographer got picture as rescue plane took off from ice with Sykes party aboard



Greenland weather stations are of prime importance because arctic is "weather factory" for most of Europe. Temperatures often hit 50 below

Danish workmen load sections of prefabricated housing, to be flown to Nord for station construction after Morgan completed the landing strip



AL TARTER

Shortest air route between U.S. mid-continental bases and industries near Omaha and those of Russia near Magnitogorsk passes over Greenland. So does possible new Seattle-to-Stockholm route of Scandinavian Airlines. Note the remote location of Nord airstrip and weather station

agreements for the defense of Greenland which had originated during World War II. One of the subjects he was authorized to discuss was the possibility of establishing a Danish installation that would close a 700-mile gap in the chain of U.S., Canadian and Danish weather stations across the top of the world. As it was, there was no way of checking weather—either for civilian or military purposes—in the huge, uninhabited wasteland between Alert on the northern tip of Canada's Ellesmere Island and Danmarkshaven, some two thirds of the way up the east coast of Greenland.

In a Land That Is Always Icebound

The difficulty was that this area was completely inaccessible, except by air—and the flying was extremely dangerous. The ice off Greenland's east coast never breaks up in summer to allow supply ships to get through, and, to date, no one has devised a method of moving heavy supplies across Greenland's dread icecap. In fact, the area was so forbidding that it was a completely dead world.

The preceding summer, Danish explorer Count Eigil Knuth had discovered, in one of the nearby fjords, the ruins of Eskimo villages and the perfectly preserved skeleton of a walrus-skin boat. Archaeologists estimated these finds to be 200 to 800 years old—which means that, to establish a station here, white men would be attempting to get a foothold in a frozen desert from which nature had driven out even the hardiest of Eskimos. Nevertheless, the Danes decided to make the try.

In October, 1950, Sykes was detached from the Air Force to become chief of the Arctic Operations Project, after the previous chief, Charles Hubbard, had been killed at Alert. Almost immediately, he and the Danes began to make aerial surveys of remote Peary Land and Crown Prince Christian's Land to find the most logical site for the new station. The idea was to have the Danes choose the location, build the installation and then man it—since this was Danish soil. The U.S. Air Force was interested only in the airstrip, primarily to facilitate resupplying the weather station there.

One day, while Sykes and Eske Brun, Denmark's Undersecretary for Greenland Affairs, were flying over an area called Princess Dagmar's Peninsula, they looked down and saw a sight they could hardly believe. The glacier apparently had receded here, leaving behind great oceanside flats that seemed extensive enough to accommodate at least a half-dozen airports the size of New York's La Guardia Field. Sykes and Secretary Brun readily agreed that the location—wide open to both the Arctic Ocean and the North Atlantic—was an ideal spot for a weather station.

When they flew back to the main U.S. air base, some 600 miles away on Greenland's west coast, they spent weeks studying aerial photographs of the peninsula made by the Danish Geodetic Mapping Service. Then they made other flights to the area, and finally the Danes were satisfied enough to send a ship to Greenland containing the prefabricated sections of the 11 buildings that would comprise the weather station. The ship joined a great U.S. Navy convoy that fought its way through the ice up the west coast of Greenland, arriving at the main U.S. air base in July, 1951.

Sykes nodded in admiration as he watched the prefab sections being stored for the winter in a hangar. They were the best that could be produced by Danish industrial ingenuity and hundreds of years of Danish experience in the arctic. Each section of each building, for instance, consisted of a layer of aluminum foil on the inside (to reflect the heat), then plywood, then spun glass, then rock wool, then planks and finally a layer of tarpaulin—all fused together under great heat and pressure.

In March of 1952, Operation Nord, or Operation Parkway, as the Americans called it, was ready to start. The cast of characters began to assemble at the main base for Act I, which was to involve the dangerous mission of putting a small party onto the site to examine it from the ground for the first time. Colonel Sykes came up from Washington, and Blowtorch Morgan arrived from one of his periodic trips to Oklahoma. The Danish weather-station expert, Edmund Nielsen, was there; and then, from Boston, came civil engineer Barney Trawicky, a specialist in building in arctic permafrost areas (expanses where the ground is perpetually frozen). From New York came Lieutenant Colonel Albert E. Milliken, a representative of the U.S. Air Force's Director of Installations; and they were joined by Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Gray of the U.S. Army Engineers, another expert on arctic construction, whose home is in Pittsburgh.

An Important Addition to the Party

Finally, at the main base, a young Air Force pilot, Captain Wilson K. Baker, Jr., of Decatur, Georgia, was detached from his unit to accompany the party as an expert on aircraft landings and approaches. This completed the group. They waited for the beginning of the 24-hour daylight period, which is bad for sleep but which enables work to go on around the clock. Then on April 4th they took off from the main base in a twin-engine C-47 equipped with skis. Their pilot was veteran 6th Rescue Squadron arctic flier Major Kenneth L. McFadden, of Brooklyn, New York.

From the very beginning the expedition ran into trouble. Major McFadden easily found a comparatively clear landing area, but when he put his ski-plane down on what had seemed to be smooth ice off the coast of Cape Rigsdagen, there were high drifts and the plane skidded perilously to a bumpy stop. (This may have damaged the C-47 structurally, because on an attempted take-off the next day it crashed in the wilderness—with, miraculously, only minor injuries to the crew.)

When the plane first landed, the survey party scrambled out into the 20-degree-below-zero cold. The C-47 took off again almost immediately, and they had only a moment to marvel at the fact that they were there, before they had to get to work measuring the thickness of the ice, to find out if it was strong enough to support the big four-engine C-54 that was to follow them in with their heavy equipment. The ice was 87 inches thick. They reported this fact to one of two B-17s flying cover overhead, and the pilot expressed doubt that ice of this thickness could hold a C-54—at which Colonel Bernt Balchen, listening in back at the main base, snorted and exclaimed, "Why, the Russians built a whole railroad across only *thirty* inches of ice at Leningrad in World War II."

This seemed to settle the matter, but the discussion turned out to be academic. The C-54 had come up with a defective strut and hadn't even been able to take off from the main base. Then one of the B-17s developed engine trouble and had to return. So the survey party could do nothing but wait. They erected their arctic tents for protection from the deadening cold. Then they took turns pacing off a 5,000-foot strip on the ice, marking each 1,000 feet with red flags. They put fluorescent panels at the ends of the "runway" and, in red dye, wrote the information "87 inches" in huge, 10-foot-high letters in the snow.

Finally, two twin-engine C-119s arrived and lumbered down onto the improvised runway. The survey party tensed as each plane lurched through the drifts and came to a stop. One of the C-119s carried a tractor and an unloading ramp. The other delivered a Weasel and a Snowmobile (small, tracked vehicles designed to travel over snow and ice), plus sleds, supplies and drums of oil and gasoline. A happy Blowtorch Morgan personally drove the Weasel down the precarious 45-degree angle of the unloading ramp. Sykes *(Continued on page 72)*

Golf's New HOT-SHOT

By TOM MEANY

Fired by a dazzling season on the PGA winter circuit—during which he won four straight tourneys and top prize money—Jack Burke, Jr., heads for the U.S. Open as a major threat

THERE was a light rain falling over Westchester County, New York, that late September afternoon in 1949, but it is doubtful if Jack Burke, Jr., was even consciously aware of it as he lined up his final putt. His golfer's mind automatically recorded the fact that the drizzle was making the greens of the Metropolis Country Club slower, but the rain itself made no impression, so fierce was his concentration on this final putt.

It was some time after the putt had trickled into the cup that Burke's brain had room for ordinary, mundane thoughts. And Jack discovered then that, for a young man of twenty-six, he had a lot to think about. Here he was, the pro at Metropolis, winning the Metropolitan Open over his home course. And winning it handily, too, turning in a score of 274 for the 72 holes to defeat the veteran Gene Sarazen by six strokes.

Burke's aggregate was the second lowest in the history of the Met Open since that event had been inaugurated in 1905. The record was Craig Wood's 264 over Forest Hill in Bloomfield, New Jersey, in 1940, the year before Craig won the United States Open.

Young Jack had given his home club of Metropolis every reason to be proud of its pro. He had gone out in an incredible 31 on that last round, taking only 11 putts on the first nine holes, and his 64 on the second day of the tournament set a record for the course, a difficult 6,800-yard layout.

Today, Burke is thinking about the U.S. Open, to be played at Dallas in mid-June. If he qualifies, he will be rated a dangerous contender. His thoughts then, however, were sentimental. Having won the first major tournament of his career, he was thinking chiefly of his father, Jack Burke, Sr., who had died six years before. The elder Burke, a fine golfer in his own right who finished one stroke behind Ted Ray when the latter won the U.S. Open in 1920, had looked with a dim eye on his son following in his footsteps. Jack felt that now his dad would have been pleased.

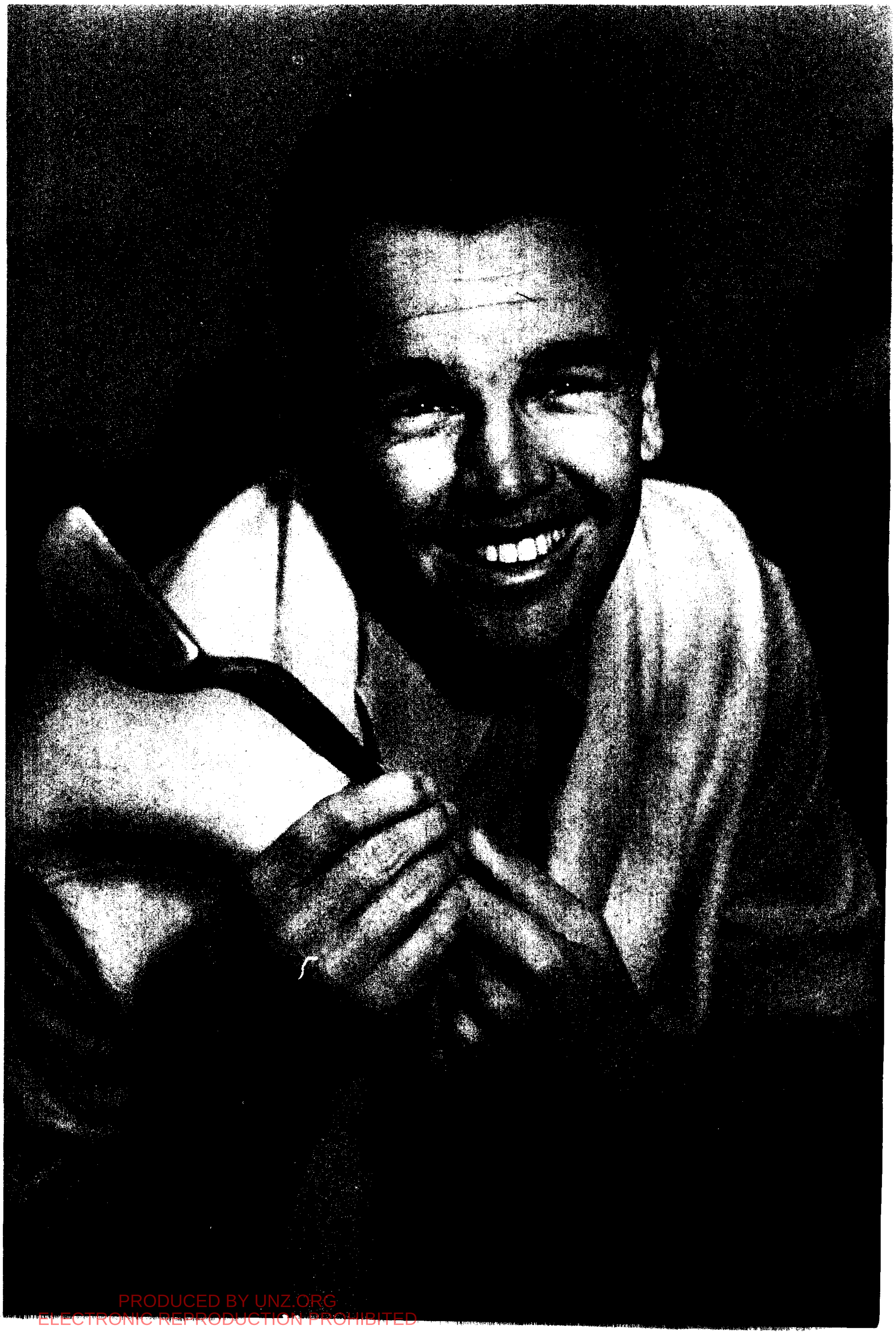
It turned out that Sarazen, the runner-up, also had been thinking of Burke, Sr. "You know, Jack," said Gene as he congratulated the victor, "this is just 24 years to the day since your father gave me one of the worst lickings I ever had on a golf course. He beat me eight up and seven to play in the PGA championships at Olympia Fields Country Club, Chicago."

Despite his father's achievements on the links, Jack wasn't forced into golf by his father who, indeed, was dubious of its money-making potentials. "Tournament golf didn't carry the big prizes in my dad's day that it did later," recalled Burke, "and for that reason he preferred me to concentrate on an education rather than golf. He rarely swore but he did say, 'It's a helluva lot easier to make money with an education than it is with a golf club.'

"Nevertheless, it was my father who gave me my first club, a club he had made for me himself when I was no more than three or four years old, and a club I have treasured ever since.

"Eddie, my next youngest brother and myself hung around dad's shop at the River Oaks Club, in Houston, at every opportunity. As a matter of fact, we earned our pocket

(Continued on page 32)



Burke caresses his favorite putter, which he bought after a streak of bad luck. His game improved at once, and Jack sees a connection

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK

It was over. If she must see Paul again, the meeting could take place at the lawyer's

THE TENDER FIRE

Is it possible for two people to build a decent marriage on respect and companionship, everything but love? At first Margaret believed it was

By ELIZABETH ELLEN GLANCY

BEFORE the honeymoon was over, she knew she'd made a terrible mistake. She never should have rushed into this marriage with Paul. It was wrong, all wrong, and in her heart she'd known it all the time.

It wasn't true, though, that she'd married Paul on the rebound. She was all over being in love with Dirk Swanson before she ever saw Paul Emory. And she was happy in the negative sense of not being unhappy.

She liked her job in the personnel office at Zenith Life; liked her boss, Mr. Leeds, and the people she worked with. But she was not career-minded. The thought of working for the rest of her life made her feel sick. And she had sense enough to realize that the chances of her getting married got slimmer every day. She'd used up her golden hours waiting for Dirk, and she was lucky, darned lucky, to interest a man like Paul Emory.

He was dark and tall, with a thin, intelligent face and a good deal of charm. From the time he came to Zenith to head the sales department, eyelashes had fluttered in his direction. Margaret watched with detached amusement until it became clear that even redheaded Connie Clausson was wasting her time. Paul wasn't interested in girls—at least not office girls.

The day he asked Margaret to have dinner with him, she could hardly believe she'd heard him right. She said she'd like to very much, wondering why he'd asked her.

They started the evening with cocktails at the Biltmore. At first they didn't have much to say to each other, but the silences weren't uncomfortable. Then they started talking about music and found they were both enthusiastic collectors of records.

"Do you play or sing or anything like that?" Paul asked.

"I play a little and sing alto in the church choir. It's the neighborhood church where I've gone all my life."

"Would you be outraged if I asked you how many years you've gone to that church?"

She laughed. "I was twenty-seven in June. I have the advantage over you, Paul. When I want to check up on you, I look in the file."

"Ouch!" he said.

She said, casually enough, "You never happened to run across a soldier named Dirk Swanson, did you? He was with Patton's army, too. He married a German girl and they're still over there."

"No." For a moment he looked intently at his drink; then his glance met hers, and he said gently, "I had lunch with Leeds yesterday. Your name came up, and he told me what happened. That was rough going, Margaret."

"I'm all right now," she said. "I woke up one morning about a year ago and decided I wanted to live."

"That's the best news I've heard for a long time. You see, I have plans for us."

His tone was light, but she knew he wasn't kidding. When she didn't find anything to say, he reached for her hand, and, with his palm against hers, he stroked her wrist with his long, thin fingers. She was moved by it; she thought it a very endearing caress, but she didn't feel any particular response to it.

They took a taxi to the Ambassador and had dinner, then danced at the Coconut Grove. Paul said he was going to buy a car soon. Standing on the porch of her mother's house at two in the morning, Margaret said she'd had a wonderful evening.

"We'll have a lot more wonderful evenings, I hope," he said. "Would you slap my face if I kissed you good night?"

"That," she said, "is something you can't tell in advance."

He crooked his finger under her chin and kissed her firmly on the lips. And the only thing she felt was anger at herself because the kiss left her cold.

FOR the next four weeks, they spent almost every evening together. Of course the word went around the office, and Margaret could see the girls eying her, wondering, no doubt, how she'd succeeded where they'd failed. She didn't blame them. She knew what she was—a brown-haired, gray-eyed girl with a trim figure and nicely kept hands; not plain, exactly, but not really pretty, either.

She was human enough to enjoy her triumph but she worried too. Paul wasn't fooling around. Paul was playing for keeps, and she was just playing. If she let things drift along, she was bound to hurt him. But she kept hoping she'd fall in love with him. Why couldn't she fall in love with him? What was the matter with her, anyway?

Then one Sunday evening, he arrived in a new green convertible. They took her mother to church, then drove up into the Hollywood hills. It was a mild autumn night with stars and a gentle ocean breeze. They turned onto a by-road where they could park and look over the city. Paul twisted the radio dial until he found some nice music.

She knew what he was going to say, and she felt terrible about it. She could at least have spared him the humiliation of being turned down. She was trying to think of a painless way to stop him, when he took her in his arms and gave her a long, hard kiss. But then suddenly he let go of her and slid back behind the wheel.

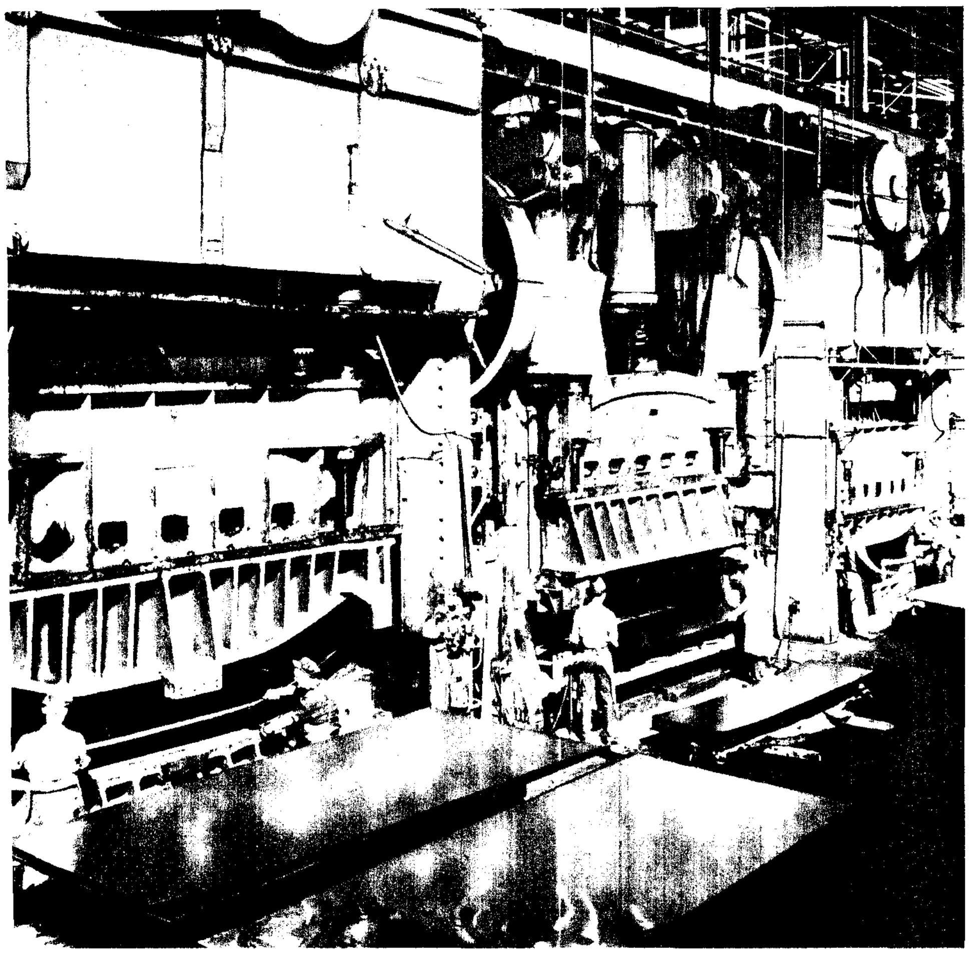
"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I—that is—" He gave it up.

She was amazed and a little chagrined, too. "I've been kissed before," she said coolly.

He waited a moment, then said in his ordinary voice, "I was going to ask you to marry me, Margaret. But I suddenly realized how unfair it would be to you."

The words sounded oddly *(Continued on page 39)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY



At General Motors' commercial body plant in Indianapolis, presses stamp top and side panels of Chevrolet trucks in single operation

Chrysler's Plymouth plant in Detroit has an assembly line a half mile long, all under one roof. Ninety-seven autos come off it every hour

Continuing Big Business for a Big Country

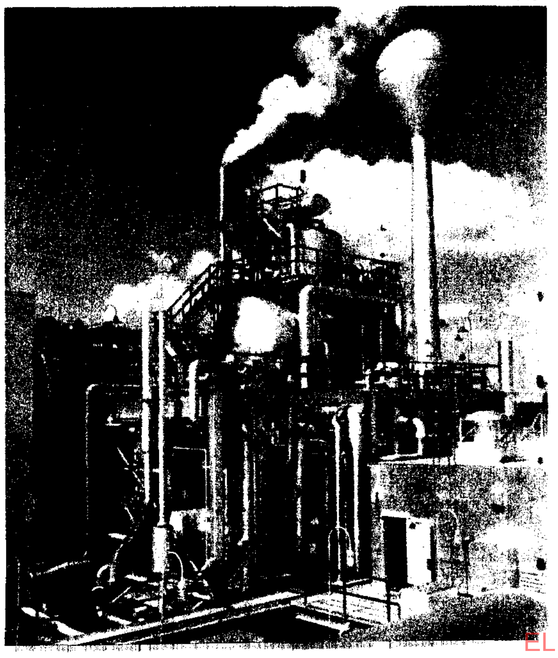
...The Kind of

Bigness, the author declares, is a mighty factor in creating a society which can be vital, enterprising, competitive, efficient, fair and responsive to the public interest

In this and in previous articles, Mr. Lilienthal has shown that Bigness must be given much of the credit for American economic and technical gains of the past generation. In next week's article, he will discuss the potential hazards of Bigness. He concludes that the American people today are protected by a new set of "checks and balances capable of preventing Bigness from impairing our liberties" and governing our destinies. What we need, he declares, is an affirmative rather than a negative attitude toward Bigness, an attitude of encouraging Bigness because it contributes to the welfare of the country, but watching for any possible infringement on free competition and the other principles which have made our country great

Florida Power & Light Co.'s new Cutler plant is part of a big electricity expansion program

F.P.G.



WHAT I set out to do in this writing was to try to look at America as it actually is today, to analyze what it is that accounts for our unprecedented productivity and vitality in this mid-twentieth century. Take us as a whole and it is clear that we Americans distrust Bigness in business. As a people we rely more and more upon what Bigness can do for us, while at the same time our country's antitrust policy has been directed toward splitting up business size, as a potential or actual evil.

Such a policy and such distrust make little sense, in light of the fact that Bigness is now the chief strength and the central theme of American economic life; that it is a key to our productivity and accounts in large part for our fluid, dynamic social system; that we now have the basic technique at hand to control its abuses.

Bigness has helped build us into a great country. Yet this historic policy of antagonism to Big Business, understandable 50 years ago, continues today, expressed in many practical forms. Chief among these are the ways in which the Sherman Antitrust law tends to dilute and restrict the fullest use of the very talent for large undertakings that makes us a unique people.

Why is there this crude contradiction between what we are and how we act, between our philosophy and our daily living? In part, because in the days of the trust busters Bigness so often meant monopoly. We distrusted monopoly and strongly favored competition, hence we distrusted Bigness, favored Littleness in business.

A profound change, however, has come over our society in the past generation, and with it a wholly different kind and tempo of competition—what I have called the New Competition, a competition that is real and intense, and yet has been largely created and sustained by Bigness in several ways: (1) research, (2) diversification, (3) industrial independence ("integration"), (4) the coming of One Big Market—the national market, and (5) advertising.

But this country does not believe that competition is an end in itself; the ultimate issue, therefore, is not whether Bigness promotes competition—which in many areas it certainly does. The real question is whether the American people are better for Bigness. And by better I do not mean solely in a material or economic sense—though that is certainly part of it. I mean better off also in the nonmaterial sense, better able to develop the values in life that seem to us important, better off as a nation confronted with great dangers to our security and our very lives.

BY WHAT yardstick should the merits and demerits of Bigness be measured? Clearly the basis of judgment should be to what extent Bigness gives us—or can be made to give us—the kind of America we want.

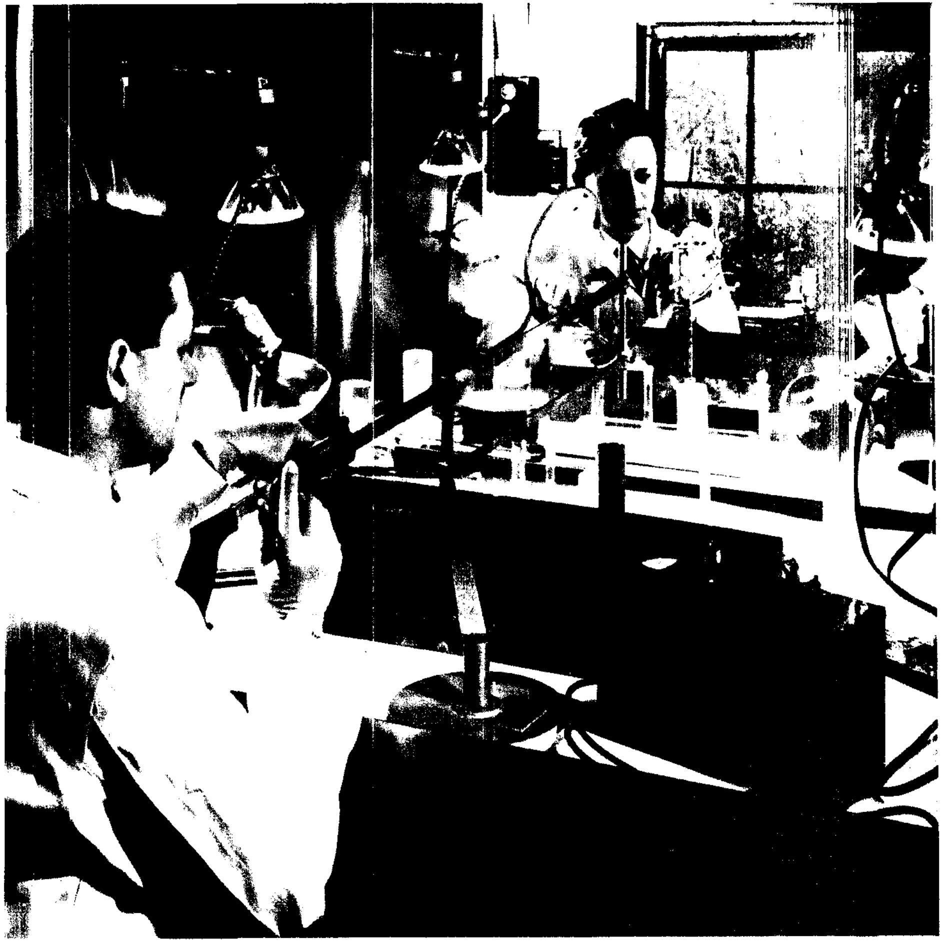
What sort of country is it we want?

We might examine this ultimate question from a number of its aspects: the kind of economic and social system we want as measured by (a) its economic or functional characteristics—such as fluidity, diversity, efficiency, stability and the like; (b) its effects on the *individual;* (c) its effects on our national security.

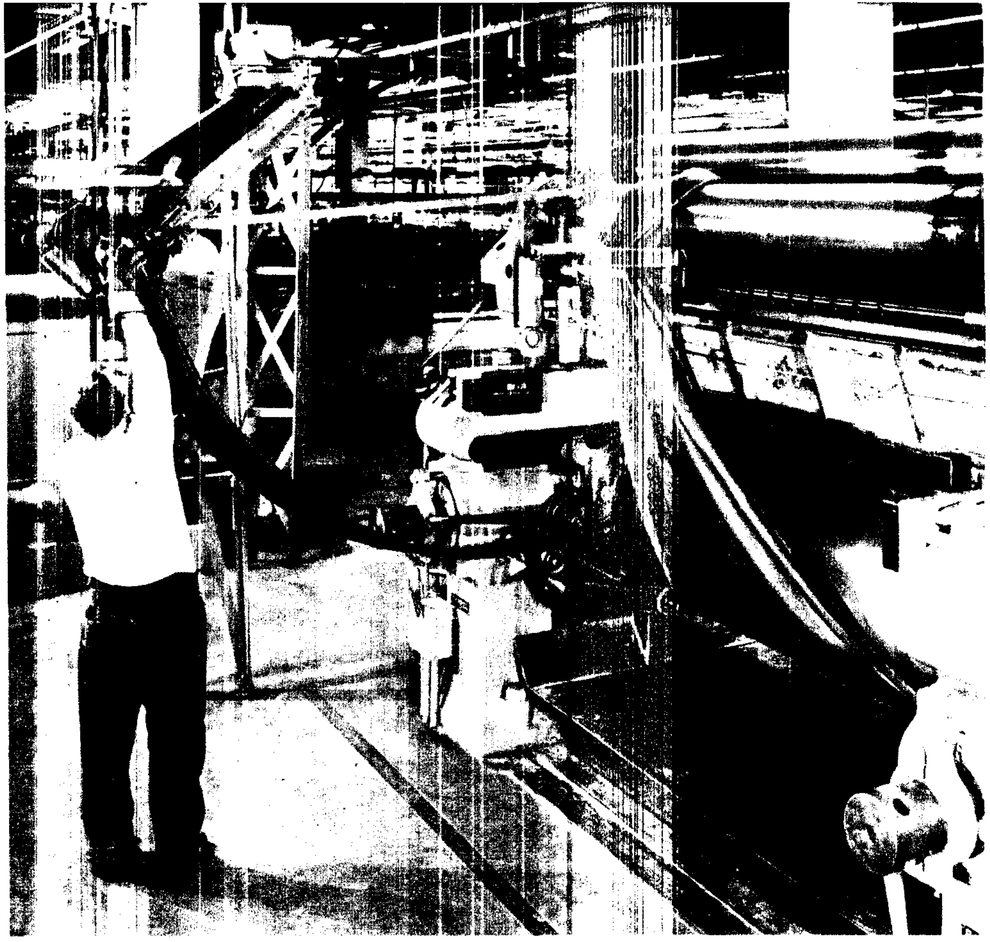
As I see it, the kind of America we want to live in, the kind of human society we want for ourselves (and for the rest of the world), has certain *functional characteristics* which I shall try to describe.

1. A *vital, fluid, changing, enterprising, competitive* kind of society. We want to live in a country that is not static and "set in its ways."

We like "newness"; new products, new gadgets, new entries in the competition for our dollars or our favor.



A scientist in the Bell Telephone Laboratories at Murray Hill, N.J., dilutes radioactive material produced at the Oak Ridge atomic plant



Western Electric's Baltimore plant makes rubber-covered wire for phone lines. An operator helps feed the insulation into a conveyer

Nation We Want

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

We want to keep it possible—even inevitable—that, no matter how far down the line you start, you (or someone like you) will end on top, and get there not because of caste or status or inherited wealth or orthodox views, but because you excel in your line. We want to keep the road open for new things—new things to eat and wear, new ways to build houses; new ways to move from place to place. We want no rigidity or inflexibility in our society, either socially or physically.

The monumental emphasis our industrial system now places upon applied research and development is one important manifestation of this desire for a fluid, changing, competitive society, with new kinds of products, but, even more significant, with new kinds of individual opportunities.

Our automobile industry is a fabulous demonstration of our desire for a kind of mobility such as the world has never seen before nor envisioned. This mobility is not a mere meaningless restlessness. It has profound implications upon the individual's freedom of choice as to where he shall live, where he shall work, and at what kind of job—a vital part of individual liberties. Mobility has widened the average citizen's knowledge, at firsthand, of his country and its people, and therefore has affected the quality of his judgment on public issues and private decisions.

2. An *efficient* and a *"speedy"* society. We set great store by efficiency and speed; we regard inefficiency and slowness as marks of inferiority. We are "cost-conscious." To establish that one course is faster or more efficient than another, or that it cuts cost, is a consideration that weighs heavily with us.

3. A *diverse* society; one in which there are always many different ways of doing things. We want room for big and small business (regarding both as indispensable, and one complementary to the other); for public and private ownership; for profit and nonprofit enterprise—all functioning alongside one another.

4. We want a *rational* and *stable* economic and social system, one that looks ahead and hence *conserves* its resources. We strongly desire stability and security. This desire is particularly felt by labor and by investors.

Stability and security are not easily reconciled with the desire for change and fluidity (which tries to create obsolescence). We want the security of keeping our cake, the fun of eating it, and the excitement of having a new and different cake for every meal. What is so remarkable about us is that we are, in great measure, approximating the achievement of this very reconciliation of change and security.

Another aspect of our desire for a rational and stable society is our growing insistence on the conserving of our natural basic resources. This recent development of a long-view of our resources, as a general national purpose, is also at odds with the desire for speed and quick change; but here too we are making an extraordinary beginning toward reconciling these two desires.

5. We want a society in which business, and indeed all our institutions, is *responsive to the public interest and the public will.*

This applies with special force to business. We insist that business—big, small or medium in size—be responsive to its customers, to its workers and to public opinion generally. A preoccupation with what the customers and the employees and the public want is the current measure of good business management.

6. We want an economic and social system that is *humane* and *fair;* an *ethical* society. The right of collective bargaining, progress toward elimination of work discrimination because of race, color or creed, long hours of labor, dangerous, exhausting or onerous conditions of work are some of the many evidences of a desire for a system that is humane.

To summarize: functionally the kind of America we want is one that is fluid, efficient, diverse, rational and stable, democratically responsive to public interest, and humane and fair.

When we think of how we want our country to function, there are two other (and closely related) tests we customarily apply:

(a) To what extent do our policies and our institutions (business included) nourish opportunity for the development of the *individual,* as distinct from their effect upon the community as a whole?

(b) To what extent do our policies further our *national security,* by protecting, defending and strengthening the freedom and the liberties of people of the United States of America against dangers from without?

So much for a summary of what we as Americans want, of the purposes and goals we set for ourselves.

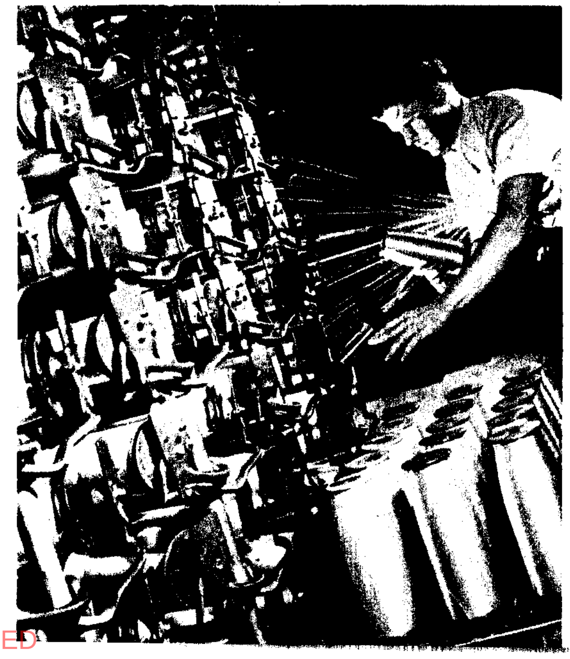
I AM persuaded that as to most of these objectives our best prospect of success lies in changing our current practice of inhibiting size, and instead following a deliberate policy of encouraging and fostering the principle and practice of growth, making Bigness a means of achieving our social purposes.

A Policy of Bigness is not self-executing; it is not free of risks; it is not a final "solution" for anything. It requires safeguards against abuses, old and new. It must be accompanied by a continued policing of anticompetition schemes, those in clear violation of the Sherman Act. This new policy is something *toward which we must work,* shaping and guiding our course as we go, and always quick to apply correctives when experience

(Continued on page 48)

A worker supervises centering of filament in Du Pont rayon factory in Richmond, Virginia

EWING GALLOWAY



SAD and SUCCESSFUL

By RICHARD DONOVAN

The more Danny Thomas complains, the more he delights his audiences. Protesting bitterly all the way, he has climbed to the top of the heap in night clubs, television and the films

BEEFING is an ancient and honorable exercise in which, over the years, certain nations have excelled. One of the foremost among these today is the United States, whose World War II soldiers, veterans of some of beefing's finest hours, give our country a staggering reservoir of talent in this field. Against this background of overall excellence, it is scarcely to be expected that one man will rise above the crowd to become the acknowledged "American beefer's beefer." Yet one man has done so: Danny Thomas, star of movies and television and one of the foremost night-club entertainers now in action.

Only by confounding the wiliest competition and then rising to heights of indiscriminate complaint could Thomas have won this distinction. His followers, including some of the finest beefers in the world, have paid Thomas as high as $12,000 for a single banquet performance, just to hear him tell how bad things were.

Powers of grievance aside, there is another, more important, reason for Thomas' success, and that is his passionate self-identification with a largely mythical patsy called the little man. Many great artists have played the patsy, but none of them more convincingly than Thomas. When Thomas walks out on a stage or a night-club floor and assumes the hunched posture and injured air of this fellow, every man in the audience immediately seems to see the eternal portrait of himself, being hustled through life with the seat of his pants in the grip of mysterious and inexorable forces, and protesting loudly every jump of the way.

It is hard for many of Thomas' friends to see why he still allies himself so closely with this character. He is the master of a large, merry and well-to-do Beverly Hills household, complete with swimming pool. His smash hit in the role of the song writer Gus Kahn, in the Warner Brothers musical *I'll See You in My Dreams*, has brought him a six-figure contract for four more pictures at that studio, not to mention several single-picture offers from other studios around town. His success in NBC's comic-variety television hour, the All-Star Revue, has made him a monthly caller in millions of U.S. living rooms. He has had to turn down $25,000-a-week offers for personal appearances in theaters and $12,000-a-week offers from night clubs.

George Jessel, the nation's principal toastmaster and still one of its best entertainers, has said that "Danny Thomas is the only inheritor of the great tradition of American stage humor that grew up at the Palace Theater; the only character comedian now in action who can fill a stage alone."

In the face of all this, why does Thomas still play the little man? The answer is that it comes naturally.

Thomas' inability to act the grand and commanding figure was amply demonstrated a while ago at his own dinner table. His aged father, Charles Jacobs, was visiting him and was gazing around the table with a stern, patriarchal eye, at Thomas' pretty, dark-haired wife, Rose Marie, his eldest daughter, Margaret, now fourteen, his second daughter, Theresa, now eight, and his small son, Tony, three. Margaret, who had been on a movie set with Thomas all day, listening to the director yell, "Roll 'em! Cut! Print it! Very good!" and so on, was picking vacantly at her food. Mr. Jacobs' eye settled on her unfavorably.

The Girl Who "Insulted" Her Food

"Why don't you teach this one to eat?" he snorted, addressing Thomas in his native Arabic. "If *you* had insulted food like that, already you would be missing two front teeth!"

Thomas, who also had been eating vacantly, was stung, shamed that his father should find him an inadequate master of his house.

"Margaret!" he shouted. "Eat!"

Margaret continued picking.

"If you don't eat," Thomas bawled, "you'll go to bed with no television. Not only that . . ."

In his anxious effort to impress his father, Thomas half rose from his chair, eyes gleaming, fangs bared, fists clenched, voice like thunder. The whole family regarded him curiously for a moment, and then Margaret, at whom the withering demonstration was directed, broke into a delighted smile and began to clap her hands.

"Cut! Print it! Very good!" she cried.

Thereafter, Margaret's appetite picked up at once, but Thomas fiddled with his food and had to be reprimanded several times by his father.

In this little real-life struggle lies the seed of Thomas' appeal to a growing army of admirers. Off stage or on, something always seems to be contesting Thomas' authority or freedom of movement. If it isn't Margaret, it's taxes, traffic, neighbors, bosses, the cost of living—something.

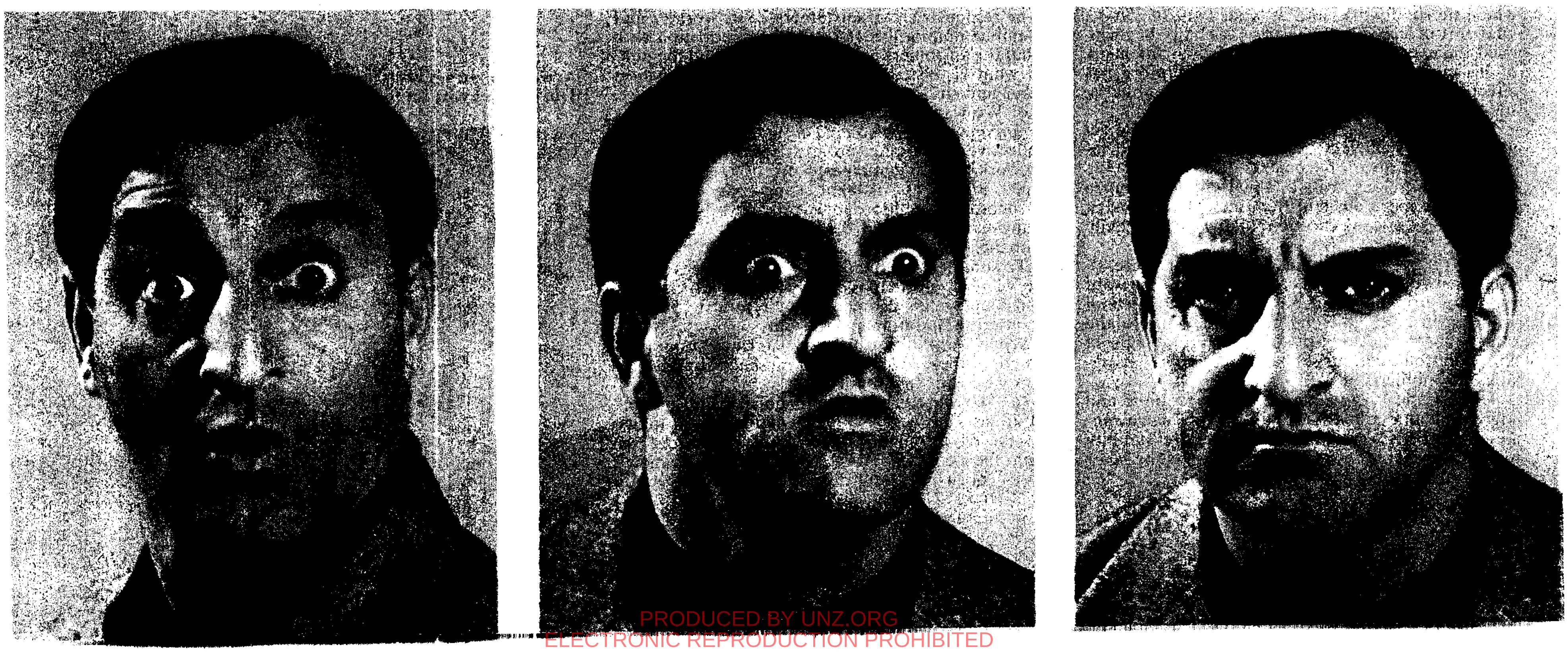
Considering the roadblocks, Thomas probably ought to be morose and cagey. Instead, he is open with strangers, tolerant of grifters and impostors, and almost everyone else, and fiercely attached to relatives and friends. He is a warmly generous man, particularly toward benefit seekers, who have got him to do some 115 charity shows a year for the last half-dozen years.

Although he is a realist in his observations of humankind, he is beset by certain fantasies, such as the one about his being a talented cabinetmaker. Thomas has a huge and costly carpentry shop on his place and can often be found there, sawing various lengths of wood, gazing at them absently and then throwing them away. He has been renovating his large, once-Spanish house constantly for four years, and it is now in a state of almost total dishevelment, with hod-carrying workmen, often followed by Thomas, tramping through virtually every room. The original house and lot cost $35,000. The improvements have cost $163,000.

Professionally, Thomas is a storyteller, not a stand-up joke man, like Bob Hope. The mark of

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK BIRNS

Confronted by one of life's problems, Thomas at first is unbelieving, the



his talent is that he can take material which seems fourth-rate when read, and through the use of a few muted gestures, facial expressions and turns of voice, make it sound as though it had been written by Dickens. Thomas' great gift is for working with live audiences. He can plug into a theater full of people as though it were a giant switchboard and discover its mood instantly. When he tries to get through some machine, like a microphone or a movie or television camera, however, he sometimes loses the connection.

Not Spiritually Reconciled to TV

In his first television appearances, Thomas played to the audience he could see instead of the one he couldn't. As a result, people in thousands of homes had the queer feeling they were eavesdropping on doings not meant for their eyes. He has since adjusted his focus, of course, and has become a standout of the All-Star Revue, on which he has been appearing once a month, alternating with such performers as Jimmy Durante, Jack Carson and Ed Wynn. But he has not yet become spiritually reconciled to the newest medium.

"When I was playing night clubs, I usually did only two new routines a year," Thomas says. "Sometimes I did just one. People paid up to $18.75 just to sit down and hear me repeat stuff they had heard three, six, ten times before. Now, on television, I have to come up with two brand-new sock routines once a month. If I repeat myself, I might as well drop dead in front of the camera. That is because the television audience is getting it free. If you're not paying for it, it's got to be new—all new.

"Sometimes I wonder if I just shouldn't go back to the actual, breathing people in night clubs and live at least until my children graduate," Thomas says. "It used to be nice back there—slow, quiet, mellow, closed-in. Watching me get pushed around used to have a very restful effect on people."

In the language of show business, Thomas is a single. He comes out alone, often without costume or props, and just talks. Sometimes he sings. But that's all there is—no prat falls, no hitting people with bladders. A single is a thinking comedian, not a clown.

When Thomas comes out on a floor, he never knows what his opening remarks are going to be. Once, in a Toledo night club, he set sail with a tremendous tribute to that city, which is the town he grew up in.

"Toledo!" he cried. "The third largest railroad center in the nation; home of the Willys Jeep; gateway to the Great Lakes; possessor of the country's largest coal-loading docks . . ."

As the tribute rolled on and on, gathering momentum, Thomas began to have the uneasy feeling that, for the first time

(Continued on page 62)

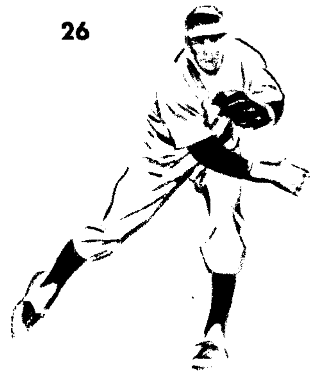
Making a family home recording. Left to right, Mrs. Thomas, Tony, Margaret, Danny, Theresa (at mike)

BERT SIX

Thomas co-starred with Doris Day in Warner Brothers' picture I'll See You in My Dreams

Rehearsing one of his monthly television programs with guests Betty Garrett and Jack Haley

ngry, grimly thoughtful, wheedling, philosophical and, inevitably, crushed



REFLEX CURVE

Six-Inning Sam's best pitch was his curve. As a matter of fact, when the chips were down, it was the only pitch he would use. It was a great pitch. The home-run hitters loved it

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

IT WAS not for nothing that Sam Lewis, the pitcher, was known through the unfeeling medium of the sports pages as Six-Inning Sam. Six innings was his ball game, lately. It was as far as he went. Three starts in a row now, they had got him out of there in the sixth, and two of the three times the Lions had lost the game. The fact that he still took his regular starting turn was a tribute neither to him nor to the Lions' faith in him; it merely indicated the condition of the Lion pitching staff in general.

Sam was big and black-haired and genial: a young man of thirty-one who had been raised on a fictional-sounding street called Gravity Avenue in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, and had never quite lived it down. He had a fair fast ball, a recent and not altogether dependable slider, a good curve, and control.

"It wasn't for your control," Himmerling would tell him, "I'd have you out of here, Dimple." Himmerling was the playing manager of the Lions. He did not particularly like Sam Lewis, and called him Dimple because, when Sam smiled, which happened too frequently to suit Himmerling, a dimple formed in his right cheek. Himmerling had his problems, too. They never spelled his name fully in the box scores. It always appeared as H'm'l'g.

But neither the apostrophes in his name nor the dimple in Sam's cheek plagued Himmerling now. As of the moment, the Lions led Boston 3 to 1, Boston had men on first and third with one out and the menacing Legs Kelly at bat, Sam Lewis was pitching, and the scoreboard, certain as the angel of death, said it was the sixth inning. Himmerling waved his glove for time and went from first base to the mound.

"I'm going to cut a phonograph record," he said to Sam, spitting into the brown dirt to the side of the pitching rubber. "It's going to say, 'Don't throw him the curve ball, Dimple.' I'm going to play it every time we get to the sixth inning."

Sam tugged at his cap. Though he would not voluntarily stroll on the window ledges of hotel rooms or set fire to himself in bed, as had other big-league players of his own generation, still there ran through him the makings of a character. With Sam it was a kind of optimistic placidity; in the most mortifying situations, he could always contemplate the morrow, and it made him sort of a walking *non sequitur*. Irrelevantly, it occurred to him now that the season was hardly begun, and there was time—time for the Lions to get up out of fifth place, time for Sam to win some ball games, time perhaps to realize a pennant dream. The Lions were not a great team. But, like the New York Yankees of 1951, they were playing in a bum league.

Out loud, he said now, "Funny thing. One of the writers was telling me that, with my looks, I should be on television."

"I got news for you," Himmerling said. "You are on television. A million little boys are watching you, praying to hell you throw something besides the curve."

"Curve's my favorite," Sam said.

"His favorite, too," Himmerling said, indicating Kelly, the Boston batter. "Throw him something else, you want to do me a favor. Roll it at him." The manager turned to address the catcher, Birnbaum, who had joined the conference at the mound. "How's he look to you, Birn?"

Birnbaum had neglected to remove his mask. "Okay," he said, talking through the metal bars. "He looks great."

"That's what you said last time when he was going to pitch to Kiner," Himmerling said, unhappily. "Remember?"

"It's all right," Birnbaum said comfortingly. "Now and again you got to figure Kiner for the long ball."

"Yeah," Himmerling said, "but not for a line drive into the center-field bleachers. You know how to pray, Birn? Maybe you better face the east, face Mecca like the Mohammedans. It's the sixth inning. Dimple, here, is pitching. Need I say more?"

"I often wondered about that." Birnbaum was still talking through his mask. "About facing east and facing Mecca at the same time. What happens if you live east of Mecca?"

"It's all right," Himmerling said. "They got a town called East Mecca. How about it, Dimple? You going to throw him the fast ball?"

"No," Sam Lewis said. "He figures I'm going to throw the curve because he thinks I expect him to think I'm going to throw something else so I'll throw the curve instead. Then at the last minute he changes his mind. So I'll throw the curve."

"Makes sense," Birnbaum said. "Tell you what. I'll signal for the fast ball and you throw the curve anyway. Then we can all go crazy."

Hughes, the plate umpire, came to the mound. "All right, girls," he said. "I'll serve tea."

"We're talking," Himmerling said.

"You want another pitcher?"

"I ain't got another pitcher."

"Then knock it off," Hughes said. "Play baseball."

HIMMERLING and Birnbaum moved, with elaborate lack of haste, back to their positions. Legs Kelly stepped into the batter's box, waving his bat like a cow switching flies. Sam went up on the rubber. Birnbaum signaled helplessly with open palm, and Sam nodded briefly, stretched, checked his runners, and threw the fast curve without a windup, watching the ball go just as he wanted it to, seeing it break off sharply, a foot in front of the plate.

Legs Kelly hit it. Swinging into the curve, he hit it far toward center, and high. Sam's legs carried him automatically in the direction of third base, to back up on a throw, but less than halfway there he knew there would be no throw. He turned and saw the ball slicing off to the right, falling back behind the right fielder and into the sixth or seventh or maybe it was the tenth row of seats in the right-field stands, fair by thirty feet, a home run.

Himmerling took him out. Sam licked his lips and went toward the dugout, not looking up except to show a brief, sad, close-up smile for the television camera back of first base. In his mind's eye, he could see the morning papers. *Six-Inning Sam,* the lead in the Tribune would begin.

The Chronicle and the News ran their stories that way, but he was wrong about the Tribune. The Tribune began even more succinctly. *Same old Sam,* said the first paragraph, in its entirety.

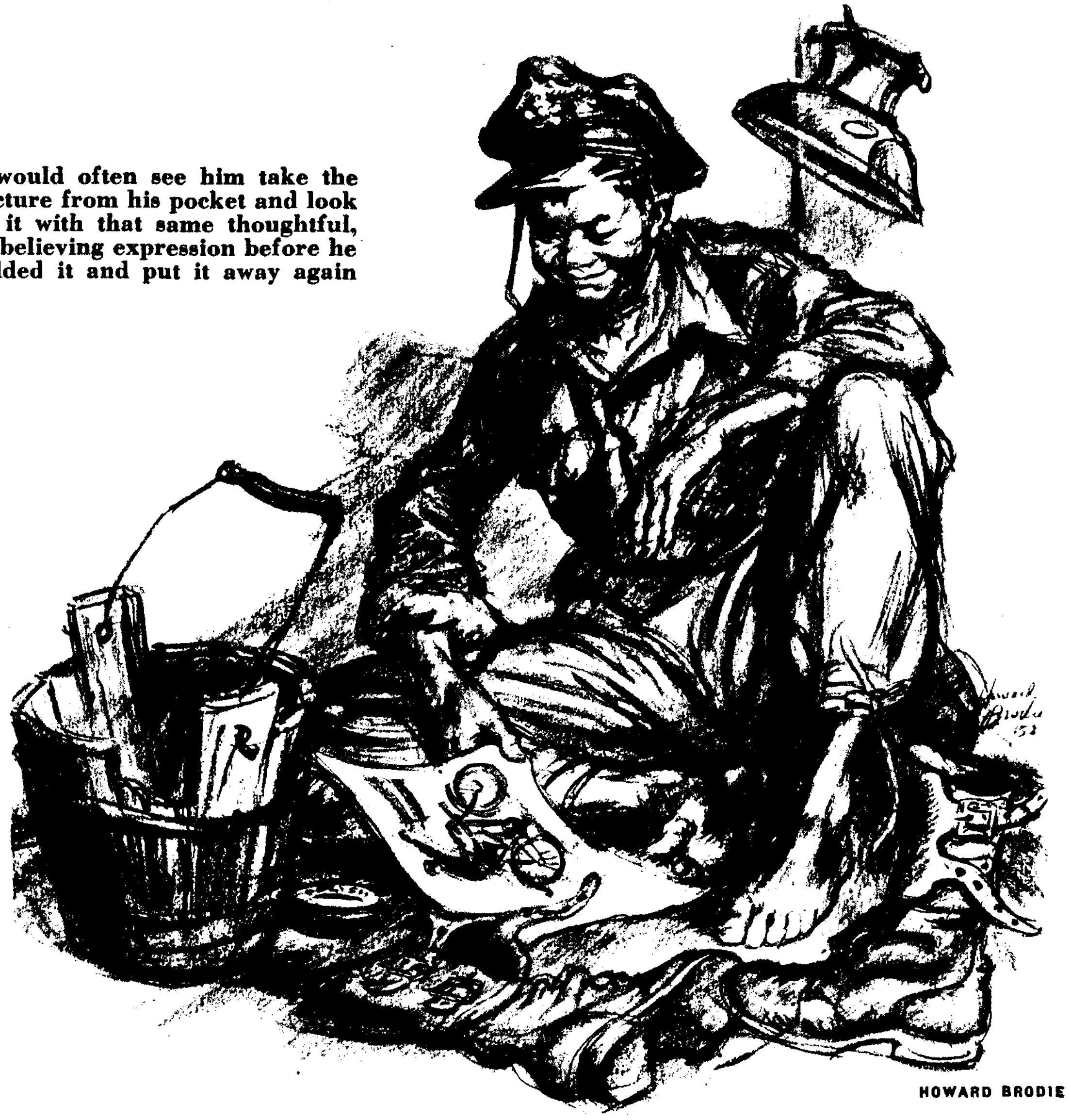
"Same old Sam," he said to himself, aloud, waving his razor at the soapy white face in the mirror. "I have an idea for you, Dimple. You don't mind if I call you Dimple?" The face in the mirror acquiesced. "All you got to do is talk to Frick. Get him to change the rules. Make all games five innings long. Then"—he stroked his right cheek with the razor—"then, Dimple, you'd probably get knocked out in the fourth. What are you going to do?"

The telephone rang, and *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

He stood up and went over to the bed. He cupped her chin with his hand and kissed her, first on the eyes, then on the tip of her nose, then on her mouth

I would often see him take the picture from his pocket and look at it with that same thoughtful, unbelieving expression before he folded it and put it away again



HOWARD BRODIE

Letter from Seoul

By HARRY MIDDLETON

I HAD a letter the other day from a friend who is stationed in Seoul, telling me that that battered old city, quiet for many months now, is showing a few signs of spring. Grass, he said, is beginning to grow around the rubble; birds have returned with the warmer winds and make their nests in the ruined walls of the national Capitol building. And the kids who shine shoes and sell string and beg during the days are beginning now to play in the powdered streets at night. He mentioned that he saw one little fellow one evening at dusk, sitting on an imitation bicycle he had made. It was a board which lay across the tops of two propped-up jeep wheels, with handle bars made of a hoe handle. It had no pedals, and it didn't move, but the boy was pumping his legs away in the air where the pedals should be. *Just for a moment,* my friend wrote, *this wasn't Seoul any more. It was Oak Park, Ill., and here was a little boy bicycling through its shady streets . . .*

We react in our separate ways to situations. My friend was struck by this tableau of home on a bombed-out street half a world away from home. And I, reading about it, thought and am thinking still of the boy himself, wondering if he is Chung.

Chung was my houseboy in Taegu. All the members of the Army's headquarters there hired houseboys—Korean kids who cleaned their uniforms and made their beds and polished their boots. I went to the labor office when I first arrived—after I had thrown my duffel bag on a bunk in a tiny Quonset hut and thanked the fates that had deposited me in Taegu instead of in the mountains to the north—and arranged for a boy for myself. The one I got was so small that I was a little reluctant to hire him. But he was so eager to have the job that I was embarrassed, and I took him.

He had lived in Seoul, where his father had been a merchant, but sometime in the summer before, in one of the many exoduses south, he had been separated from his family and, with several thousand other bewildered refugees, had walked in rain and dust and fear some three hundred miles and stumbled into Taegu; and now, inside the black and swollen city, he made his home alone.

Chung couldn't have been more than eleven. When I asked him, that first day, how old he was, he solemnly told me fifteen; the interpreter smiled apologetically when he repeated it. But he was a very grave little man despite his few years, and he bowed solemnly each time I entered the hut. The only ludicrous touch to his gravity was the cap he wore; it was a Korean National Police cap, much too big for him. It had belonged to a National Policeman who had befriended him and who had been killed in a guerrilla raid outside the city a few weeks before. Chung wore it constantly, taking it off only when he bowed.

During the three months that Chung was with me, we became friends. At first I was a little in awe of him, and of the sadness that I felt when I looked at him. I felt sorry for him, and uncomfortable in the presence of my pity. But Chung asked for no sympathy. He wanted only to be able to make a place of warmth in his new, cold world; and I wanted something like that, too. So over the weeks our friendship built, wordless though it had to be—for Chung knew no English, of course, and my knowledge of Korean was limited to the bastard form the American Army always leaves behind it. We could make simple communications in sign language, but the larger expressions had to be articulated either in silence or in awkward little demonstrations.

I would show my appreciation of Chung by giving him small presents—food and candy from the PX, parts of my uniform that I did not need, a pair of trousers from a street shop outside the compound gates. He was always exceedingly grateful; he demonstrated his appreciation with deep bows and a constant sweeping of the floor, by carrying buckets of water almost as big as he was to wash my fatigues in, and by standing at a makeshift ironing board as high as his chin to press them. But these demonstrations were always serious, and his appreciation was grave.

I saw only one thing in the time we were together that made him smile, and that was an illustrated advertisement in an American magazine which, with a group of others, had been deposited in our hut by the Army's Special Services; it was a page in full color, showing a boy on a gaudy red bicycle equipped with thick tires and a horn and all the other paraphernalia of adolescent travel. Whatever else that advertisement accomplished, it caught the wonder of a dark-skinned little fellow who had never seen a red bicycle before, a boy a thousand light-years from the land where bicycles are children's toys and not primarily a form of locomotion. Chung would often look at it thoughtfully.

I asked him one day if he would like to have it; I tore out the page and held it out to him. He accepted it haltingly, looking first at it, then up at me, wonderingly, as if I had offered him something very great. Then, after a while, he smiled broadly and folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. Thereafter I would often see him take it from his pocket and look at it with that same thoughtful, unbelieving expression before he folded it away once more.

THEN one day, just about a year ago, when the first touch of spring had begun to loose the hard frozen paddy lands in the south, Chung left me. The line of battle had moved north of the Han River again, and in its wake many of the displaced border citizens were moving too, to claim their demolished homes. Chung was one of them. He wanted to join the new caravan to Seoul and try to find his parents.

The night he left, after we had solemnly shaken hands, he stood in awkward silence for a moment, and then, without looking at me, he thrust his hand into his pocket and dragged out the folded page, extending it to me with the greatest reluctance. There were no words, but his expression clearly said: I suppose you'll want me to give this back to you.

When I indicated to him as strongly as I could that I did not want it, he smiled the same wide smile that I had seen before. And then, in a sudden burst of good will that could not be ignored, he snatched the police cap off his head and held it out to me, his dark eyes wide with apprehension that I might not take this gift, which was the best he had to offer, in return for what I had given him.

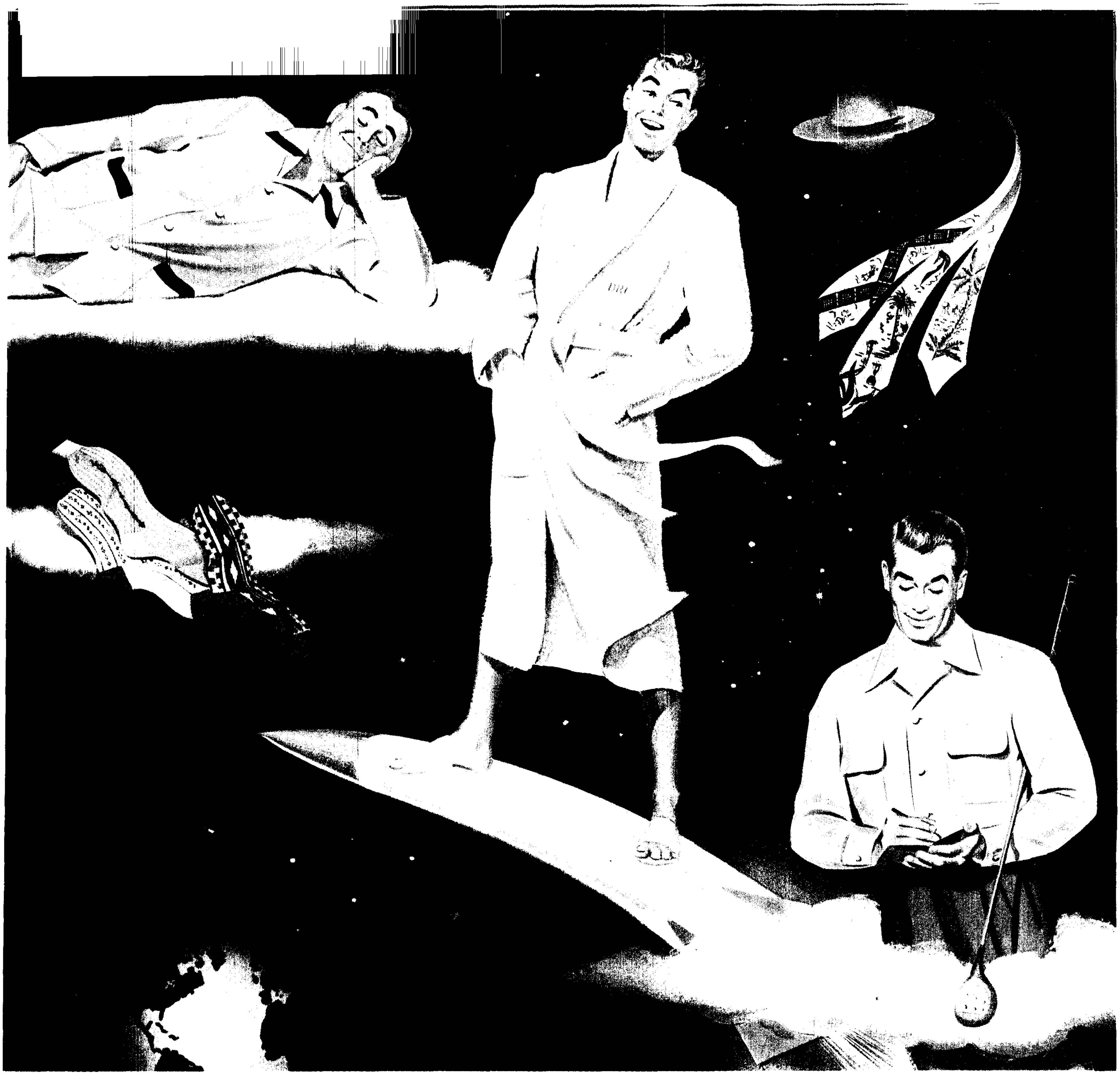
"Thank you, Chung," I said. And then he was gone, and I was holding the preposterous cap in my hand.

In the summer that followed, the Army moved its headquarters to Seoul, and, along with effects of considerably less value, I crammed the cap in my duffel bag and took it with me. I thought, although I knew it was impossible, that somewhere in the midst of upheaval I might find my grave little friend and return his cap to him. But of course I never did. I never saw him again. . . .

Perhaps somewhere by the side of the long road back to Seoul, the body of one more Korean child has been found, shocked into death by any one of the innumerable outrages of war on the young; and perhaps when the burial detail searched the stiffened body for identification, it found inside a pocket only the creased and recreased, carefully folded vision of another kind of boy's world, one that held color and hope and speed without fear.

But if that is the end of the boy's hard journey into the frightful world of men, I don't know it. And now, after reading my friend's letter, I like to think that the story of Chung is not ended at all, but still in motion, and that tonight, in a new spring, a solemn young man is sitting somewhere on a bicycle of his own making, pumping his small legs furiously in the air, racing, racing away from the destroyed city, toward something of gaudy beauty that his mind has seen.

Collier's SHORT SHORT



Dad will be floating on air because TEXTRON is out of this world

For poppers—Textron gifts are out of this world because they're *styled* the way a man *wants* 'em: with both feet on the ground. *For shoppers*—Textron gifts are out of this world because they're solid, down-to-earth *values*. You'll find Textron at better stores everywhere.

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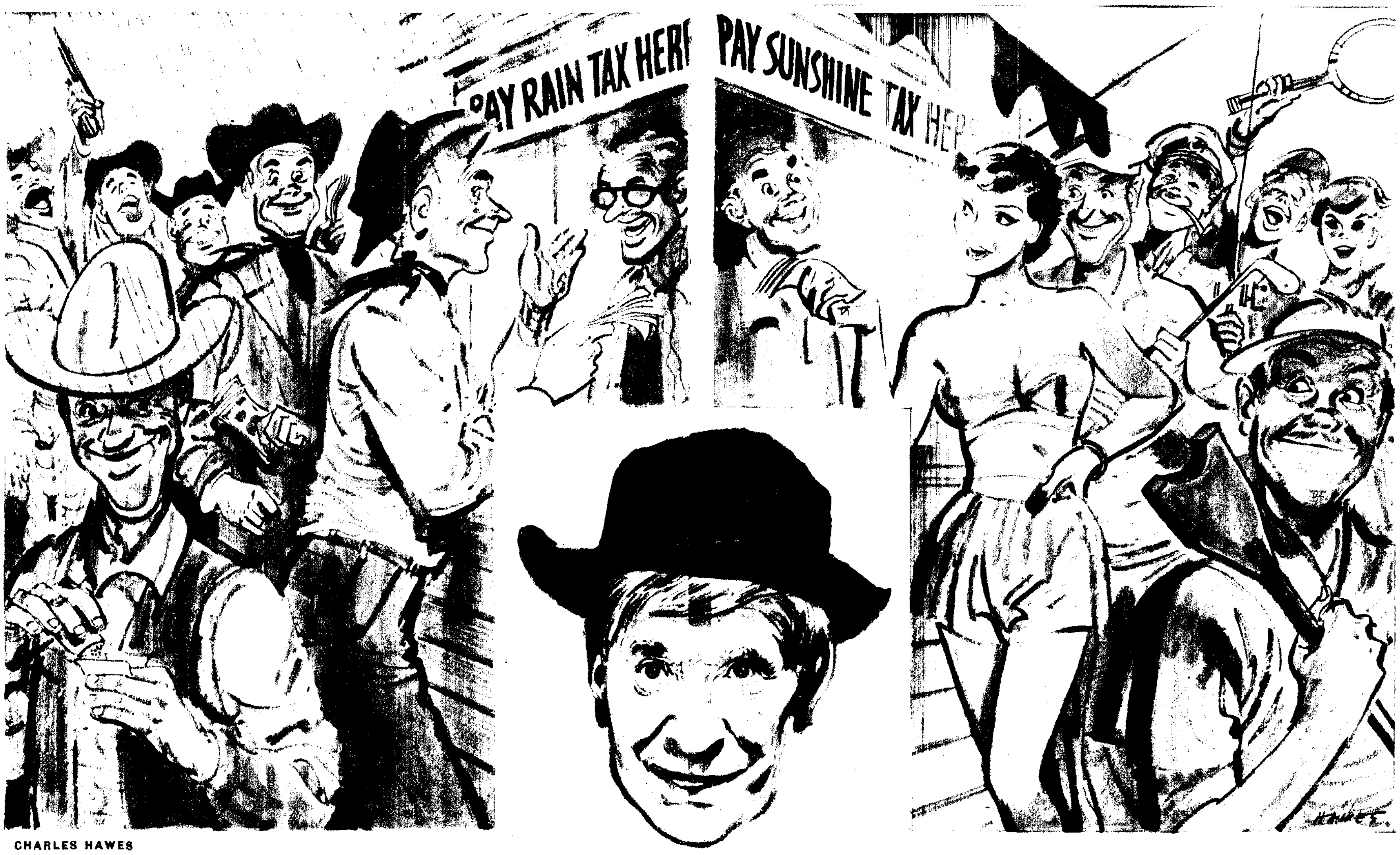


CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

New Sources of Revenue

Dear editar:

The way I see it the greatest problem confrontin Washington today isn't the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, inflation, rearmament, moral collapse, scandals, Korea, world stability, Russia, China, the November elections, present civilization or the future of mankind.

All these things Congress can handle satisfactorily if it can clear one hurdle. It can do it all if it can raise the money. That's the biggest problem the Congressional mind has to wrestle with today.

But it's no easy job. You try raisin 88 billion dollars a year in taxes, on top of what the city, precinct, county and state get, and see where you wind up, especially with no end of public spendin in sight and the demands still increasin. Everybody wants to economize provided it don't cut off any of the services he's already gettin from Washington or aims to get, and it has put Congress in a sweat.

It reminds me of John Short's problem over in Oat Hill. John was makin a pretty good salary but he had a big family comin on and he couldn't make ends meet, no matter how hard he tried. He'd economize here, cut down there, wear his clothes longer than he should, turn off all the lights not needed, watch all the corners, but still the ends wouldn't meet. One day he was walkin back to work after lunch and wrestlin with his problem and as he rounded a corner halfway to town a sudden thought hit him: There wasn't any way to cut expenses any more. If he aimed to raise and educate his family the only way out was to increase his income. It was the turnin point in his life. He began workin at it from that angle, went into business for himself, and made it. Sent seven children through college and left em each a farm apiece.

Congress is in about the same boat. If it's goin to do the job for everybody from us folks out here at Circleville wantin a new bridge across the San Gabriel River to dredgin out the Trinity River at Dallas to buildin bomb shelters in New York to rearmin the world, it's got to have more money, but it's got to come from new sources, the old sources are about milked to the limit.

Ain't nothin wrong with the present sources, but if Congress taps em any more there's considerable doubt the present members would be around to appropriate it, and one of the hardest things on earth to do is to get a congressman to vote to discontinue himself.

But a congressman with a new idea on a painless way to get new revenue is a man his fellow members will hail as a statesman and he'll be cheered not only in the halls of Congress but throughout the democratic world.

As I understand it, the world is so linked together and everybody is countin on the United States so desperately as the keystone of the free world and the U.S. is strainin so hard to stand up under the financial load that if I fall a little short out here on my Johnson grass farm at Circleville next fall and make four bales of cotton instead of six, it may be just the shove it takes to push the economy out of balance, set up a chain reaction, and pull all Europe and all other continents still survivin down into economic ruin and military disaster. It would be the end of civilization, which I understand would be the 19th time it's happened.

It's such a heavy burden on me and Congress both that I've been thinkin.

I would like to help Congress in its Herculean job of world salvation through American taxation so I can get by with four bales instead of six, but up to this mornin I hadn't been able to think of any new sources of revenue. There may be some and Congress could kick itself for not seein em before if it runs across em, but there's not any around here, outside of maybe a tax on the number of times a farmer's tractor wheel turns, and I don't think the number of shingles in a roof has been thought of yet or a tax on rainfall.

Then it hit me. Now there's an idea. Rainfall. Tax rainfall!

In Texas, when it rains, everybody is in an expansive mood. We bubble over, throw our hats in the air, fire off six-shooters, slap one another on the back. More rain, more grass, more cattle, more money in the bank. Why, there ain't a rancher in Texas that wouldn't give anywhere from $500 up to $10,000 or more for a good rain. Congress ought to get on the ball. Slap on an automatic tax every time it rains where it's wanted.

And of course, you could work it the other way around, too. Take Florida. Florida generally, especially in the winter, would like to have cloudless skies, warm sunshine. More sun, more tourists. Same way with California. A clear day affects em like a rain does Texas. When they get dry weather, tax em.

This way Congress would have new money comin in, rain or shine.

Why thunder, Congress just ain't tryin. I had no idea it would be this easy. There's lots of other similar sources of taxation. The idea is to hit em when they're feelin good. Take a Hollywood divorce, it's like a rain in Texas, too; both parties feel relieved and expansive. Then's the time to get in a sizable tax lick. There are lots of others—a tax on birthdays, when you pay a note off, when a show is a smash hit; tax the start of a vacation, tax the glow that comes from swingin a profitable deal, tax the applause an actor gets in the theater, tax a radio comedian on his Hooper ratin. Pick out any time when people are in a good mood and then hit, that's the principle to follow. There's hope for the world if Congress will think.

However, in this hunt for new sources of revenue there's considerable danger in an excess of Congressional enthusiasm, and we voters ought to hedge. We're willin for Congress to have more money if it can get it without wreckin anybody.

In Texas we have a law called the public liability law which requires a man to take out liability insurance before he can drive a car, so he can pay the damage if he has a wreck, and I've been thinkin. Wouldn't it be a good idea to require all congressmen to carry say $1,000,000,000 public liability insurance, just in case their laws don't pan out in the public interest? Votin wrong can be as dangerous as drivin wrong. No sense in havin your business wrecked by an improvident legislator who ain't able to pay for the damage.

If any of these new revenue sources work out, and Congress can't think of what to do with the surplus, the railin on the bridge over the San Gabriel River at Circleville needs fixin. Has for years.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

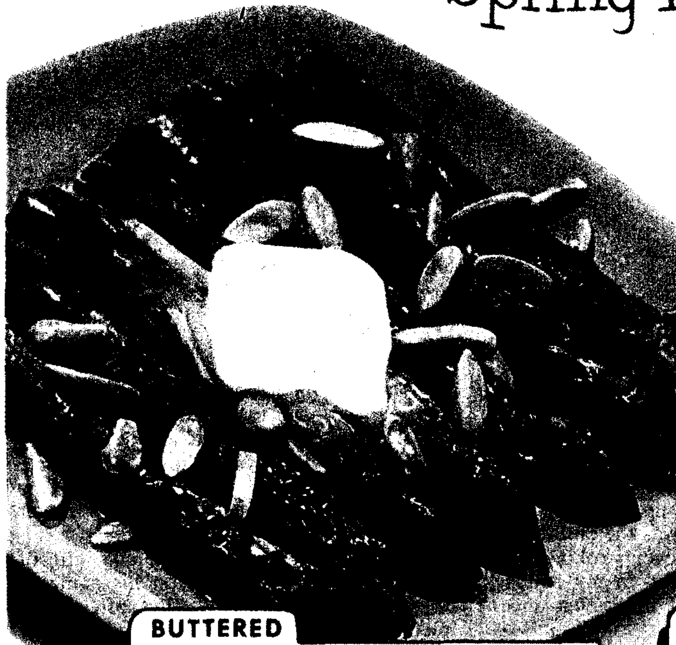
. . . then you add

Butter for flavor !

One chef tells another—one homemaker tells another: "For flavor and taste-tempting goodness . . . always cook with BUTTER . . . always add BUTTER just before serving."

BUTTER is the symbol of good cooking, good eating, good living. Only BUTTER adds that matchless taste-appeal, for only BUTTER comes from the golden cream of milk. It takes FOUR FULL PINTS OF CREAM TO MAKE EVERY POUND OF BUTTER! No wonder, nothing else tastes like BUTTER . . . adding worlds of flavor to other foods. Nothing *BUTTERS* like BUTTER!

Enjoy these two Butter-Best Recipes for Spring Favorites



BUTTERED

Almond-Asparagus

In ¼ cup butter cook sliced almonds slowly until lightly browned. Stir. Remove from heat. Add salt and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Pour over cooked, hot asparagus. Top with butter. Extra-buttery! Extra good! On vegetables especially, nothing BUTTERS like BUTTER!

Butter Adds a World of Flavor

NEW WAY

Butter-Browned Chicken

Shake pieces of chicken in clean paper bag with salted flour. Brown lightly in skillet. Then, for the finest flavor and goodness, top each chicken piece with butter. Melting butter will penetrate and flavor the chicken oh-so-deliciously! Reduce heat, cover skillet closely, and cook *very slowly* until tender—30 minutes to an hour depending on size of chicken. If cover of pan does not fit closely, add 4 tablespoons of water to provide moist heat while cooking. Uncover last 15 minutes to crisp chicken. And don't forget: Pineapple slices sauteed in butter are simply delicious with fried chicken.

Butter Adds a World of Flavor

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"
20 N. Wacker Drive Bldg., Chicago 6, Illinois

FIRST IN FOODS

Golf's New Hot-Shot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

money there on Saturday afternoons, when the course was crowded, by arranging the order in which the members teed off.

"Dad took Eddie and me to watch him play in whatever tournaments were nearby when we were only kids. I still have recollections of seeing a PGA tournament in Texas when I couldn't have been more than ten.

"As an instructor my father was far ahead of his time. His teachings gave me the groundwork of my golf game, for his theory was sound, and a solid foundation in golf, or in anything else, is necessary for a successful operation. I picked up other tricks as I went along, of course, but they were only embellishments to the core of my game, which my dad taught me.

"The Met was the first 'big' one I had ever won," added Burke. "I was just beginning to wonder if I ever would win a major tournament and had doubts that tournament golf was my game. The coincidence of beating a golfer as famous as Sarazen just 24 years after my dad had beaten him in the PGA seemed a sort of omen, like a signpost pointing the way."

Hogan's Cautious Prediction

Burke's 1949 victory in the Metropolitan Open caused others besides Jack himself to consider his tournament future. Ben Hogan, in a signed magazine article, declared that Burke had a chance to become one of the greatest young golfers in the country.

"Burke has already made one great step forward," wrote Hogan. "He won the Metropolitan Open. . . . That, in itself, places him above the pack. But it does not guarantee the future. . . . Still, it means a lot on the form chart. . . . Some great names have won it in the past—players like Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell, Tommy Armour, Byron Nelson, Henry Picard and Craig Wood. . . . It is bound to be a tremendous lift to his confidence."

The two-year-old prediction of Hogan stood out boldly a couple of months ago when Burke arrived at the Augusta National Golf Club to take part in the famous Masters Tourney, labeled as the hottest golfer to come off the winter tournament circuit.

"Look at Burke," said Hogan in the locker room as he kidded the youngster. "He won four straight tournaments. Now he hasn't won a tournament in two weeks and they're calling him the 'quickest has-been' in golf."

When Burke turned in a four-over-par 76 on the first round, many thought Hogan's good-natured quip about the "quickest has-been" might have a foundation in fact, but Jack turned in a sensational 67 on the second day to re-establish himself as a coming star. In the final round, played on a gusty, blustery, Sunday afternoon, Burke shot a 69 to finish second to Sammy Snead while Hogan himself, the defending champion, wound up in a four-way tie for seventh.

The Masters, of course, is practically the World Series of golf. It ranks with the United States Open and the PGA Championships. Annually to Augusta come the cream of the crop of professional and amateur golfers.

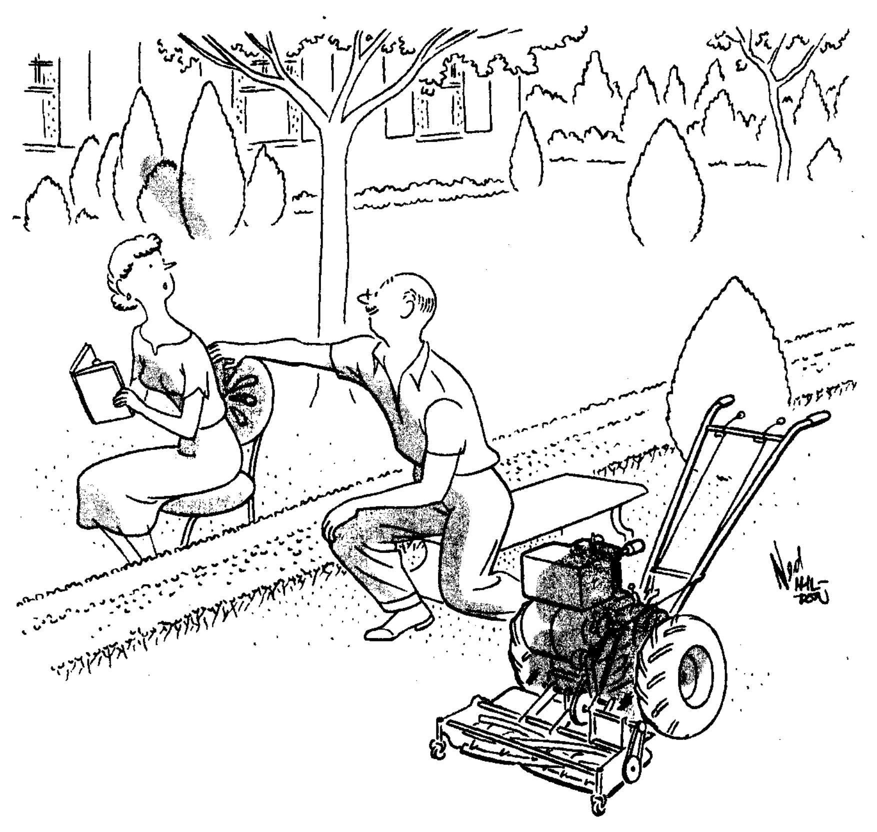
Finishing second among such distinguished company was naturally pleasing to Burke but he didn't overlook his faults, even when someone informed him that he was the only golfer in the field who twice went around the difficult National course under 70.

"Don't forget I had two bad rounds, too," said Jack modestly. "The good rounds proved that I can play on a man's course, all right, but it takes good rounds every day to win in this kind of company."

Although 1952 has been a rewarding year for Burke so far—he was the PGA's winter champion, winning $11,200, more than $4,000 ahead of runner-up Cary Middlecoff—it didn't start out that way. It opened, in fact, with one of his most crushing disappointments. When Jack walked up to the 18th green in the final round of the Los Angeles Open in early January and found his ball just 20 feet from the pin, he permitted himself the luxury of a smile. And a smile, even a slight one, from Jack on the course is as rare as one in a tax collector's office. That's how serious the game is to Burke.

The setup at Los Angeles really looked like deep-dish apple pie. Burke could take two putts and $4,000 first-prize money at the same time. Two putts later the ball still hadn't found the cup and he three-putted himself into a tie with Tommy Bolt, of Durham, North Carolina. And then proceeded to blow the play-off.

"You couldn't guess how low I felt that night," confessed Burke months later when he was riding the crest of the wave. "I felt that I was never going to win another tournament, that I was all through, washed up at twenty-nine. I had finished second seven times in 1951 without winning a single major tournament and here I was opening this year's tour with another second, after I had first place all wrapped up. I wondered if maybe I shouldn't chuck it all and settle for a quiet pro's job as instructor at some club."



"Now, Mr. Trelawney, don't tell me you've run out of gas again"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

Hamburgers Left a Bad Taste

Burke's black mood was understandable enough. The tournament trail is a rough one unless you can win. The pros start in January in California and follow the sun, playing Texas, Arizona and Louisiana en route to Florida. After Florida, for the lucky ones who are invited, is the Masters at Augusta the first week in April. After the Masters come stops in North Carolina and Virginia until the East and Midwest thaw out sufficiently to receive the golfers. It sounds as glamorous as owning your own yacht but it's no fun if you can't edge into the prize money. "A young fellow who can break even on the circuit is lucky," reminisced Hogan. "I ought to know. I can still taste the cheap hamburgers from those early days."

Burke didn't have to retreat to one-armed lunch joints or sleep in the back of his car, but he didn't get rich on the pro trail after he left Los Angeles. He rolled home 15th at San Diego, and fifth at Phoenix, out of the money at Tucson and finished a snappy 16th at El Paso. A steady diet of hot dogs was beckoning.

It was the finish at El Paso that did it. The weeks of frustration caught up with Burke. Usually about as emotional on the links as one of the wooden out-of-bounds markers, Jack's pent-up disgust expressed itself in a petulant gesture when he flung his putter from him. It turned out to be the most rewarding throw since Sammy Baugh started passing footballs, for the putter struck a tree and the shaft was damaged.

The next spot where the golfers unlimbered their muscles and took dead aim on dollars and cents was San Antonio, where the Texas Open was to be played. Burke and a fellow pro, Jay Hebert, visited Tod Menefee's shop at the San Antonio Country Club, Burke to have the treacherous putter repaired and Hebert merely to look around.

"While Tod was working on my club, Hebert picked a putter out of the rack, tested it and decided to buy it," related Jack. "I idly picked it up, hefted it a few times and decided this was the club for me. And this was without ever stroking a ball with it. It just felt 'right' in my hands. I pleaded with Jay to let me buy it and he did."

The new putter differed radically from the one Burke had been using for the last four years, which was an English blade model. The new one has a mallet head, and from the first time he used it Jack began to think he had been a mallet head for not making the change sooner.

On the first hole in the Texas Open the next day, Burke canned a putt from 15 feet out and he was home free from there on, shooting 24 under par to win the tournament with a 72-hole total of 260. Jack won the Houston Open a week later with a record-tying 277, went seven under par for a three-way tie in the Baton Rouge Open and was two under as he defeated his Los Angeles nemesis, Bolt, in the play-off. Jack ran the string to four by winning the St. Petersburg Open with 266, which broke all tournament records for the Lakewood Country Club course. During the streak, Burke shot an incredible 67 under par!

"It wasn't all due to the putter, of course," admitted Jack, "but it had a lot to do with it. I had been having trouble with my putts in the earlier tournaments and the new club enabled me to stroke the ball more solidly. The big thing, I guess, was that it gave me confidence after I had sunk the first putt with the new club. It changed my outlook. I stopped feeling sorry for myself and thought in terms of winning."

Leader Is in Toughest Spot

Burke admitted that the pressure mounted as he reeled off his four straight tournament victories. "Being on top and having the pack take dead aim on you is more of a strain than trailing and trying to nail the leader," he said. "I lost 13 pounds during the string and I'm not exactly hefty."

Burke, in fact, is smaller than the average pro golfer, his normal weight being about 170. He is five feet nine inches tall but compactly built, and gets surprising distance from the tee for his size, averaging about 265 yards.

Byron Nelson, the farmer-rancher now in semiretirement from tournament golf, could have told his fellow Texan all about the cumulative pressure of a winning streak. Nelson set an all-time record in 1945 by winning 11 straight tournaments and a total of 19 out of 31 for the year, with $52,000 in prize money. When Byron's string was broken, he declared that he actually felt relieved.

"I couldn't say I was exactly pleased," said Burke after he had finished out of the money in the Jacksonville Open to snap his string. "I'll admit I felt knots in my stomach from the pressure but still you don't like to lose."

The grind of tournament play had Burke wobbly long before he trailed the leaders at Jacksonville. After beating Bolt in the Baton Rouge play-offs, Jack didn't feel up to the cross-country drive to St. Petersburg. He hired a caddie to drive his car, a 1950 Cadillac coupé, to Florida and made the trip himself by air.

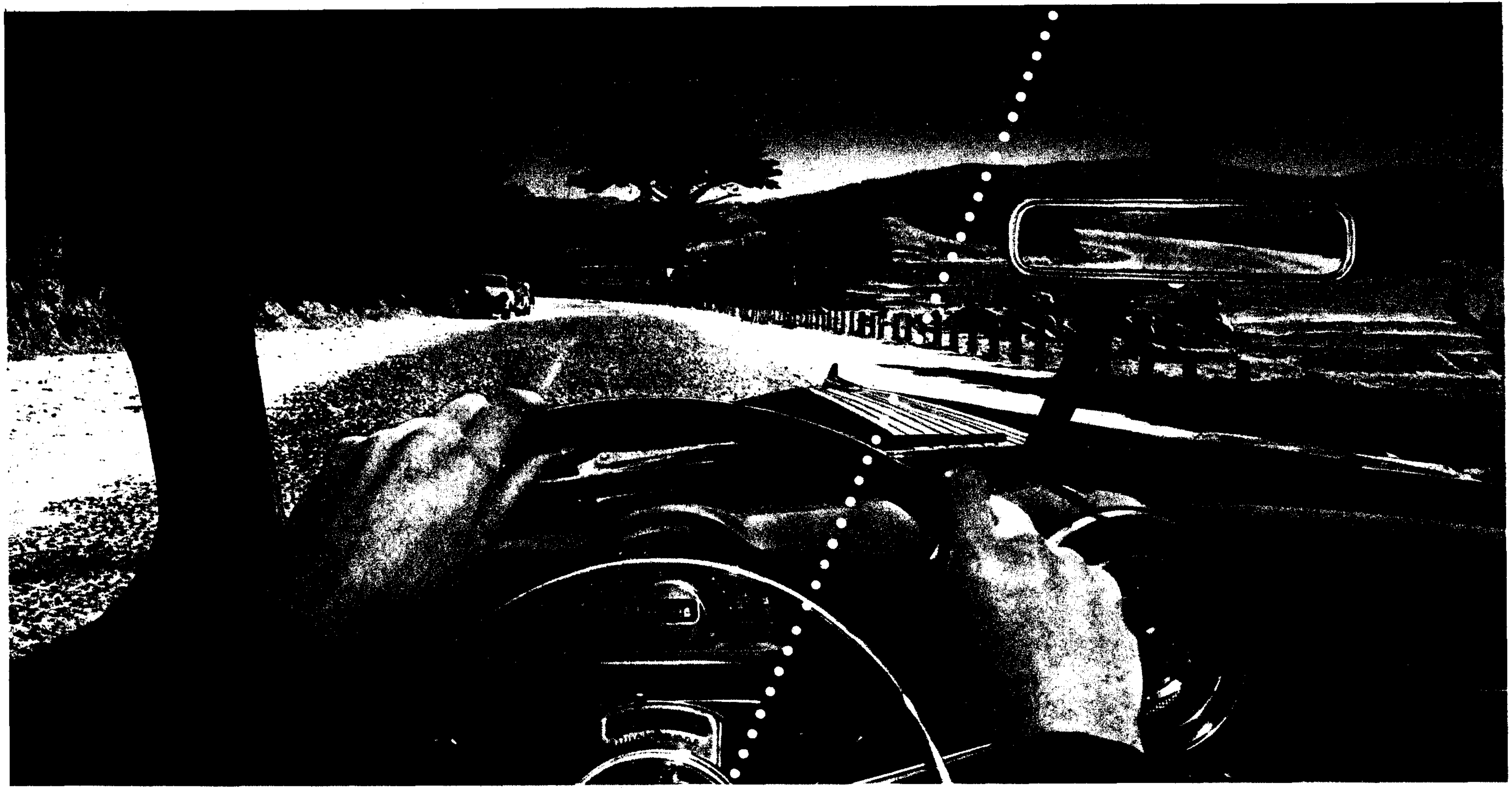
At Marianna, Florida, an alert highway patrolman discovered the license tags on Burke's car had expired. The car, containing all of Jack's clothing and golf equipment, was impounded. It took some frenzied long-distance phoning to get the car released and permit the caddie to resume driving in time to reach St. Pete for the Open.

"Actually, the temporary detention of the car was a break for me," grinned Burke. "Without my clubs, I was unable to get in a single practice round for the St. Pete Open. The break in routine relaxed me mentally and my hands felt much stronger after the layoff."

Burke has the true champion's gift of being able to concentrate on his game to the exclusion of all else. "I've often completed a round without the faintest idea of my partner's score, even though I've marked it down," he confessed. "I've often walked past close friends in the gallery without even recognizing them, because I'm thinking about my next shot and nothing else. Sometimes, though, I've walked up to people in the crowd, maybe absolute strangers, and started talking merely to relax and stop thinking about the game."

Burke's mates along the tournament trail, with whom he is a great favorite, give Jack a merry ride about his boyishness and good looks. Jack is a youthful-looking twenty-nine, and four or five years ago, when he was in his middle twenties, he looked like a high-school kid.

It was this which prompted Bob Hope, who had him as guest on his radio show,



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to introduce him to the studio audience as "the pro of Boys Town."

Any time Burke is paged for a phone call, one of the other players is sure to sing out, "It's Hollywood calling, Jack." Actually, Burke could get by a camera test. His curly, faintly auburn hair, blue eyes and occasional shy smile have made him the darling of the feminine links addicts. His gallery always draws the bulk of the bobby-soxers in tournament play. And the fact that Jack is one of golf's most eligible bachelors is no handicap to his personal appeal. He is still foot-loose and fancy-free.

Clothes That Avoid Loudness

Although a protégé of his colorful fellow Houstonian, Jimmy Demaret, Burke is never the startling sartorial rainbow that Demaret is. Sometimes Jimmy's combinations give the impression of a paint factory struck by lightning, whereas Burke, in his own words, tries to dress "not loud and not conservative." Jack runs Demaret a close second in the matter of costume changes. On tour, Jack drives alone because there is no room for anybody else once his clothes have been loaded aboard.

Burke's barnstorming wardrobe consists of three suits, a half-dozen sport coats, 15 pairs of slacks, and 20 shirts which he has made to order by a firm in Switzerland. He also has several pairs of shoes, golf and business, and innumerable sweaters. The most bizarre single item of his costume is a pair of gray suède shoes.

Burke has a golfing background which stretches virtually to his infancy. As soon as he was old enough to discard a rattle, he picked up a golf club. His father had been a pro at various clubs in and around Philadelphia before moving to Texas in search of a year-round golfing position. It was there he met and married a Fort Worth girl. They had eight children, of whom seven are still living. Jack, Jr., who will be thirty next January, is the oldest, followed by Eddie, twenty-seven; Mary Catherine, twenty-five; Billy, twenty-three; Beverly, twenty-one; Jimmy, nineteen, and Susan, fourteen.

Jack was born in Fort Worth but grew up in Houston when his dad moved there to become the pro at River Oaks Country Club.

It was at River Oaks that Jack's dad ran across Demaret as a caddie and it was when Demaret was elevated to the role of assistant pro there that Jack ran across Jimmy. Demaret was soon impressed with the skill of the boss's son, who was able to shoot a 69 over this tough par-71 course when he was only twelve. A year later young Jack qualified for the State Juniors. In 1939, when he was sixteen, Burke shot 143 to qualify for the U.S. Open. And when the name of Jack Burke, Jr., appeared on the entry list for the Open it marked the first time in a quarter of a century that his father had failed to qualify for that event.

Although Demaret was confident that in Jack he had a golfing star-in-the-making under his wing, just as Jack's dad had been years before with young Jimmy, the head of the house insisted on school coming first. Jack attended St. Anne's and then St. Thomas in Houston. After high school he went to Rice Institute in Houston but at the end of a year there persuaded his father that golf was all that counted with him.

When Jack quit Rice, he obtained a job as an assistant pro at a Galveston course. He was there only nine months when war broke out and Burke enlisted in the Marine Corps. From 1942 until after V-J Day, Jack was in the Marines but he never got overseas. Because he had taken physical education at Rice, Burke was assigned to teach combat conditioning. He worked under Colonel Dick Hanley, onetime football coach at Northwestern. Jack went from camp to camp teaching judo. Sometimes he was at air bases, teaching survival to Marine fliers. He was stationed at San Diego in 1943 when he got the shocking news that his father had died.

When not giving instructions in judo, Burke sometimes was assigned to set up recreational facilities at Marine bases. He had risen to the rank of staff sergeant at the end of the war. Before his discharge he helped build a pitch-and-putt course and a driving range at San Diego for rehabilitation purposes and was serving there as instructor when his separation papers came through.

Like so many other veterans Burke was at loose ends immediately after his discharge, but Craig Wood, one of golfing's all-time greats and one of the game's great benefactors to young players, found a post for him at the Hollywood Club in Deal, New Jersey. Later, Wood got him a job as an assistant to Claude Harmon at Winged Foot in New York.

Burke never ceased to extol Wood for those two positions and for what he terms "the greatest single piece of instruction I ever received."

Jack explained, "Craig taught me to keep my left thumb flat on top of the shaft instead of alongside of it."

"The best break I ever got for Jackie," laughed Wood when told of Burke's praise, "was to get him under Harmon at Winged Foot. When he was at Hollywood he was kept busy all the time as an instructor, and you can't improve your own game by teaching others. At Winged Foot, he had opportunities to play, which is the only way you can help your game. And Harmon's advice to Jack on his iron shots was a big help, too. Claude is great with irons."

Burke's first and only post as a head pro was at the Metropolis Club in White Plains, New York, from which he resigned to hit the tournament trail after he had won the Met Open over that course in 1949.

"I figured I was young only once and should gamble on my golfing future, instead of letting the years slip by," recalled Burke. "I had permission from Metropolis to compete in four tournaments a year and asked permission to play in a total of eight. The proposition was put before the board of directors and it was turned down. I was happy at Metropolis and my gross income was about $20,000 a year, but I wanted a whack at tournament play."

That Burke's gamble was sound is evidenced by his earnings. He was fifth among the money winners in both 1950 and 1951, his prize money being $18,600 and $18,300, but his gross earnings were over $45,000 each year, counting his exhibition fees, endorsements and his salary from the MacGregor Golf Company, which he serves in an advisory capacity.

A Sound, Unspectacular Game

Burke's game is sound, rather than spectacular. Like the champ, Hogan, Jack usually plays as straight as a string, meaning he rarely needs to make such spectacular recoveries as marked the game of Walter Hagen. He is a skillful putter, and when he shot his 67 in the second round of the Masters he took only 30 putts, although the greens at Augusta National are slick and slippery.

While Jack is justifiably proud of the 67 and 69 he shot in the Masters, he considers a 36-hole score of 128 at San Antonio the best he ever made. "Certainly," he grinned, "it *sounds* better than any score I ever made.

"My luckiest shot was a 35-foot approach that I holed out in March at Baton Rouge, which enabled me to tie Tommy Bolt," he continued, "and I guess the most aggravating round was when I failed to get home in two putts on the last green against Bolt at Los Angeles. And I can't say I'm especially proud of my 78 on the third round at the Masters, even though the high winds ballooned a lot of scores. I took a seven on the par-4 fifth hole on that round."

Nobody is any closer to Burke than Joe Moore, Jr., the co-pro at Metropolis. Joe served as an assistant under him at Metropolis, and frankly admits he may be prejudiced because of the fine deal Burke gave him when he brought him to Metropolis as his assistant.

"Jack has the proper mental approach

to the game," says Moore. "Golf is a business with him and he's *the* business. Someday he may make it a million-dollar business, because he knows what he wants to do and, most important, he knows how to do it."

No fighter in training ever approached his work more seriously than Burke. Despite the fact that on the tournament trail Jack, now that he's winning, stops at the swank hotels where the lights are low, the music soft and the cocktail glasses tinkle invitingly, he lives austerely in the lap of luxury. Jack is an early-to-bed guy and, like his father before him, he is an almost negligible drinker.

Golf and Alcohol Don't Mix

"You need a maximum of sleep and a minimum of alcohol in this racket," declares Burke. "I often take a highball before dinner to relax me but that's all. And sometimes I'll go for days without a drink." Then, apparently fearful lest he tabbed a bluenose, he hastily added, "Of course, when I'm not playing and at a party, I don't limit myself to one drink. Then I'll take two or three."

Galleries are the great strain of tournament play in Burke's opinion. "Golf is the only game in which the spectators can put their hands on the players," he declared. "If a baseball fan hollers at a player, the player usually is too far away to hear it. In golf, people run up and tell you to make this shot good because they've got a couple of bucks bet on you, or shout at you that Cary Middlecoff just took a six on the hole you're about to play. Then you begin thinking that if a golfer as good as Middlecoff took a six maybe you'll take one, too. I try to concentrate so deeply that I don't know the gallery is even there, but it doesn't always work."

Despite his views on the gallery, Burke is far from a prima donna. As he was preparing to hole out on the eighth green in the final round of the St. Pete Open, a seven-year-old girl with a noisy cough wandered almost to his elbow.

"Try to keep him quiet while I putt," whispered Jack to the child's mother. It was an almost inaudible request, rather than a querulous admonition. It was tribute to Burke's powers of concentration that he was unaware of the sex of the child.

It is Burke's contention that good and bad rounds of golf are played the night before. "I try to plan tomorrow's round after dinner," he explained. "I go over the holes in my mind and try to figure my shots in advance."

This foresight makes Burke one of the faster tournament players. He wastes little time with practice swings. "I start figuring the possibilities of my shot as I'm walking toward the ball," he said. "While I'm still a hundred yards away I consider the wind, the turf, the lie and all the other factors. When I get up to the ball, I'm ready to shoot."

Burke is fussy about his clothes on the links. Everything has to be just so. A loose shoelace or a binding sweater will annoy him to the point of distracting his attention from his game. He will take time in the locker room to assure himself that everything fits smoothly before going out on the course.

The precise mind which is upset by a flopping shoelace is evident in Burke's outlook on his future, which he has charted as accurately as any par-shattering round he ever mapped out in advance. To him the arduous tournament trail is merely a means to an end.

"The prestige of winning a major tournament has far more value than the prize money," declared Burke. "It increases your fees for exhibitions and improves your position with the sporting-goods firm with which you are associated."

As a representative of the MacGregor Golf Company, Burke uses its equipment and advises on the improvements or innovations of the various models of clubs. Along with this income, Jack also is a partner in the Burke-Harris Uniform Company, a tailoring firm in Houston which manufactures everything from bakery salesmen's outfits to uniforms for cops, bus drivers and bellhops. Demaret is another partner in this firm, which also produces slacks for golfers. Jack's brother, Eddie, runs the firm while Jack is away.

The Right Name for the Job

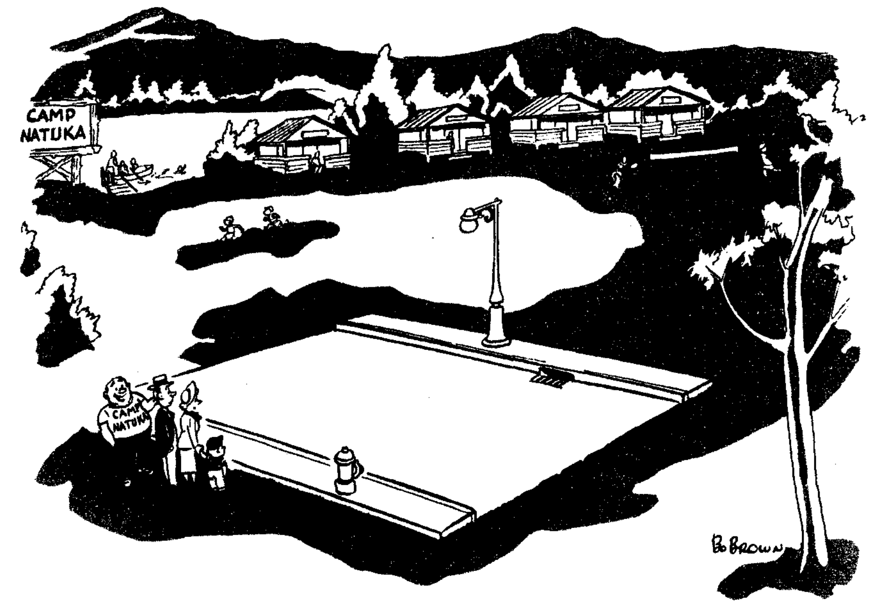
It is Burke's intention to battle the tournament circuit for another couple of seasons and then settle down in Houston, where he now spends only about two months of the year. Glenn McCarthy, the oilman who built the fabulous Shamrock Hotel there, plans to put a golf course near the hotel in the near future, with Burke as the pro. And what better name could one find for the pro of McCarthy's Shamrock Club than Burke?

"The golf course will be one of the greatest ever designed," says Burke, peering enthusiastically into the future. And those who know how expansively, and expensively, McCarthy plans are sure Jack is guilty of no overstatement.

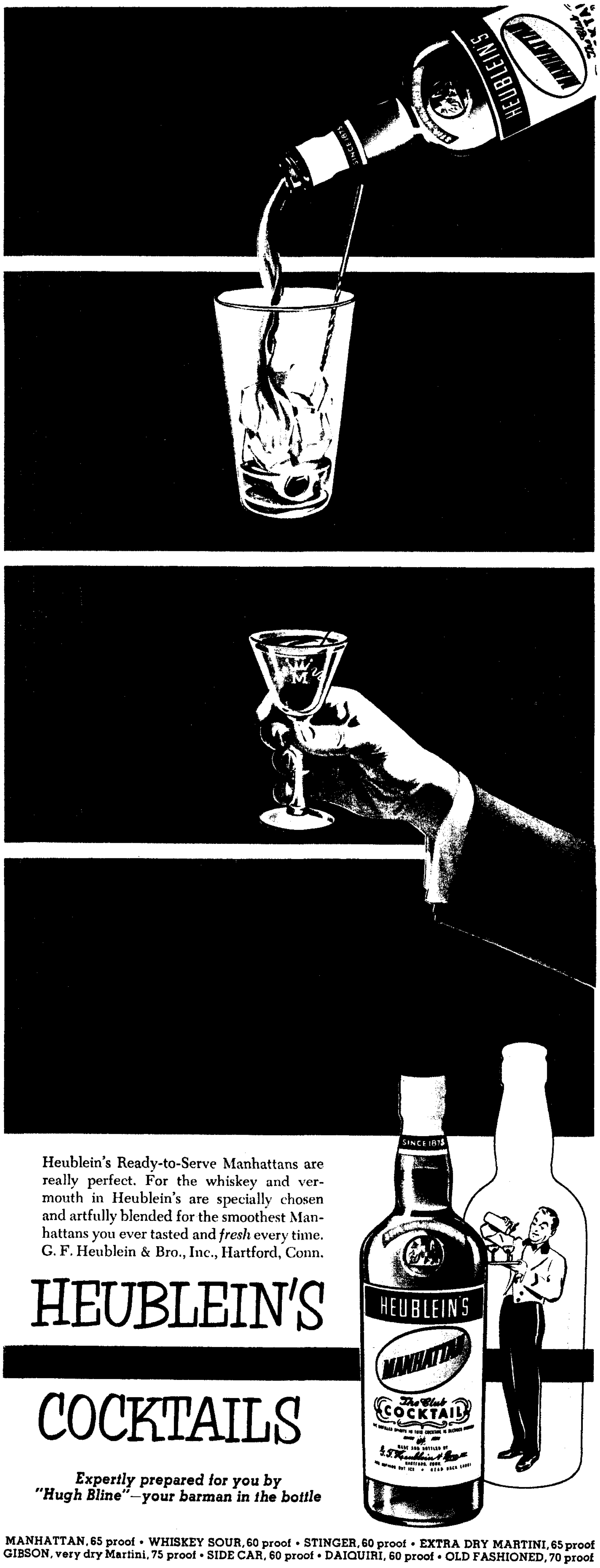
McCarthy and Burke are old friends. When Jack was seeking a stake for his first pro tour, which was later advanced by another Texas oilman, D. B. McDaniels, he approached McCarthy for a job in the oil fields. Glenn advised against that type of employment, pointing out that the rugged work might ruin his hands and that perfect hands were essential to a golfer who sought topflight ranking.

"And," added McCarthy, "that's what you're aiming at, isn't it?"

It was and it is. THE END



COLLIER'S "—and this is for city kids to play ball on!" BO BROWN



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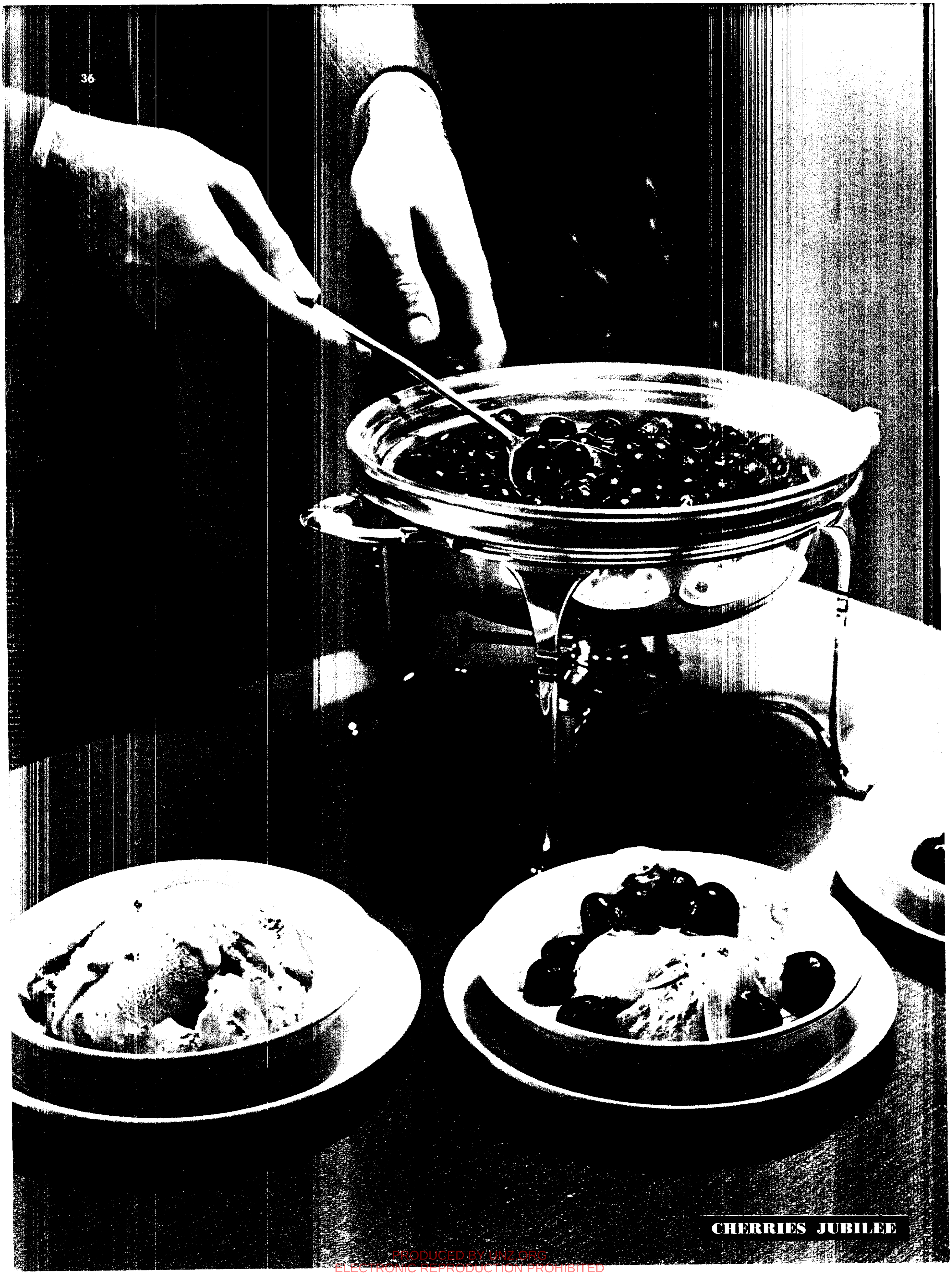


CHERRIES JUBILEE

DAD GETS HIS JUST DESSERTS

By HARRY BOTSFORD

IF THE married male ever rates pampering, it is on Father's Day. Then it is that the wage-earning parent relaxes under the home roof and seeks no shelter from the tornado of love that sweeps through the household. Naturally, the Day's meals are rigidly fitted to his specifications. And, after he has happily downed the main course—whether a prime steak, or fried chicken, a lordly goose, baked ham or leg of lamb, each with the appropriate fixings—he knows that something truly special is in the offing, for he has ordered it himself.

Dessert is the climax of the well-plotted meal. It is the course which adds the needed fillip, the dish whose rich, sweet aftertaste recalls the pleasure of all that has gone before. Naturally, the father of the family thinks carefully before making his selection, and he has a wide and delightfully varied field from which to choose—the fruits and pastries, cheeses and creams, puddings and ices, and all the wonderful mixtures of two or more of these elements.

Perhaps, when the great Day arrives—which it does this year on Sunday, June 15th—his choice is a pie, a happy marriage of pastry and any one of a number of tasty fillings. Possibly a chocolate pie, topped by a tall meringue, a study in delicate brown and sheer white; or a tart, delicious lemon meringue; or a succulent cherry pie, scarlet juices oozing from every piece. Or he may have a yen for a double order of huckleberry pie, one of the noblest inventions of mankind.

Or maybe the gentleman cherishes some nostalgic memories of a warm mince pie, redolent of a dash of brandy, put inside while it is still warm, and topped, perhaps, by a wedge of genuine and very aged American cheese. For the housewife, the task of preparation is a simple one, especially in these days when it is possible to buy mincemeat in jars, or condensed, in a box. And she may choose between making the crust from her own special recipe or from a prepared mix, complete with instructions on the container.

My grandfather, a misplaced Yankee, had a great affection, a special and vocal fondness, for apple pie. Not any kind of apple pie, but "a proper and fittin' " pie: sugar and cinnamon on the apples, and not too much sugar. What he did, to make his pie perfection, was to lift the upper crust of his slice, delicately and deftly, and drop on the warm apples several spoonfuls of shaved maple sugar. Then, down went the lid, and the first tentative bite would bring a smile to his lean and rugged face. When he had consumed his portion, he would say, "Susan, the sample was satisfactory. Now I'll have me a *piece* of apple pie, a mite larger than the sample."

At this late day, I will vote with him; it *is* one of the finest of all desserts. Further, the apple pie that comes from American ovens is the best in the world. Some women have their own pet recipe; others simply buy a box at the grocer's, a box containing the prepared pie crust and apples, which makes the preparation of the pie something that can be done in practically a jiffy.

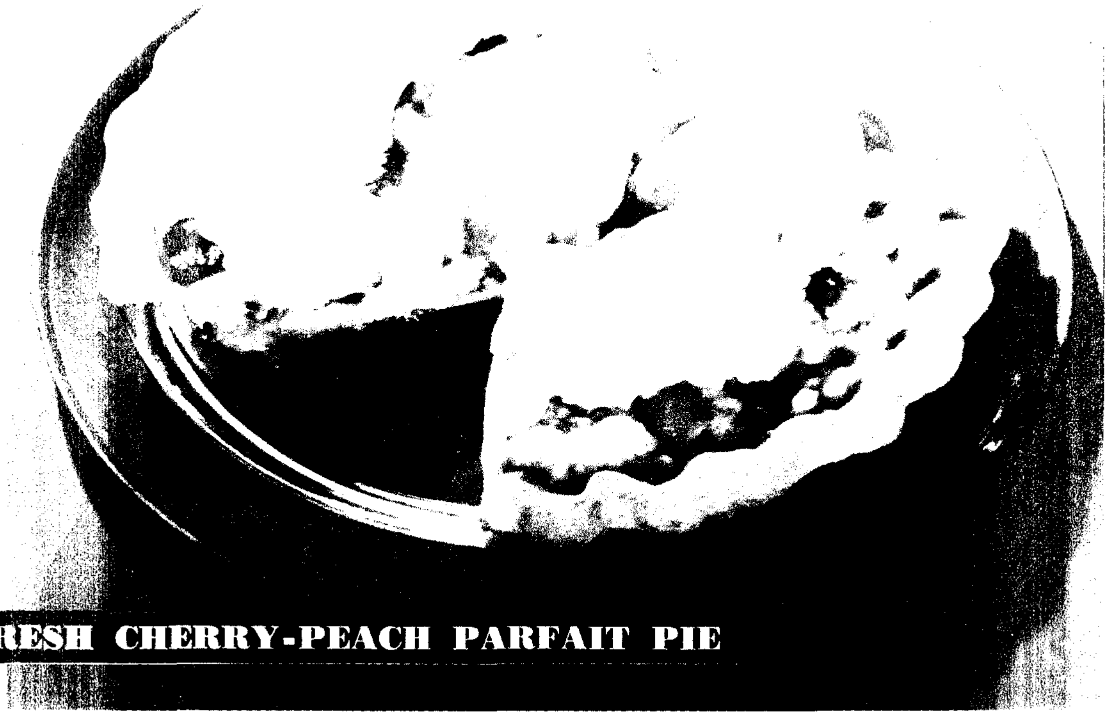
To many men, no two-crusted pie is quite perfect unless it is served under a liberal scoop of ice cream. This sterling American favorite, pie à la mode, will be the choice of many—the final refinement for the perfect meal.

If, like many husbands, our hero has no fixed idea about what he'd like for dessert, his wife can easily surprise and please him with a spanking new, sensational pie: a magic and toothsome combination of fruit-flavored gelatin, ice cream and fresh fruit that nestles invitingly in a flaky, tender pie crust, a confection known as Fresh Cherry-Peach Parfait Pie.

As to the pie crust, use your own favorite *(Continued on page 54)*

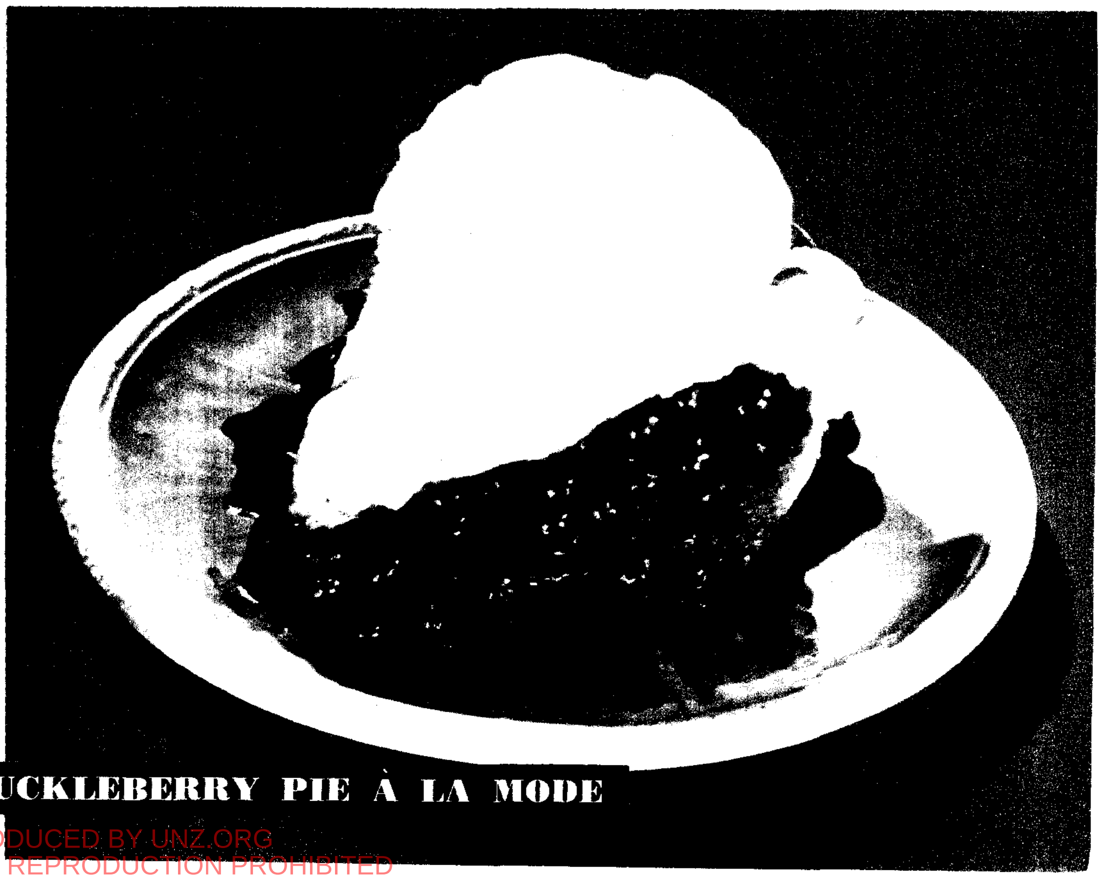
RECIPE for Cherries Jubilee, one of the tastiest desserts: Pit contents of a No. 2 can of black cherries, add two thin slices of lemon and heat—but do not boil—in the blazer pan of a chafing dish, directly exposed to the flame. Sprinkle cherries with ¼ cup sugar, blended with ½ teaspoon cinnamon, then stir until you have a steaming mixture. Next, add to this mixture ½ cup of brandy that has been warmed, and touch a match to it. A striking flame, shot with blue and gold, will flare up. As soon as flame flickers out, spoon cherries generously over dishes of lime or vanilla ice cream

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL



FRESH CHERRY-PEACH PARFAIT PIE

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE



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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The Tender Fire

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

familiar. Only last night she'd told her mother she couldn't marry Paul, feeling as she did. It wouldn't be fair to him. "Go on," she said.

"It isn't good enough. I'm very fond of you, I have a lot of respect for you, but I'm not in love with you."

For a moment, she felt hysterical. She fought it down and said with gentle mockery, "Well, Paul, I'm very fond of you. I have a lot of respect for you, but I'm not in love with you."

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said, and they burst out laughing.

The laughter brought back their old easy relationship. "Here I thought that I'd swept you off your feet, and all the time it was calculated," she said. "Did you decide one day you wanted a wife and I was a pretty good bet?"

"It sounds cold-blooded when you put it that way, and it's not really how I feel about you, Margaret."

"I know."

THE distance closed between them, and they held hands while they talked things out. She told him all about Dirk. And Paul told her about the English girl he'd fallen in love with during the war. Pamela Brighton was her name. "She was married," he explained. "Her husband was in the R.A.F. I was on leave in London. We saw each other every day for two weeks." He let out a careful breath. "Well, that was that, and now it's water over the dam."

It was water over the dam and they were obviously in the same boat. They had had their grand passion and recovered from it. Now each of them wanted to be married and have a home and children. Getting married made sense, and they talked about it as calmly as they would discuss taking out an insurance policy. There were calculated risks, but since their emotions were not involved, divorce needn't be a major tragedy. They agreed on a kind of probationary year.

"If it doesn't work," Paul said, "either of us will be free simply to walk out. It's a noble experiment, even if it fails."

And so, on the twenty-seventh of December, Paul Emory and Margaret Lambert were married. After a quiet wedding in her mother's living room, they drove to Santa Barbara. They stayed at one of the big hotels. They had a cottage to themselves. Their south windows looked out on the channel islands. The weather was made to order—warm, sunny days and cool, crisp nights. They had everything except the one thing that gives meaning to a honeymoon. They made love but there was no urgency, no spontaneity.

It was a relief when they returned to Los Angeles to start house hunting.

On the night they had dinner with the Morrisons, they were pretty much discouraged with what the newspapers and real-estate people had to offer. The Morrisons were Paul's friends. Paul and Jake Morrison had been in the same outfit overseas. "I think you'll like them," Paul told Margaret. "They're special." And before she even met the Morrisons she had a pretty good idea what made them special.

The only door into their house led into the kitchen. Paul was about to knock when the sound of scuffling and a woman's laughter came through the open window. "Jake, please—they'll be here any moment. Jake, you fool, you're mussing me up."

Paul muttered, "Guess we'd better wait." Margaret said nothing. For no reason her throat had a lump in it, and tears gathered behind her eyelids.

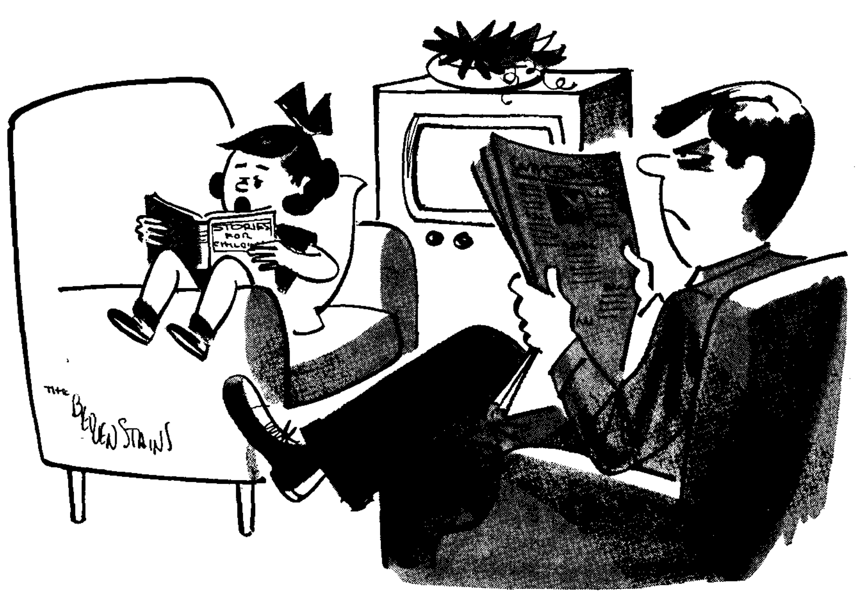
So that is what marriage can be like, she thought. In the middle of getting dinner, your husband comes into the kitchen and musses you up. If necessary, your guests wait on the doorstep. This was what she could have had with Dirk, what Paul could have had with Pamela Brighton.

Charlotte Morrison was lovely—a small, compact girl with dark gold curls and dark-fringed, sherry-colored eyes. In contrast, Jake was about as homely a man as Margaret had ever seen. He had long, skinny arms and legs and a craggy, comical face. But he was so full of fun, so likable, you forgot all about his looks.

They were hardly inside the door before they were hearing about the house Jake had discovered for rent that afternoon, right on the next hill. Two bedrooms, a real fireplace, a patio. Paul said it sounded perfect, and Margaret added warmly, "Look who we'd have for neighbors."

"I warn you," Charlotte said, lowering the flame under the percolator, "we've got designs on that patio come summer. Haven't we, Jake?"

SISTER



"'Well,' said the—word I don't know—cheerfully, 'we are here in the land of—word I don't know—We must look for the—'nother word I don't know—If we do not find it before the wicked old—word I don't know—all will be lost'"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

He was mixing drinks by the sink. Their eyes met, and a look of such tenderness passed between them that Margaret could hardly bear it. There were other such looks across the dinner table. It seemed as if they were always turning toward each other, their hands finding ways to touch.

Walking down the steps to where Paul had parked his car, Margaret asked him how long the Morrisons had been married.

"Five years. And they've had a rough time of it, too. Jake got rheumatic fever right after he graduated from Stanford. He has a fair job now, and they're getting on their feet. But he tells me Charlotte's pregnant."

They got into the car. "I'll bet they're happy about it, in spite of everything," Margaret said.

"They are." Paul turned the switch and pushed in the cigarette lighter. "I don't know—they seem to have a special genius for living. They get such a bang out of small things. A trip to the beach together, some little gadget for the kitchen, or just talking about a book they both like."

She waited, a smothered feeling in her chest, while he held the lighter to his cigarette. Then, in a rush, she said, "It's their love that makes their lives so full."

Paul said nothing, and she wished she'd kept her mouth shut. What was the use of talking about that kind of love? It was like resigning yourself to stay home all summer, only to spend your time looking at travel folders. And she never could have been sure of Dirk. Dirk had very poetically called love a "swift kindling, a leaping flame," but he'd taken his flame across a continent and an ocean, leaving her very cold indeed.

She sighed and moved closer to Paul. Home could be a pretty comfortable place, and so was her husband's shoulder.

The lease Paul signed the next day closely paralleled their marriage contract. One year, with renewal privileges. He bought Margaret a secondhand car, and she made good use of it while she bought the furniture and settled the house. When the job was finished, they had a housewarming—mostly friends from the office.

Everyone admired the furniture, the color scheme in their bedroom, the whatnot shelf Paul had put up in the kitchen, and the curtains Margaret had turned out on Charlotte's old sewing machine. It was all very informal, with the guests sitting on the floor, gathering in groups in the kitchen, and the host and hostess having fun at their own party. At least Margaret enjoyed herself until, without meaning to, she eavesdropped on part of a conversation between Mildred Ware and Connie Clausson.

On her way to the linen closet for a fresh supply of napkins, she heard their voices coming through the all-but-closed bedroom door. Coming back, she caught a few words that brought a slow burn to her cheeks.

"What do you think, Millie?" said Connie's voice. "What's with those two, anyway? Honestly, you'd think they'd been married twenty years."

Margaret kept on going. Foolish, she told herself, to get upset over a few carelessly spoken words. Coming from Connie, they could very well be sour grapes.

But later, when she and Paul were in their separate beds, she thought wistfully about Jake and Charlotte and their five-year-old marriage.

"Guess we pulled that one off in good shape," Paul's voice said out of the dark. "Get me up in the morning, honey. You'll need help with those dishes."

"Well—all right."

"We'll have to get us some wood and try out our fireplace one of these days."

"Yes, Paul."

You wanted a home, she thought, but you don't have a home. Only the semblance, the shadow. You wanted a husband, but you do not have a husband, either. Just a friend, a companion. And children. What about children? People said a child brought you closer together. But that was asking too much of a child. The closeness, the oneness, should come first and the child grow out of it.

I don't know, she thought, maybe it's the answer for Paul. But it's wrong for me, and deep inside I've known it all the time.

"Paul," she said in a voice from which she had carefully drawn off all emotion, "do you think it's working out—our marriage, I mean?"

His "Yes" came a little late and a bit too emphatic. "Look, Margaret," he said, "four weeks. And we've got a whole year, remember? I've got an idea," he said, "that a lot of marriages get too much analyzing. What do you say we let ours alone."

His voice trailed off, and she said, on a long-held breath, "You're right, Paul, of course."

And she would go on with the marriage, carry out the terms of their contract. Asking for a divorce so soon would hurt Paul's pride, humiliate him before his friends. And while she marked time, waited for the end of the year, she would do her best to make this house a pleasant place to live in, to be as good a wife to Paul as she could.

"I'm sorry," she said, for he'd spoken. "I didn't hear you."

"I asked how handy you were with a saw. I was thinking about that dead acacia tree in the lot. It ought to make good firewood."

They bought not one but two saws—large- and medium-sized—and wrestled with the fallen tree. It was not too green for burning, and the crackling logs gave off a sweet fragrance. They read or played records through the long evenings until winter became spring. It was time, Paul said, to start grubbing in the earth.

THEY planted shrubs and flowers and terraced the back yard. Jake and Charlotte, looking over the improvements, accused them of trying to show their neighbors up. "Trouble is," Jake explained, "Charlotte's got both green thumbs in our family, and she's in no condition to use them." He put an arm about her shoulders.

Charlotte had her baby on the second of May—a little girl. Jake had called at six in the morning from the hospital, and he rushed over that evening, his arms flailing, his eyes bugged out, to tell them all about it. He found the Emorys painting flowerpots to edge the patio, and when there was nothing more to be said about the baby, he remarked, "You two are the workin'est fools. But it's paying off. You have a real home here."

Margaret said quickly, "Stay to dinner, Jake. It's warm enough to eat out here."

That was the first of many meals in the patio—friends coming for barbecued suppers with Paul cooking, or just the two of them turning their chairs to look toward the observation towers on Mount Wilson. When Paul got his vacation in September, they bought sleeping bags and went camping in the Sierra Nevadas.

"Where does the time go?" he asked, one cool October evening, dumping wood into the fire basket, and Margaret, sitting on the hassock with a magazine on her lap, had no answer.

She turned the pages idly until she came to an article on furniture making. She looked from the pictures to the empty space beside the sofa, and remembered the end table she wanted, but refused to buy, because fifty dollars was too much to pay.

On Paul's next Saturday off, they bought lumber and tools. They worked very hard, following the directions carefully; and pretended to be pleased with the result until the clumsy thing fell over for the second time, breaking their pottery lamp.

Soon, incredibly soon, it was December,

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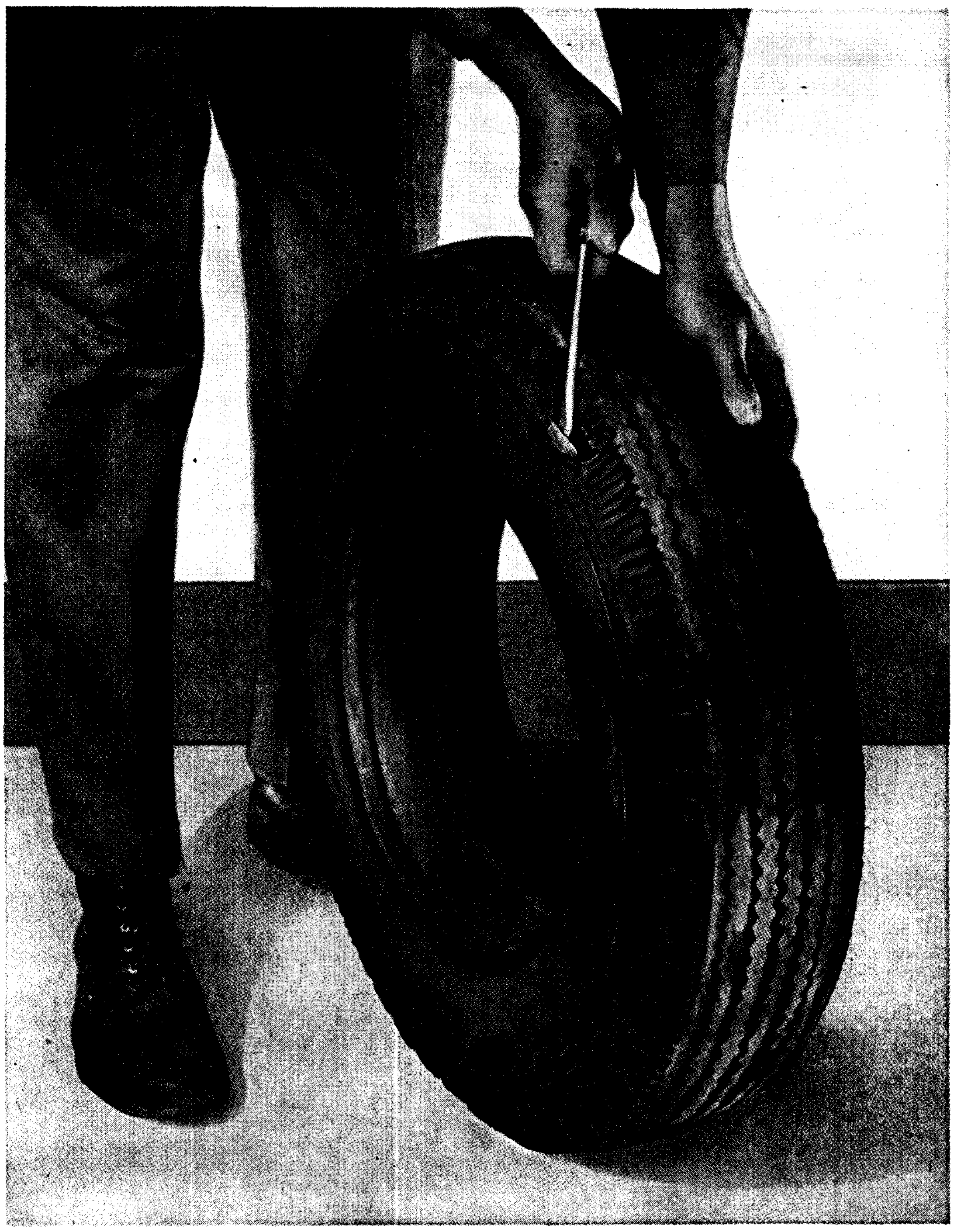

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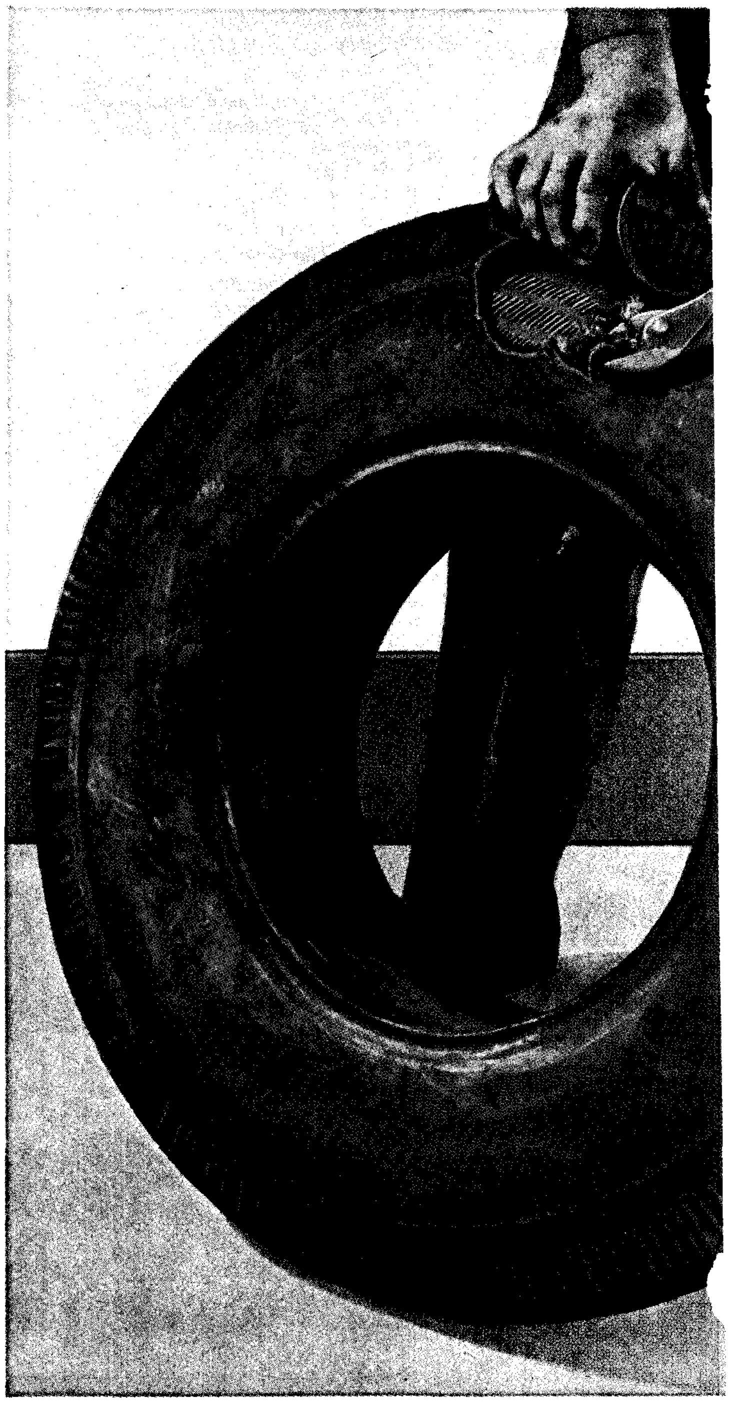

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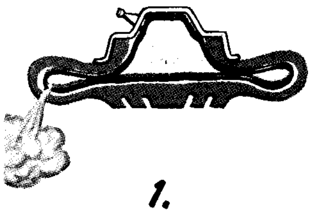

1.

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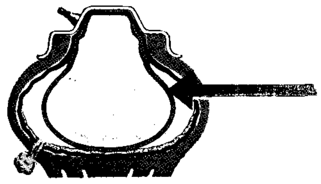

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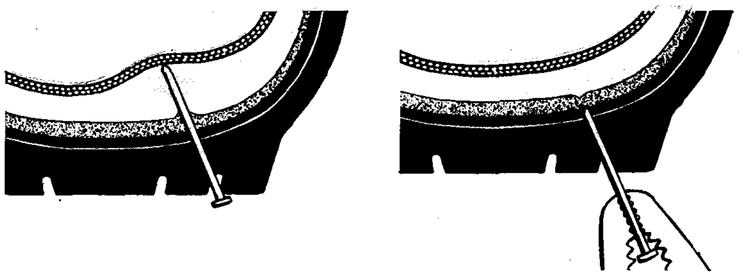

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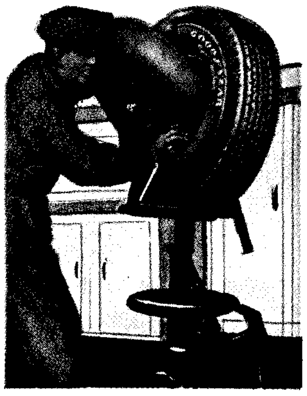

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by GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, T. M. —The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio and a busy month for the Emorys. Paul had extra work at the office that kept him away from home Saturdays and two or three evenings a week, and Margaret was shopping for Christmas. She bought Paul a Khachaturian album, and he surprised and delighted her with a spinet piano. It arrived the day before Christmas, and that evening they had some people in to sing carols. Later, alone, they opened their other presents.

And then the thing she thought could never happen, happened—very quietly. It was unaccompanied by ringing bells or exploding stars. She woke up Christmas morning. She propped herself on an elbow and looked out the bedroom window. The mountains were lightly powdered with snow and glistening in the rain-washed air. A feeling of intense happiness came over her and she turned, wanting to share it with Paul. But he was asleep. He had thrown an arm over his face, and his hand dangled limply from the side of the bed.

A TREMBLING started inside her, and words came of themselves and formed in her mind: "Why, I can't leave Paul. I don't want to leave him."

A wave of tenderness engulfed her, and her hand moved out to touch his. She withdrew it quickly and thought, with wonder: I'm in love with him. I've fallen in love with my husband. On Christmas Day in the morning!

"Paul, Paul darling—" Her lips moved, but she said the words silently. And she knew, then, that it hadn't happened just now and all at once. It had been creeping up on her for weeks—months, perhaps. That was why she had so carefully not thought about her decision to ask Paul for a divorce. Divorce? What did she want with a divorce now? She wanted Paul. Her throat ached with her wanting. Affection and respect. Dear God!

She had been careful not to think about this, too—the new way she had been responding to Paul. She'd been trying to deny it, turning her cheek for his good-by kiss, finding some excuse to pull away if he so much as touched her hand. I was afraid, she thought, afraid to let myself go.

"Paul." She said it aloud, a cry for help coming out of her desperate need.

He opened his eyes, closed them, blinked them open again. "Hi," he said. "Merry Christmas." He sat up, yawned and stretched, and swung his feet to the floor. "Sure is a beautiful day."

She shivered and pulled the covers over her face. This was what she had been afraid of. This was why she had hidden the beginnings of her love even from herself. She had changed, but Paul was just the same. It had happened to her, but not to him.

"Want to take your shower first, honey?"

"No—thanks." Her voice came muffled.

She watched him go out of the room. Then with her eyes half closed, she let the tears come and run down to wet the pillow. She heard the gush of water from the shower, and, after a time, silence. A heavy numbness spread through her arms and legs, and knowing she should get up, she felt sure she could not so much as lift a finger.

"I'm through," Paul called and the familiar signal brought on panic. Go into the bathroom while he was dressing! She could as easily have walked in on a man she'd never laid eyes on.

Before she knew what she was doing, she was into her robe, running down the hall. If she'd followed her instinct, she'd have dashed out the back door and on down the hill.

The Emorys had a full day ahead of them, and Margaret was thankful for it. The less she saw of Paul until she could get herself under control, the better. But everywhere they went—to the Morrisons, to her mother's, and even to the Leedses' jammed open house, she carried with her this painful-sweet new awareness of her husband.

Cornered with Mr. Leeds, she heard Paul's voice coming from across the room, warm and deep, with its strange new power to disturb her. She watched him go through the familiar motions of lighting a cigarette, seeing, as if for the first time, his hands—wide, long-fingered, expressive hands, and so sure of themselves.

The girl who had stopped to speak to him was Connie Clausson, looking beautiful in a black dress with a flaring collar and a low neckline. A black velvet beret was draped over her red hair. Watching them link arms and go down the steps into the den and disappear in the direction of the bar, Margaret forgot to listen to Mr. Leeds.

He excused himself and went off to greet some incoming guests. Margaret gave her cocktail glass to a passing servant and found a place in the corner of the sofa. She sat very still, her knees pressed together, watching the steps, wearing an expression of bright expectancy designed to discourage conversation. Her cheeks got hotter and hotter, her hands colder and colder, and inside her was a grinding something she could have named but did not.

When the culprits—yes, she was thinking of them as culprits—returned, she was on her feet, with her coat over her arm.

Connie looked cool enough, but Paul's face was flushed, his eyes bright. Of course it could come from an extra Martini.

"John never gets anywhere criticizing my driving. I just remind him who taught me how to drive"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

"Darling, you're coming to my place," Connie announced. "I've got some new records, and—"

"No." It could not have sounded as loud as she thought it had. But Paul gave her a rather startled look, and she said quickly, "I'm bushed, Connie. Too much Christmas."

"Oh, damn it, and I wanted to dance with Paul."

"He can go if he'd like," Margaret heard her voice saying stiffly. "I wouldn't think of interfering."

THERE was an odd, uncomfortable silence. And the next thing she knew, Paul had taken her arm to propel her toward the front door.

In the car, she sat away from him, and he said nothing until he had fitted the key into the ignition. Then he said, "Look here, Margaret, what are you sore about?"

"Me sore?" But her voice *did* sound waspish, and she said defensively, "I *am* tired, Paul. And I guess I just wasn't in a party mood."

"You should have said so and we'd have skipped it."

"I know, and I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to."

"All right, forget it," he said. And before he got the car under way, he reached over and gave her hand a squeeze.

But she couldn't forget it. And sitting scrooched down in her seat, more miserable than she could remember ever having felt, she took herself relentlessly back over the last half hour, and called the grinding thing by its name.

In Margaret's book, jealousy had always been the unforgivable sin in a wife. And she knew now how senseless her jealousy of Connie had been. But she had been helpless against it. She couldn't fight it and she never would be able to fight it, because she lacked the one indispensable weapon—the assurance of being loved. Without that assurance, life with Paul would be one long torment. And she must leave him, before everything good in their marriage was spoiled.

A few moments later, walking ahead of him into the kitchen, she glanced at the calendar over the sink. Only two days until her wedding anniversary. She would wait, she must wait until then.

It wasn't pride. In the face of what she felt for Paul, pride had no meaning. But he was such a kind person, and so genuinely fond of her it would make him very unhappy if he knew she was leaving because she had fallen in love with him. Taking her secret with her—that was all she could do for him now.

Before he left the next morning, Paul told her he'd have to work late again that night. And he called up around seven to say he would be later than usual. Margaret could hardly resist the temptation to call him back and check up on him—see if he really was at the office. Another proof, if she needed it, of the corroding power of jealousy.

She pretended to be asleep when he came in around midnight, but actually she was composing her farewell speech.

"Paul," she would say, "I'm afraid this will come as a surprise. I know you've taken it for granted we'll go on. But I feel our marriage is a mistake. It isn't working out—at least for me it isn't. And I think we should end it while we can part friends."

She thought it was a pretty good speech, but before breakfast was over the next morning she knew it would never be spoken. She simply couldn't go through with it. She must do this the cowardly way—just walk out. That was her privilege under the contract, even if it hadn't been meant so literally. And she'd made a special point of always being here when Paul came home. If he called to her and got no answer, found no preparations for dinner, he would understand.

He had already wished her a happy wedding anniversary, and she had vetoed the idea of a celebration. Now he came around the table and kissed her, and she did not turn her cheek. Halfway to the door, he paused, but only to ask if she would pick up his heavy suit at the cleaners.

"Of course," she said, "but you ought to wear your overcoat, Paul."

He gave her a crooked grin and went on out the door.

Famous last words, she thought—*You ought to wear your overcoat.*

She sat there listening to the familiar sounds of his going, his quick, light footsteps on the wooden stairs, the sputtering protest of the motor, the swish of tires on the graveled driveway—until there was nothing to hear but the pounding of her own heart.

It was over.

When she left the house around one o'clock, she took only her hatbox with what she would need for the next few days. Her clothes and personal belongings could be sent to her mother's later. She'd ask Charlotte to help Paul get them together. If she must see Paul again, the meeting could take place at the lawyer's office. She would have to go back to work, of course. Mr. Leeds, she knew, would help her get a job in some branch office in another city.

DRIVING along Sunset, she remembered this was her mother's day at the Red Cross, and she decided to kill time at a movie. She sat blindly through a newsreel, a full-length feature and a cartoon. Sometime during the second feature, a phrase detached itself and registered on her mind: "Boy, did they take me to the cleaner's."

Oh dear, she thought, Paul's suit. And he needs it so badly. Paul would never wear an overcoat, and he did catch cold easily. With all this flu going around—suppose he should get sick up there all alone, with no one to do anything for him, no one to see that he had a doctor.

She stood it as long as she could, then got up and hurried down the aisle.

It was only four thirty when she parked in front of the house. Paul shouldn't be home for an hour. But as she stepped into the living room, she heard sounds in the kitchen, then his voice, sharp with anxiety. "Margaret! Is that you, Margaret?"

She dropped the suit on a chair. She took a long, steadying breath and went on to the kitchen door. "You got home early," she said.

She looked at him briefly and, lowering her eyes, she saw it—the end table standing in the middle of the floor. It was blond oak with a black base like the one they'd made together, but sturdy-looking, with good lines.

"Oh, Paul, it's lovely." She knelt down and, bending over to hide her face, ran her fingers along the table's surface. "When—where—?"

"At Jake's. I meant to have it done for today, but I didn't quite make it. Needs another rubdown and coat of wax." He tried to cough the hoarseness out of his voice. "I thought we'd finish it together, Margaret, and—then I came home and—and you weren't here."

He made a helpless gesture with his hands, and she tried to speak and couldn't. He went on fumblingly, "The house had such an empty feel and—no signs of dinner, and then I remembered the damned-fool agreement we made." He paused, and she heard him draw in a breath. "I thought you'd left me. Crazy, wasn't it?"

She stood up then and looked at him. His grin was sheepish. "Gosh, honey," he said, "don't ever do that to me again."

She nodded wordlessly, and something warm and sweet stirred between them. Her heart raced, then steadied. It's happened to him, too, she thought. Maybe he doesn't even know it yet, but it's happened. My husband has fallen in love with me.

But then she knew it wasn't like that. Not with him and not with her. They had grown into love. Love, she thought, comes in different ways. It can be Dirk's swift kindling and leaping flame. Or it can start from a spark, an ember. You feed it on the small twigs of shared living—a morning together in a garden, an evening with books and music, a night sleeping under the stars. And after a while you have a fire—a tender fire.

They started toward each other. He made a grab for her, she dodged, and the chase was on. After a chair overturned and a china dog crashed into the sink, he caught her—or she let herself be caught.

She heard a knock. "Paul, someone's at the door."

"Let 'em wait."

She sighed happily and laid her cheek on his shoulder. Mrs. Paul Emory was being mussed up in her own kitchen while someone waited on the threshold. THE END

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Trio shows English trend in Paris night clubs. Moira Stanley (kneeling) and Elizabeth Shelley (in black) outnumber Parisienne Jeanette Vigneux

Yvette Cross and Viva Stephens, recently of England, now in the chorus of a French show, buy flowers on way to theater

Seated in dressing room at night club, Moira Stanley gets French *leçon* from Monique Rava

British Chorines

Paris

AS THE city of light and gaiety, Paris has long been celebrated for its after-dark entertainment. Few travelers have been satisfied to visit Europe without stopping for a look at Parisian night clubs and the dancing girls who have made them famous. There is a revolution afoot, though. The chorus lines of many a Paris cabaret are being invaded by British show girls. And the men currently in charge of the plush bistros along the Champs Élysées and Place Pigalle admit with some embarrassment that they may be succumbing to British charms.

No organized affair, the influx apparently has been a matter of simple, practical attraction on both sides of the Channel. English-speaking lassies are coming to Paris because the pay is better and the jobs more numerous. French producers like the imported chorus girls because the English version of beautiful femininity is tall, statuesque and long-limbed—a type of show girl which is becoming increasingly more fashionable in Paris. French women may have everything else, but apparently they too rarely have height.

Upshot of the affair is that some chorus lines now have as many as seven English girls to every three native beauties. Loud-speakers backstage in such clubs squawk orders in two languages to make sure that Cynthia and Valeria, as well as Renée and Michele, hurry into their briefs and spangles in time for curtain calls.

Among the most successful of the English ladies so far are a group of 45 known as the "Bluebells." They entertain at such swank places as the Club Lido for some $7 a night. In England they were dancing for an average $25 a week.

French chorines have a way of accepting life for what it is worth, and have so far said little about the matter of foreign competition. Stage managers, on the other hand, have some quite definite ideas on the subject. "Those English girls," says one, "they are wonderful. No temperament. No weeping. Always on time. Always co-operative. They are like aspirin—hire them, and no more headaches."

There is trouble only when a local playboy tries his best French phrases on the non-parlez-vousing chorine of his dreams. When she stares back blankly—*quelle perplexité!* BILL STAPLETON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Late afternoon finds three English show girls studying Paris from hotel windows. They work from ten P.M. to three A.M.

Backstage at Club Lido, Toni Howell watches Sylvia Whitworth make up for show. Sylvia (5′-8″) and Toni (5′-6″) reach rare-for-Paris heights of beauty

Capture Paree ......But

After Club Lido closes, English "Bluebells" have an after-work supper at La Cloche d'Or in heart of the Montmartre section

In a recent Paris show, Maurice Chevalier—the most Gallic of French stars—is supported by an all-English chorus line

When the floods come here's how "Your Unseen Friend" helps fight off the danger of typhoid

When flood waters threaten to pollute the public water supply, "king-size" quantities of chlorine are fed into the mains to prevent an outbreak of typhoid fever or other water-borne diseases.

WHEN a river's on a rampage . . .

When a town's all but drowned by swirling tides of dirty, silt-laden, polluted water . . . that's when people are acutely aware of the danger of typhoid. Of the dramatic efficiency of their anti-typhoid "ground forces"—the sanitary engineers and "Your Unseen Friend!"

Come the floods, then portable chlorinating units are flown or trucked into the stricken area . . . to reinforce the chlorinating apparatus already there.

"King-size" quantities of chlorine are fed into the mains. And no matter how badly the town's drinking water is polluted, it's soon safe and drinkable.

As well as being death on the "Red Death" (typhoid), chlorine is also bad medicine for most metals.

That's why vital parts of certain control valves in chlorinating equipment and in the gas cylinders are made of Monel, a Nickel alloy.

Monel's corrosion resistance keeps these valves from failing when needed most. Its strength and toughness prevents damage when valves are opened and closed. This Nickel alloy protects them from excessive wear and scoring.

For all of Nickel's importance in this and other applications, you seldom see it. It's a *giving* metal—a metal usually intermixed with others to give strength, give toughness, and give other special properties.

That is why Nickel is called "Your Unseen Friend."

For the inquiring mind: Where does Nickel come from — who made this friendly metal useful, valuable? How is it possible to raise tons of ore thousands of feet and produce Nickel for your ever-expanding world of wonders?

This romance of men, mines, and machines, of developing resources, is in your free copy of "The Romance of Nickel." Write, The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 748a, New York 5, N. Y.

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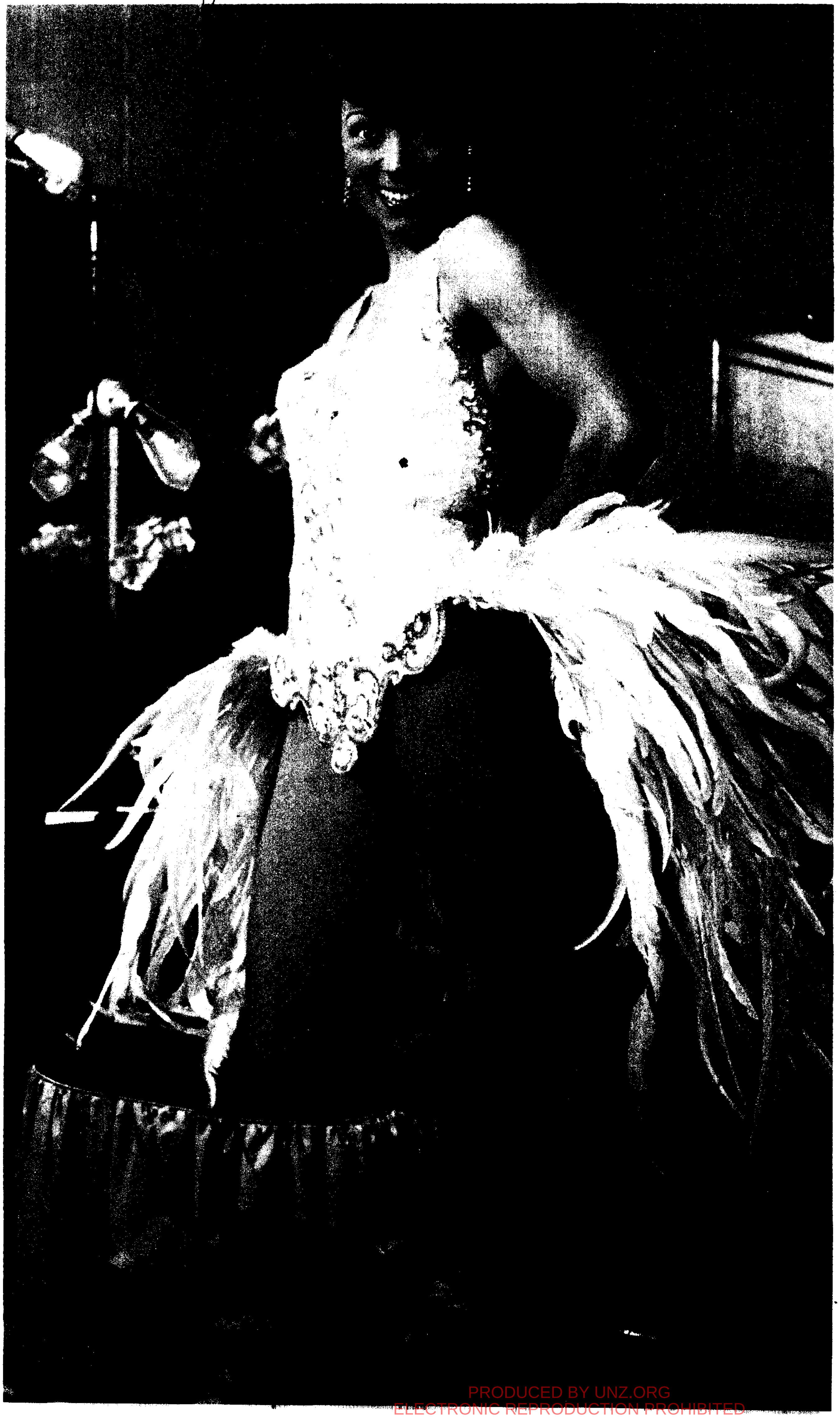
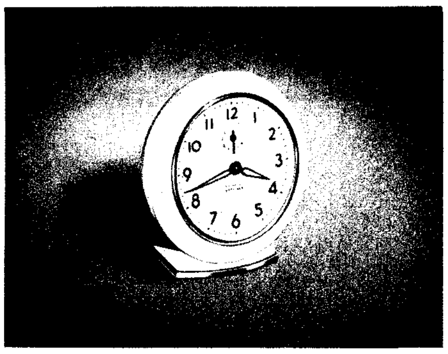
INCO TRADE MARK Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend

...But

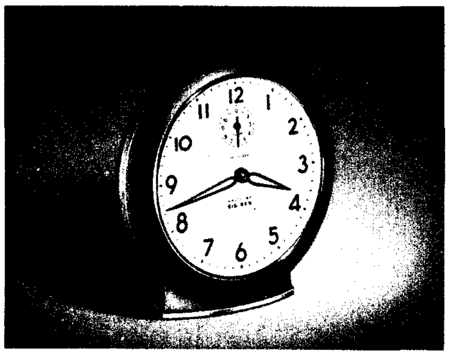
There's something about a saucy French chorus girl that minimizes the cross-Channel competition. This is Parisienne Yvonne Menar, a Folies Bergère star



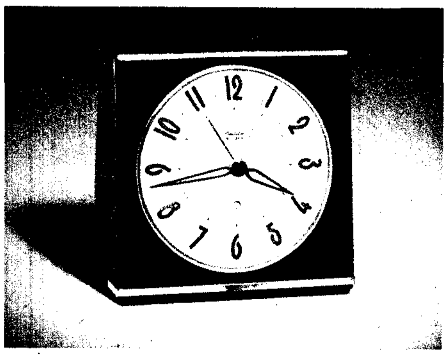


BABY BEN ALARM. Popular "little brother" of Big Ben. He has a quiet tick; a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. $5.45. With luminous dial, he's a dollar more.

They come from such a good family they're Westclox!



BIG BEN ALARM is world-famous. He has a tick you can hear and a deep, intermittent "fire alarm" gong. $5.45. With luminous dial, he's a dollar more.



BIG BEN ELECTRIC ALARM. This handsome fellow has a pleasant bell alarm which you can adjust to loud or soft. $8.95. With luminous dial, he's one dollar more.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

. . . The Kind of Nation We Want

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

shows that the public interest so requires.

No one can prove that Bigness is good in the precise way in which he can prove that five and five equals 10, or can establish by experimental methods that the uranium atom has a certain structure. There is, of course, relevant economic data that could be assembled on the virtues and failings of Bigness as a means for furthering our kind of society and our standards and values for individual life.

It is my hope that many such particularized studies will be made by our universities and our private and governmental research institutes.

But even with mountains of information and economic analysis, the ultimate judgments will be influenced by personal observation and experience. These countless individual experiences and observations will be compared and chewed over and argued about, in our special American way, around all the cracker barrels of the country.

TO THIS process of chewing things over I submit, in the ensuing paragraphs, some personal views based on my own experiences and observations over the past 25 years.

I have simply enumerated a series of concrete problems we face today or shall soon find confronting us, or I have described specific goals we seek. Then I have tried to indicate how, *on balance*, I think Bigness has worked out, or would work out, in furthering these things we as a people want and need.

With the single exception of the effect of Bigness upon the individual, national security is the most important test of the principle and practice of Bigness in contemporary American life.

To the extent that the principle of Bigness, in our economic life, contributes in an affirmative and an indispensable way to the strengthening of our national security we should, by an explicit and affirmative national policy, encourage and protect that kind of Bigness.

Productivity in turning out a prodigious flow of armament is the most important single test of the utility of Bigness in serving the national security. But it is not the sole test. Offsetting factors must be counted, too, in reaching a general judgment, or in particular cases. For example, is productivity by Bigness achieved at the expense of a physically dangerous overconcentration of industry in already highly concentrated areas? Is it at the expense of labor-management tensions of a hazardous kind? Is the price of productivity-by-Bigness profits so high as to destroy confidence and support for the defense effort among many people? These are relevant factors in judging the effectiveness of Big Business.

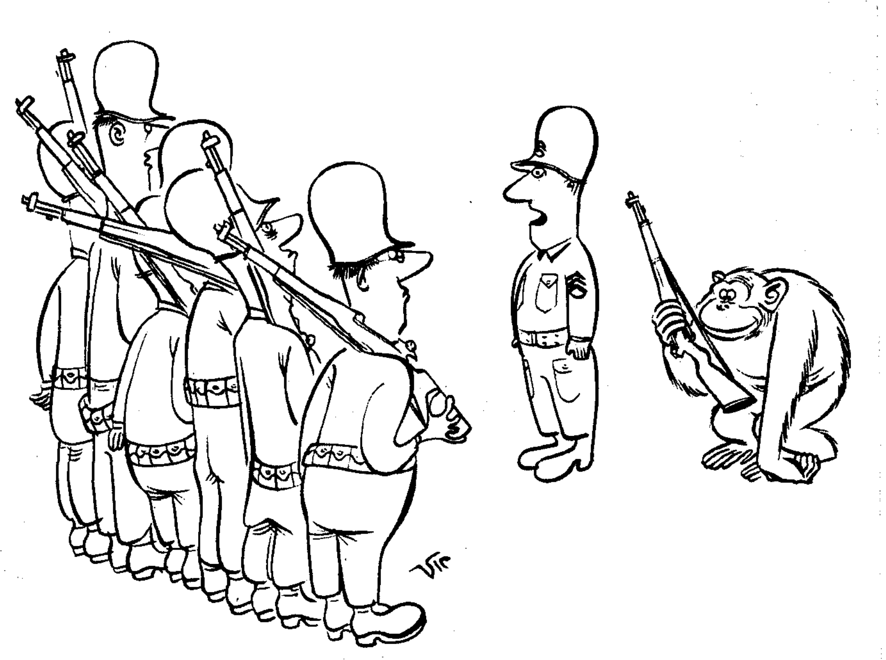
Whether Bigness is an impediment to national security, or whether it is in most vital regions literally indispensable to it, should be measured by thinking of "national security" in the broadest sense. It is not only a matter of the manufacture of tanks and armor plate and bazookas and all the tens of thousands of items required for our military forces and those of our friends who depend upon us for arms. Our security also requires high productivity of the "civilian" goods and services essential for the health and vigor of our country. Moreover, we are now agreed in principle, certainly, that economic aid to free peoples in Europe and Asia is in a very immediate sense part of the strengthening of our own security.

It is in these broader terms that I think we should weigh the issue of Bigness and national security.

My own opportunities for close observation in this area cover the 15-year period of 1937-1952. During all but the last two years of this 15-year period I was in the public service, with responsibility for some aspects of national security.

My work both in TVA and the Atomic Energy Commission involved the production of strictly military defense materials (in TVA, ammonium nitrate and elemental phosphorus, both munitions; in AEC, atomic bombs). It also involved the widest ramifications of a defense program, such as planning for and producing electric power for aluminum, finding ways of stimulating food production, and so on. Dealings with hundreds of different kinds of business organizations, involving in total several billions of dollars, on specific and concrete

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Now, men, it *is* possible to learn the manual of arms. And by way of illustration . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH matters of production, were the grist of the work of myself and my associates.

From my own experience I conclude that Big Business and the principles and techniques of Bigness are indispensable to our security. This conclusion in no sense evidences antagonism to small business. I am simply stating what I believe to be a hard fact. Accordingly, I believe that our national laws, our national climate of opinion and our public policies as applied by our public servants should be consistent with that conclusion.

This is not always the case. I can illustrate by a single experience, out of many, from my work as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. The case involves a vital security interest, namely the last step in the production of atomic bombs, which is the fabrication of the components and their assembly into a workable weapon.

On January 1, 1947, the new civilian Atomic Energy Commission took over the responsibilities of atomic weapon development and production from the Army's Manhattan District. By this time many of the great scientists who had actually fabricated the first bombs had returned to their laboratories over the country. But a superb scientific team remained in Los Alamos, on a mountaintop in New Mexico, carrying on the fundamental work. My commission associates and I took a look into the secret bomb-storage areas.

The result was a shock. The substantial stockpile of atom bombs we and the top military assumed was there, in readiness, did not exist. Furthermore, the production facilities that might enable us to produce quantities of atomic weapons, and weapons so engineered that they would not continue to require a Ph.D. in physics to handle them in the field, likewise did not exist. No quantity production of these weapons was possible under the existing "handicraft" setup.

To redesign the bomb so it would be a genuine field weapon, to carry forward fundamental work on new designs, to design and build a plant in which this infinitely complex thing could be put into quantity industrial-type production, and then to operate such a factory, required talents in an unusual and remarkable combination.

FIRST of all, this task required *industrial* experience. What we wanted was not something that could be done in a laboratory alone, but in a production center, with factory techniques, factory mechanics (of a high order of skill, it is true) and factory management.

Second, what we wanted done required men of high order of ability in scientific fundamentals, equal to any in the universities but also experienced in dealing with industrial problems and with industrial associates.

Third, this task called for a special kind of operating experience in dealing with the technical characteristics of systems used in these weapons, and others planned for development.

Most important of all, these three capabilities of research, industrial techniques and operation had to be *combined* in the same working team, a team that had had experience working together as a unit.

To go out and create such an organization was out of the question. There was not time.

It was our "hunch" that there was such an organization in existence—the Bell System, that is, the team consisting of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and its associated operating companies, together with the Bell Laboratories, a research and development institution, and Western Electric, the manufacturing arm of the system.

A careful analysis confirmed this initial "hunch." I spent Decoration Day of 1949 with the president of AT&T, the late Leroy Wilson. On behalf of President Truman and the Atomic Energy Commission, I requested that AT&T, Bell Laboratories and Western Electric, as a team, take the heavy responsibility which I have here summarized. Mr. Wilson said that his company was already heavily committed to important defense work and did not relish another great load such as this. Under the circumstances I described, however, the Bell System would accept the assignment as in the national interest.

Then he said (and I paraphrase only): the government is asking the Bell System to put its research-manufacturing-operation setup to work on this task because it is a combination of these things that we regard as essential to the nation's security. I must tell you, he said, that a few months ago the government, through the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, filed a suit under the Sherman Antitrust Act to sever the Western Electric from the Bell System, as well as to split up Western Electric into several parts. What the government asks, in this lawsuit, Mr. Wilson indicated, is that the courts break up and dissolve the very organizational unity you say this vital security job requires.

The fairness of telephone rates, including the cost of Western Electric equipment, Mr. Wilson said, is regulated by the states and the Federal Communications Commission. What the Antitrust Division charges is essentially that this team we have put together is too big, and should be made smaller.

AFTER some discussion of details, the Bell System did take over the Sandia operation (as this part of atomic weapons production is called) not long after my meeting with Mr. Wilson. It has been responsible for it ever since. The stepped-up production of bombs and the favorable results in the tests of new weapons, as officially announced from time to time, are, I am sure, in considerable measure due to the unique contribution of the Bell System and of the great scientific talents in the Los Alamos laboratory.

The antitrust suit to break up the Bell System is pending, and is being prepared for trial.

This example—and there are other recent instances, with the gravest consequences for national security—presents one of the strongest possible reasons for an early and rigorous re-examination of our whole public policy toward Bigness, in all its implications.

The maintenance of the United States as a going concern requires almost unbelievably large quantities of iron ore, copper, bauxite (for aluminum), petroleum, coal, phosphate and other basic raw minerals. It is not simply that it would be "a nice thing" to have these. We *must* have them to live, and in quantities that not many years ago would have seemed out of the question. But looking ahead a single generation, to the year 1975, the prospect for basic life-essential minerals presents an extremely worrisome picture.

The problem has three principal parts.

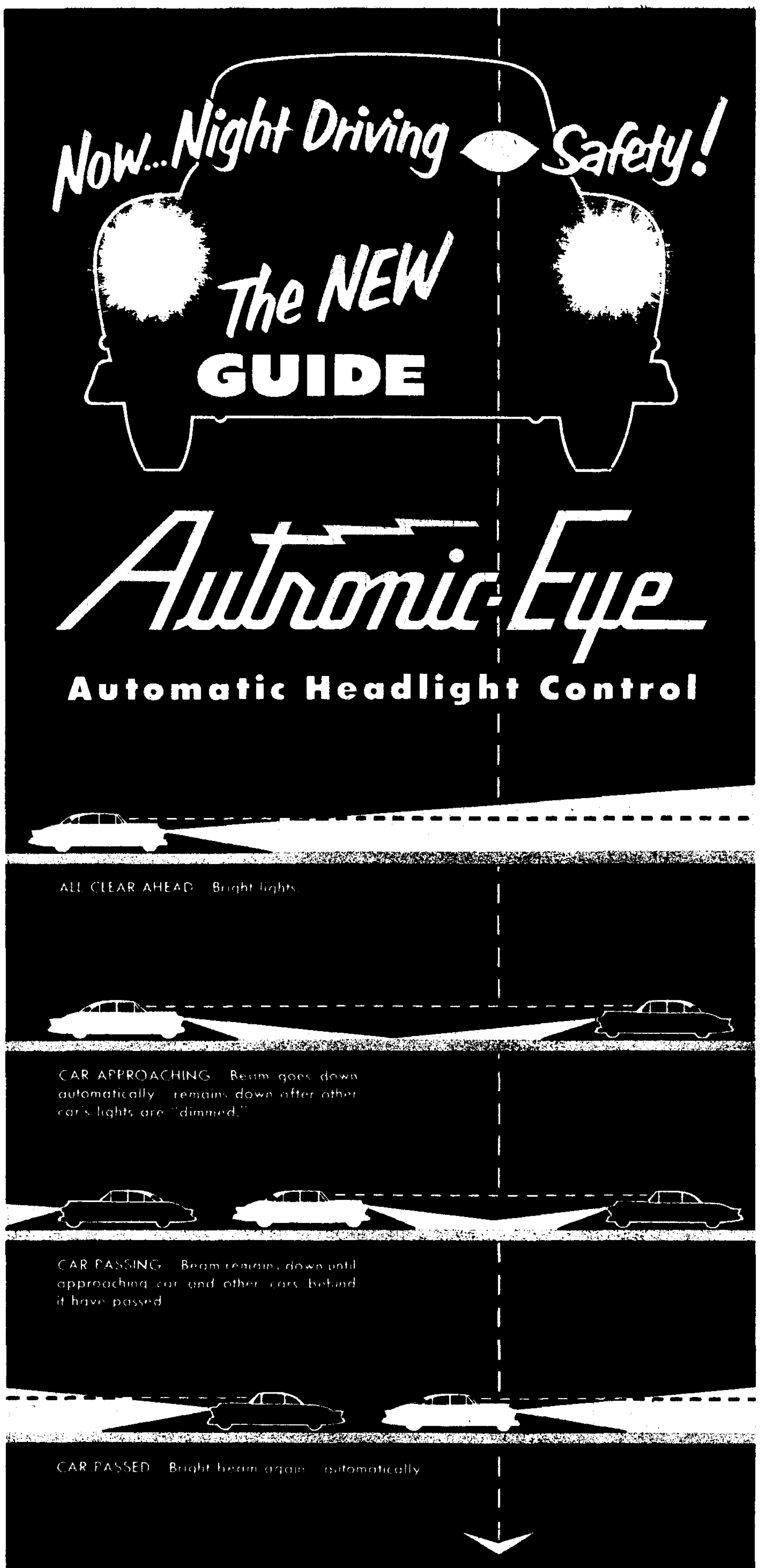
We must explore for and discover and develop our remaining raw minerals lying within the United States, and do so in the most effective way possible. For their development the best engineering and business practice is required.

Second, where our American reserves of high-grade materials are nearing an end—iron and copper ores are outstanding examples—we must develop technical means of utilizing ores of constantly lower and lower concentration at costs that are bearable. Well utilized, we have the technical and business talents to stretch our low-grade home supplies for a long time—though not indefinitely. This will require huge outlays of private capital, and call for great adjustments within industry and in many communities.

Third, we need to increase the already vast activity directed toward exploring, developing and transporting to our shores raw materials mined in other parts of the world.

All three of these methods are urgently needed.

To meet this major and overshadowing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problem our government, of course, has vital roles to play; but for end results we must, in the main, rely upon Big Business. The magnitude of private resources required for this task, the managerial complexity of the problem and the high responsibilities assumed when operations go on in other countries—such as the development of oil in the Middle East and of oil and iron ore in Venezuela—make this problem essentially one for very large mature enterprises.

A stable and efficient and humane social system will seek to provide *year-round employment* for industrial workers, a very difficult objective indeed.

Here and there quite small businesses, by superior management, have made excellent headway in this direction.

AS a broad proposition, however (in industries of seasonal demand in particular), Bigness is required to accomplish the necessary planning of production, the diversification, and the influence upon purchaser habits and distribution practices. To smooth out the dips of employment it is often necessary to be able to stockpile or accumulate large inventories or to shift from one kind of product to another for a temporary period, or to move into markets in widely separated parts of the country or even of the world. Only a business of substantial size can do this.

A stable and humane society is one that recognizes the individual's natural desire for a measure of security and peace of mind in old age. Such a society will favor an industrial system that can provide extensive and liberal pensions. Such pension systems, ideally, should, I think, be designed as much as possible to be a cost of the particular business, rather than chiefly a cost assessed against everyone through taxes. In this way it becomes a challenge to management's skill, and a part of the system of incentives and rewards by which management and organized labor can improve the general health of the particular business or industry.

Some small business units have provided excellent pension systems. But here again, as a broad proposition, the outstanding pension plans are those of large enterprises. That these plans did not ordinarily originate with enlightened management, that their adoption often required the force of legislation (opposed by many big concerns) and the pressure of union activity is certainly true; but the results are the important thing. The resulting pension plans are good, and no one but extremists will ever try to do away with them.

As a youth I lived and worked in Gary, Indiana. In the great U.S. Steel mills at that time the working hours were 13½ hours a day one week, and 11½ hours the alternate week, *seven days a week*. Now, due largely to unionization, governmental action and managerial enlightenment, steelworkers at Gary receive retirement pensions—to say nothing of short hours, high wages and vacations with pay. Big Business of even a generation ago and today operate in two entirely different worlds.

One of the most remarkable and most heartening chapters of social history is the evolution of the relations between employers and employees in American industry to their present stage of development.

In this country as of 1952 the idea of "class war" as a means of improving the lot of workers—an idea that once had a thriving start—has almost entirely disappeared. Efforts by management to suppress and destroy independent labor unions by almost any means, including violence, espionage, corruption of union officers and economic coercion, have likewise largely disappeared. Labor leadership is more and more adopting *the welfare of the business* as the best way to advance the welfare of the employees of that business.

With all its painful and obvious limitations, this record is one of the greatest achievements of American democracy. Moreover, to the extent that the individual worker is increasingly protected from the exercise of *arbitrary* power of his supervisor or employer—the very essence of freedom in the earning of one's living—and has an effective voice in the running of his union's affairs, this accomplishment to date, crude and unfinished as it is, takes its place with some of the greatest in the history of individual freedom.

But this development is only at its beginning. There will be setbacks now and then; but the most constructive and creative period is still before us.

Taking the picture as a whole, the most potent leadership—in unions and in management—in this marked social change has been found in companies of substantial size. (The outstanding exception is probably the women's and men's clothing industry, where small units are the rule.) A generation ago about the worst instances of suppression and coercion by management and of class-warfare tactics and violence by unions occurred in our largest industries—steel and automobiles, for example. Today, the reverse is true.

On May 23, 1950, an agreement was entered into between one of America's biggest of Big Business, General Motors, and the United Auto Workers (CIO). In a number of respects this contract represents a pioneer undertaking. Its term, for example, is without precedent: for five years both the business and the union agree to abide by the agreement "without reopening by either party for any cause." This agreement embodied an explicit recognition by General Motors of the dollars-and-cents value of responsibility by a labor union. Charles Wilson, head of GM, was not niggardly in giving credit to the union; the company could never have made the agreement, he said, had the union not "demonstrated . . . its sincerity and responsibility in carrying out agreements in the past."

The agreement included provisions against hazards to life and health, and for pensions, hospital coverage and vacations. In addition to an adjustment of wages each three months in accordance with changes in the cost of living, the contract included a much-praised and also much-criticized "improvement factor." Four cents per hour was to be added to all wages, annually, throughout the period of the contract. But the reasoning behind this provision gives it its long-range importance. The contracting parties, management and labor, used the following words in the agreement itself:

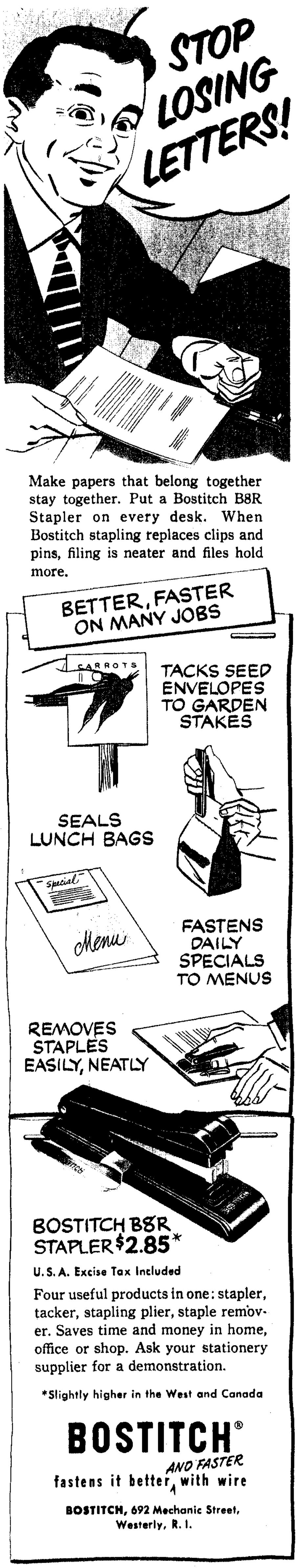
"The annual improvement factor provided herein recognizes that a continuing improvement in the standard of living of employees depends upon technological progress, better tools, methods, processes and equipment and a co-operative attitude on the part of all parties in such progress. It further recognizes the principle that to produce more with the same amount of human effort is a sound economic and social objective."

Commenting on this provision the president of GM said: "Both parties completely accept the principle of progress, including the use of machines, mechanical power and better organization, better working conditions and better arrangement of the work in order not to waste human effort."

On the basis of my own observation I conclude that today, on the whole, not smallness but size is an aid to conservation. If I am right in this general proposition, then it is a most powerful reason in support of a national climate of encouraging Bigness, since strengthening our natural resources has in these latter days become almost a matter of life and death for us as a nation.

Not only our food but more and more of the things we produce or use in our factories and consume in our homes are made from products of the soil or the forest—plastics, textile fibers, drugs and so on. Therefore anything that undermines and wastes these natural resources threatens us all. On the other hand, whatever serves to make our natural resources go further and endure is in the national interest.

THE size of the American farm has steadily increased. The average farm is bigger today than ever before in United States history. The 1950 census shows that the size of the average farm has increased until it is now 215.3 acres; in 1920 it was 140 acres. At the same time the total area in farms increased by more than 200,000,000 acres. These larger-sized farms—with a marked decrease in farms operated by tenants and sharecroppers—are doing about the most intelligent job of land conservation ever achieved in America. This is due to many factors: better education in conservation methods through public leadership, better farm income, more machinery, better roads, farm electricity and so on.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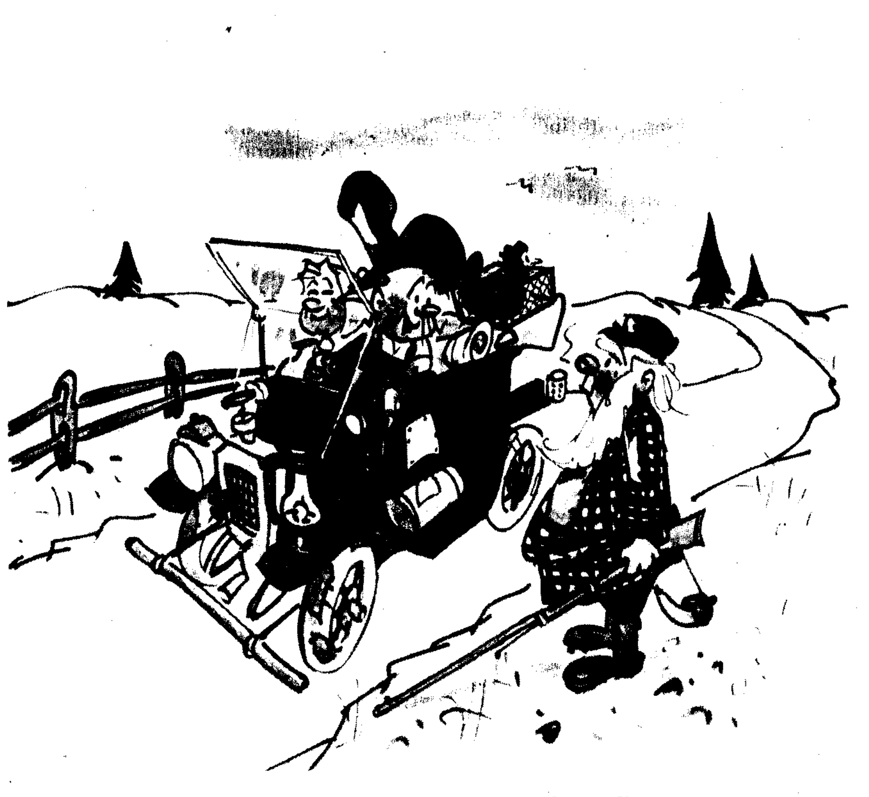

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In my opinion, size has contributed in a salutary way in this progress of farm conservation. Moreover, I would suppose that, within limits, a further continued increase in the size of American farms—which I anticipate—will be in the interest of conserving our natural resource of land.

As to the forests, my own conclusion is this: among the very best demonstrations of conservation practices and management under private ownership in this country are those on huge forest areas owned and run by large, and in some cases very big, businesses. This does not mean that small tracts are not being well developed, from the conservation viewpoint. What I am asserting is that Bigness and prudent, long-view management of our forest resources have, *in recent years,* been demonstrated to be consistent and profitable.

The latter-day operations of the Weyerhaeuser interests, in the Northwest, for example, show the advantages which size has in using the skills of professional foresters, chemists and management engineers in making the very best use of our forests and their products for hundreds of uses not known 40 years ago.

The great work of schools of forestry and of the large scientific and technical services of the federal government—the Forest Service generally, the TVA, the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin—have advanced the science and art of forest conservation. Legislation, often opposed by large timber interests, forced a new look at the depredation of forests and the long-range economic soundness of scientific forestry. But the *application* of such knowledge so the forests will contribute to the *economic* development of the country—this (as the TVA always insisted) is a job chiefly for the private owners and operators of forests—in short, of businessmen.

On the whole, the outstanding business leadership in privately owned forest practices, and research and development to further conservation of wood products, is now to be found among large business enterprises.

The application of conservation practices is not limited to the way in which the forests themselves are managed (in such matters as cutting and fire protection) nor in the complete utilization of all the "waste" products of sawdust, branches and the like, through research and development methods. The industrial use of the forests, for paper and pulp making, has resulted in pollution of some of the finest waters in the country. The clear, brilliant mountain stream that flows past the paper mills near Canton, North Carolina, is turned to an ugly black when the wastes of that plant have been dispatched into it; this pollution affects fish life and human enjoyment of the French Broad River for many miles of its course.

THE pressure of law and public opinion—too long delayed—and industry's broader comprehension of the problem have led to an answer to pollution that will also be economic. Today industrial research by some of the country's largest paper and pulp companies is far enough along to assure a double business and community profit. First, it would make use of chemical elements in the wood that were not previously recovered in the industrial operation of wood pulp and paper making. These materials are now polluting the streams of the country. They have value, and if the processes are as economical as now appears, the business profit of the manufacturers will be enhanced at the same time the public interest in the *complete* use and conservation of forest products is served.

Second, by utilizing these materials rather than washing them into the streams, another conservation interest will be served, i.e., keeping our streams clear and unpolluted.

Industrial research in large chemical laboratories and production centers is adding at a rapid rate to the tools by which farmers can bring new vitality to the land. It is this strength even more than contour plowing and terracing that is the key to conservation of the soil.

Among the most striking examples are basically improved chemical fertilizers—plant nutrients—and such products as Krilium, announced a few months ago by Monsanto Chemical Company. Krilium, a soil conditioner, is the first of what will doubtless soon be a whole family of chemical agents which, when applied to the land, will minimize destructive soil erosion and make it feasible to bring back to life vast acreages that man in his ignorance or heedlessness has rendered sterile, such as the overirrigated and salty "waterlogged" areas of the subcontinent of India and the Middle East.

This is not to say that the laboratory and factory of Big Enterprise will displace the need for the intelligent farm family working on their own acres, full of knowledge of the ways of the land and imbued with an almost mystical love of farming as a way of living. These qualities, it goes without saying, will always be essential. But it seems clear to me that science, and this chemical field in particular—where Bigness is essential—is the new frontier of land conservation and the brightest hope in the world's race against hunger.

MY RESPONSIBILITY, as a public servant, for industrial operations and my study of areas outside my own direct experience have both convinced me the encouragement of Bigness is essential if we are to maintain the highest levels of production and the lowest costs of *basic industrial commodities.*

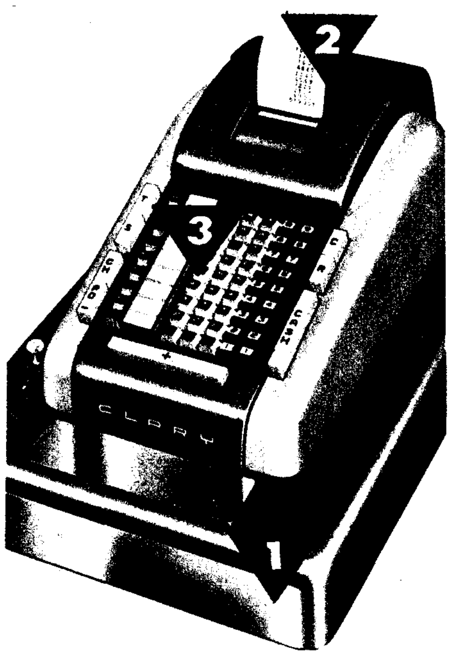
Iron- and steelmaking are examples. In this country, until about a hundred years ago, iron- and steelmaking were carried on by many plants. Each of these numerous plants was small. As a consequence of technical developments and the great expansion in the market for all kinds of steel products, this situation changed completely. As we produced more and more tons of pig iron, the *number* of the iron- and steelmaking furnaces decreased, and the size of the individual furnace grew. This trend continues until this day: a spectacular increase in the total productiveness of the country and in the size of the individual furnace.

As things stand today, and for the next decade or so at least, to get high productivity and low cost of iron and steel, we must have big machinery—even bigger than at present perhaps. This requires the resources and managerial scope of big companies, with earnings adequate to attract the vast capital expenditures required.

Much the same thing is true in another field of production, one upon which most of America's modern industry—and her security and living standards—is built. I refer to the production of electrical energy, public and private, whether created by water power, or by using coal, gas or oil as the fuel for operating a steam turbine. (This is, of course, not a competitive industry, in the normal sense, but one of legal, regulated monopoly.)

We eat up electric power at an unbelievable rate; in my opinion this trend will continue for an almost indefinite period.

It is not easy to comprehend the change in our *rate* of use of electricity. In 1936, TVA's Norris Dam was considered a large addition to the power supply. It was even strongly argued in 1933 that Norris Dam should not be built because it would create a big "surplus" of electricity. The water wheels and power generators, two in number, with a total capacity of 100,000 kilowatts, were considered large. Today, to meet national security requirements, the TVA is installing new coal-burning, power-generating facilities (the individual generators now grown from 50,000 to 200,000 kilowatts each) that in total represent as much power capacity as *thirty* Norris Dams. Just to keep up with the normal increase in annual needs of power, for the same region for which Norris Dam was



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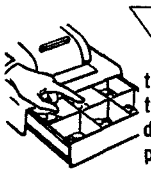
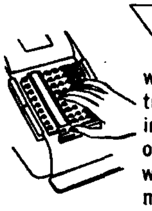


2 ...because you can take a cash balance total in just three seconds—total figure on tape always agrees with cash in drawer because Clary subtracts paid-outs.



3 ...because a flick of a switch converts all-electric Clary to world's fastest adding and subtracting machine for figuring inventory, taxes, markups, all other time-consuming figure work—no need to buy an extra machine. But don't take our word about Clary's overall superiority—ask one of the thousands of retailers who use a Clary!

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for mighty little!
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8...count 'em...8 delicious flavors
the original tasty-thin sugar wafer candy

4 Yummy Flavors in Delicious Milk Chocolate!

SKY BAR
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1-2-3-4 Delicious Centers: Peanut Butter Whip, Fudge Parfait, Honey Nougat, English Toffee.
Everybody's Favorite.

New England Confectionery Co., Cambridge 39, Mass.

built, will require new power plants the equivalent of *seven* Norris Dams *each year.*

I cite these figures from this one relatively small region only as illustrative of what is going on by way of increasing needs for electricity in almost every other part of the country. By 1970, America's present huge electrical energy output will probably be more than doubled.

It is at last becoming clear that electricity is so fundamental to the life of the nation that no one should concern himself about a "surplus." Electricity in great quantities, at low cost, creates its own market, creates new uses and new productivity, which in turn creates further need for more electricity.

These comments about electric supply go to the heart of the issue of Bigness. For it takes Bigness of individual power units, Bigness of power-supplying enterprises and Bigness of electric equipment companies to create the huge pools of power we need, timed for our needs, and at low cost.

To build turbines and generators of this mammoth size and their ever-bigger transmission equipment requires Bigness in the manufacturing company—Bigness of research, development and production. To operate units of this size and their transmission systems to move the blocks of power calls for a big electric enterprise, whether it be a TVA or Bonneville Administration, or a Pacific Gas & Electric or a Commonwealth Edison.

Does Bigness act as a wet blanket on new industrial ideas? Does Bigness, in order to protect its investments, attempt to suppress, inhibit and discourage new developments and new products that would, or might, render their "vested interests" obsolete?

THE charge is often made, and quite widely believed. While I was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission I had a communication from one of the best-known public figures of our generation that bears on this belief. His starting point was that of course the electric power companies were endeavoring to slow down and suppress the development of electricity from the atom. I have had questions directed to me from many student audiences all over the country in which the same assumption was made. The picture of Big Business trying to choke off new developments is part of our present-day folklore. There are unquestionably instances in which this has been true and still is true.

But it is not an accurate general proposition. As to the atom, the exact contrary was the case. The pressure to speed up this new and revolutionary method for producing electric power came chiefly from the biggest of the privately owned power enterprises and the biggest manufacturers of present-day conventional generating equipment. Their top executives and best technical personnel are today making major contributions to bring about this new electrical era.

The Du Pont Company presents another example. This company's original business, when it began about 1800, was the production of explosives, and this continued for almost a century to be virtually its only product. With the turn of the twentieth century, Du Pont began to push new ideas.

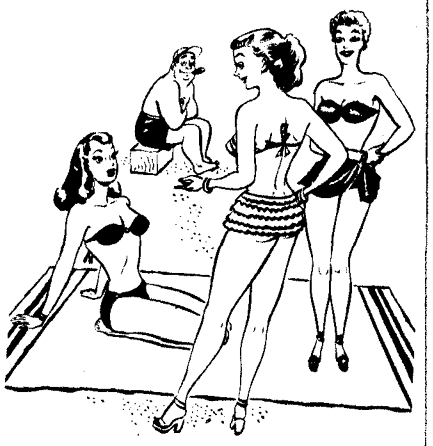
Since World War I it has created a diversity and variety of products almost beyond one's comprehension, ranging from lingerie to ammonia, from paints and coatings to synthetic rubber. Some idea of the range of new products of this prototype of Bigness can be gained by a listing of a few of the trade names or labels used on its more than 1,000 product lines: Dulux, Butacite, Zonite, Ovalite, Lucite, Duco, Elvacet, Orlon, Cyanegg, Aridex, Nylon, Perdox, Unicel, Neomerpin, Tufcote, Zin-O-Lyte, Shirlan, Duclean, Frifon.

My own view is that large concerns or those on their way to Bigness, far from slowing up this kind of progress, have been a principal reason for the flow of new ideas and new and varied products that characterize America today. The great research programs of industry are designed to achieve this very result.

When buying a product at the store, Mr. or Mrs. Consumer has to pay about as much for the cost of getting that commodity from the factory or farm as it cost to produce it in the first place. The product must usually weave its way through a maze of wholesalers, jobbers, distributors and retail stores until at last it slides across the store counter, or the delivery truck deposits it at the customer's door. Nothing is more important to the budget and living standards of the average family than ways and means of cutting these costs of distribution.

To whittle down this high proportion of the "cost of living" involved in getting their product into people's hands is a major preoccupation of a large segment of American men of business. The saddest commentary on life in so-called backward areas of the world, as I have observed them, is the terrible toll of the poor man's substance that their miserable distribution systems exact.

PAT ROONEY



Bathing Suits

Each year
They diminish.
(Hope I'm here
For the finish!)

—IVAN J. COLLINS

It is here—in distribution—that Bigness has made what is perhaps its most spectacular change in the face of everyday American life. I refer, of course, to the chain store. It is only somewhat more than one generation ago that the distribution of goods was almost entirely in the hands of local "department stores" or small independent retail stores.

This independent merchant was the prime representative of middle-class life in most parts of the United States for perhaps 75 years. The waning of his importance has had important effects on economic thinking and on politics. How deeply—even bitterly—this strong and highly respected group of merchants resented the inroads of the chain store is difficult to understand in a time when the A&P, the J. C. Penney Company Stores, Sears, Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and a multitude of chain establishments are to be found in every city and town in America. The feeling still persists, but cannot compare in intensity to that which I remember when I was growing up—the son of a small merchant—in a Midwestern small town of 40 years ago.

How could it happen that the chain store would prevail despite the great political strength and warm popular sympathy enjoyed by the independent merchant and grocer?

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that, on the whole, Bigness won because it did a better job for the buying public.

Bigness and integration, in getting goods to people, have proved to the customer that they can cut the cost of distribution for essential commodities, increase the variety available, and improve the human and hygienic conditions under which goods, and particularly foods, are supplied to people.

In my opinion, therefore, the antitrust prosecutions and proceedings and actions in Congress, which, in effect though not in purpose, are leveled against the mass production and mass distribution of goods by chain-store systems, in the end will fail. There is a simple reason for this: Bigness in distribution is in the consumer's interest, by and large.

It has also been in the interest of employees. Take the number of hours these stores used to be open for business in the days before the chain stores, when the owner-operated small store was the rule. They were, characteristically, open from early morning until eight or nine o'clock at night, even later on Saturdays; the hours of labor of the proprietor and the "clerks" were outrageously long and wearying.

What of the part played by the chain-store method of distribution in improving the hygienic conditions in the distribution of foodstuffs? Today, in the chain-store period of grocery stores, very few foods are sold in bulk. An actual cracker barrel, symbol of social "argufying" in the small-town grocery store, is no longer to be seen: and similarly the sugar barrel, the tea and coffee bin, the bulk sale of butter and lard and a hundred other staples. We have Bigness to thank for this major improvement. A similar comment could be made about the great improvement in cleanliness in handling meat and milk today, compared to the days when these products were distributed almost exclusively by the small operator of a butcher shop or a "creamery."

My own observation has been that in many—but by no means all—areas, the chain-store technique of organization has in fact reduced the cost of distribution of many products, and improved the human setting of the distribution of goods in our country. The personal relation between the storekeeper and the customer, and the active participation of local store managers in community affairs—here most chain establishments have certainly fallen short—is a situation on its way toward correction.

The effect of Bigness for good or ill upon the individual human being is a difficult and complex subject, at best, and I can only touch its outer dimensions here.

There are those who feel that modern science, technology and machines have not made human beings better. They tend to discount the virtues of physical improvement—housing, sanitation, mobility, refrigeration, communication and so on—which technology and machines have brought the individual.

To those who take this general view, Machines and Bigness are virtually one and the same evil. Machines mean Bigness, and both are of doubtful value.

I encountered this good-old-days emotion in the Tennessee Valley. When electricity was beginning to find its way into farm homes, or even towns where it had never before been known, there were objections that hill farmers' lives would not be helped but harmed by these conveniences. But I noticed that the skeptics of machinery had long been surrounded by these mechanical aids.

I HAVE visited the hinterland of Central America, India, Pakistan and Egypt. There I saw primitive living, unaffected by modern machinery or technology; this did much to confirm my feeling that in our day machines and their development provide the greatest opportunity in the whole history of mankind to improve the lot of the individual human being.

The continued contraction of the area in which men's backs do the hard, exhausting drudgery of this country is directly related to Bigness. It is size only that can produce the machinery in quantity and at low enough prices to make this epochal transformation a reality in our time.

Most of the mechanical devices which have changed living conditions are the consequence of Bigness. It has taken Bigness to make these things commonplace in millions of homes instead of confining them to the homes of a few people of means.

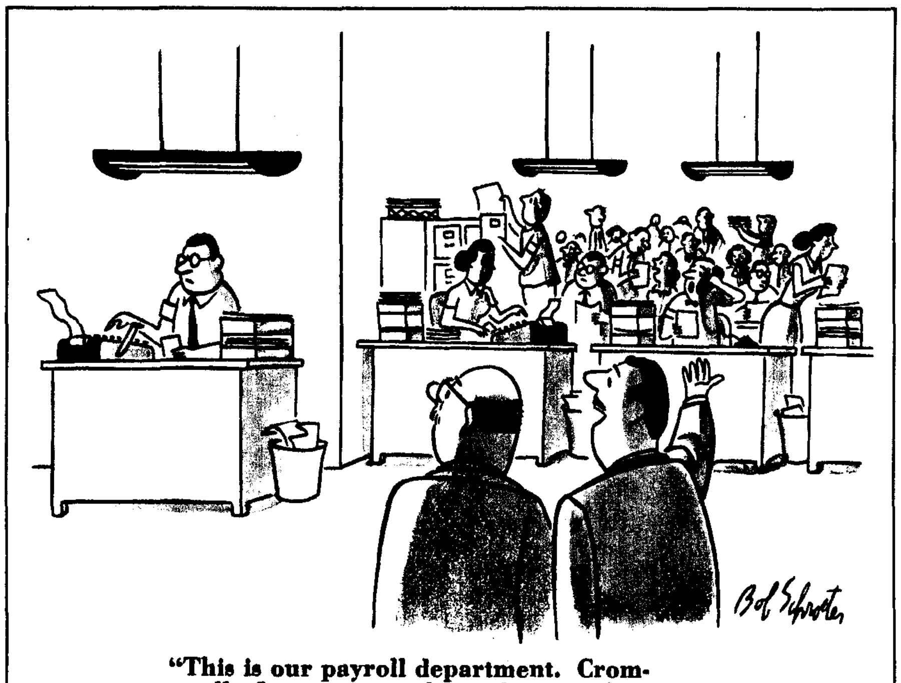
But what of the effect of machine and modern technology, the offspring of Bigness, upon the inner life of human beings, upon the spirit of man?

The answer is far from clear. Here we deal with one of the most abstruse and difficult problems of modern life.

Wherever human beings live in utter and hopeless poverty, wherever they must do work that is exhausting and bestial and unfit for human beings (and this is the rule rather than the exception in many parts of the world today), wherever individuals live in abject insecurity and fear of hunger and exposure and disease, the spirit of such individuals is degraded, the dignity of man and the integrity of his individuality as a human being is violated. Hence, it seems to me, wherever Bigness and the machine have alleviated or eliminated such degradation of the human spirit, the inner life of man has, to this degree at least, been enriched and nourished.

(To be continued next week)

These articles form the basis of a book by Mr. Lilienthal which is to be published by Harper's next January



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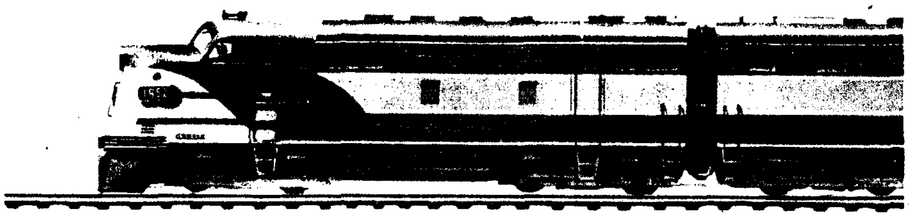
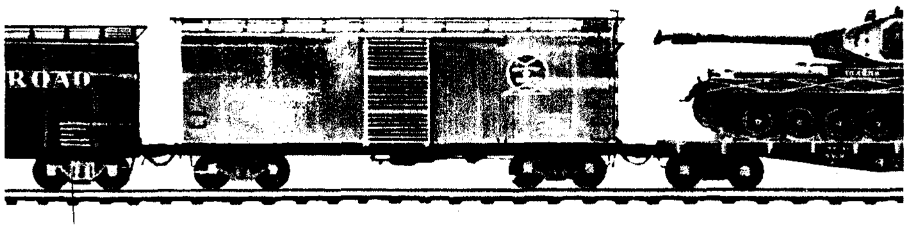
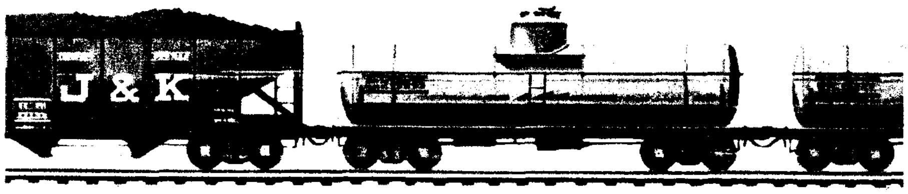


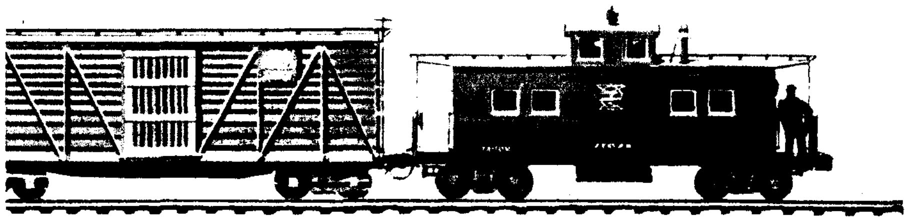
railroads have added 14,000 locomotives



and 430,000 bigger and better freight cars



in the last six years alone!



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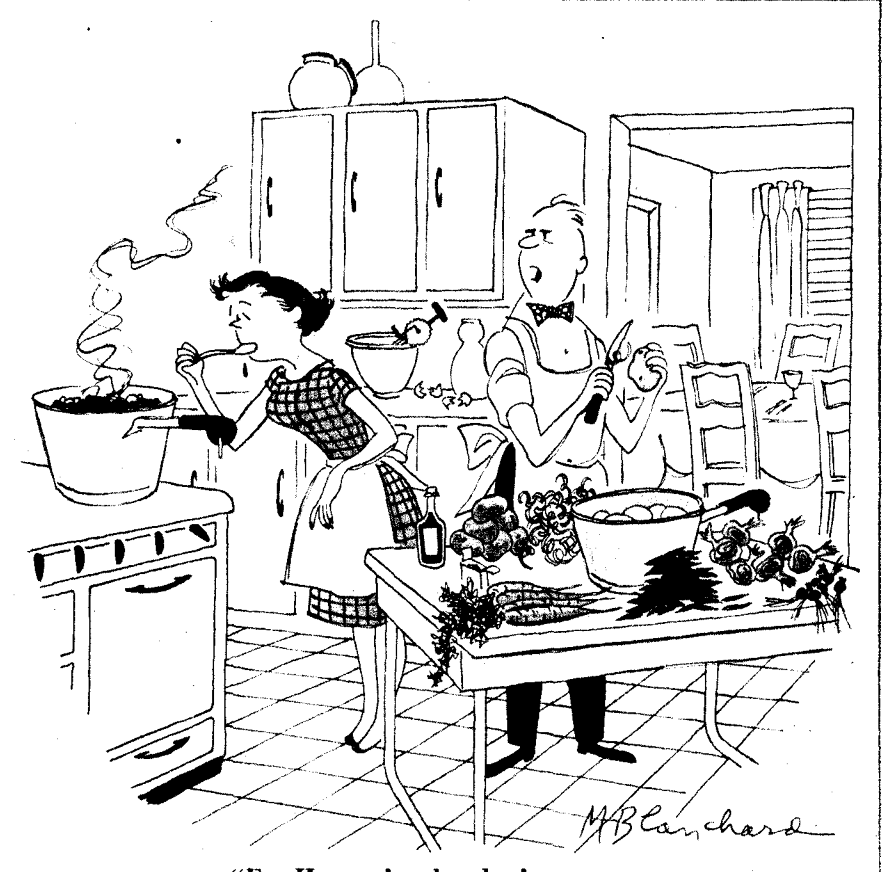
Dad Gets His Just Desserts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

recipe or one of the ready mixes, bake a nine-inch shell and let cool. For the filling, you will need:

Boiling water, 1¼ cups
Vanilla ice cream, 1 pint
Lemon gelatin, 1 package
Sliced fresh peaches, sweetened, 1 cup
Pitted dark sweet cherries, fresh or drained canned, ½ cup

Heat water to boiling in a two-quart saucepan, remove from heat, add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Next, stir in the ice cream, a spoonful at a time—yes, right into the hot liquid! Stir until melted. Now chill the mixture until it thickens but is not yet firm. This requires 15 to 20 minutes. Next step: fold in the sliced peaches and cherries, turn into the baked shell and chill until firm, 25 to 30 minutes. Top with whipped cream and decorate with some of the fruit.



COLLIER'S "For Heaven's sake, don't become famous for this!" MARTHA BLANCHARD

It's a joy to look at, and it tastes even better than it looks.

Shortcake for a Solid Eater

Then there's the other chronological extreme, the old, rather than the new. If our man is a solid eater, chances are better than fair that he will propose a real, authentic old-fashioned strawberry shortcake, made with biscuits, golden brown, hot from the oven, and brushed with melted butter. Between the two layers, he will want plenty of strawberries, about half of them mashed or sliced, and the balance whole—the entire lot sugared heavily an hour before service. Presented in a bowl, and flanked by a generous pitcher of heavy cream, this, to the addict, represents sheer ambrosia.

Watch out for an occasional surprise when the man of the house names his dessert. Inside his billfold, he may carry a much-creased piece of paper on which he has written the recipe for something he especially liked, the formula for which he wangled from a reluctant hostess or chef. Something, for example, like French Crême Renversée, one of the most delightful desserts you ever tasted—and not too difficult to prepare, with a little attention to details.

My favorite recipe for this dish comes from Grosse Ile, Michigan, just as it is made in the kitchen of Lucy and Sidney Corbett, two of the best cooks around. Making it is a two-step operation, yet each is simple. The first step needs:

Milk, 3 cups
Sugar, ⅓ cup
Eggs, 5
Salt, pinch

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Place other ingredients in a bowl and mix lightly, then slowly stir into milk, using a silver fork.

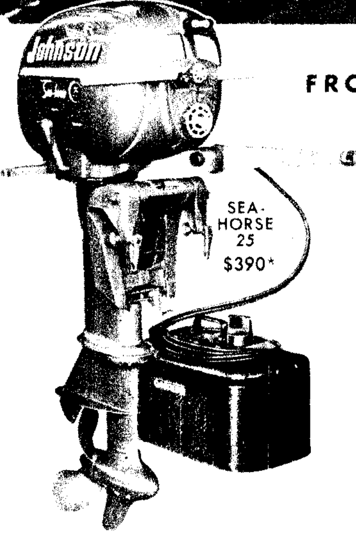
Next step involves the preparation of the caramel. Four tablespoons of granulated sugar are placed in a clean frying pan set over a moderate fire. Shake the pan and rock it gently as sugar melts. Don't stir. When the mixture becomes a golden brown, pour it into a buttered baking dish and let it cool somewhat. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla extract to the custard and pour through a fine sieve onto the caramelized sugar. Place the baking dish in a deep pan filled with hot water and bake in a 325-degree oven for approximately 40 minutes, being careful to keep the water from boiling. Add more water if evaporation lowers the level. When a small knife is inserted in the middle of the custard and emerges clean, consider it done. Cool and then refrigerate.

When you are ready to serve, turn the affair on a flat platter. It's a picture: the delicate golden cream of the custard, topped by the entrancing brown caramel. Further, *it's tops at any time*; you don't have to wait for days especially dedicated to the man of the house.

I have a friend, a comparatively young man, but slightly inclined toward corpulence, who is kept relatively slim by an alert wife. He is excessively fond of a certain dessert his mother fed him with considerable regularity. Three times a year, within the confines of his home, he is permitted to indulge in this excellent trifle. They are days of rejoicing, and you can be sure that one of them is Father's Day.

The dish is hot gingerbread—topped with gobs of whipped cream. More than good, it's an item that rounds off a substantial

CUNDY'S HARBOR, MAINE



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dinner, makes the diner feel at ease, at peace with the world.

Hot gingerbread, which has been an American favorite for many years, is easy to make today. Perhaps you have a formula that is ideal, one that produces a rather tall, infinitely light, and excellent gingerbread. However, if gingerbread is a stranger to you, you have nothing to worry about. Simply go to the nearest grocery and get a box of gingerbread mix, follow directions and you will be able to produce a spicy, memorable gingerbread.

From the same grocer, you will be able to get a pint of whipping cream—beat with a hand or electric beater, add a little sugar and some vanilla extract. Or, if you don't feel equal to this effort, buy a container of whipped cream, a plastic can filled with ready-whipped cream. Remove the top, press a valve and out spurts some elegant whipped cream.

Gingerbread! Hot and spicy, under a mound of whipped cream, it is one of the very best of desserts.

Walnuts in the Icing . . . Yum!

Here's another: chocolate cake with a dish of chocolate ice cream. When you bake the cake, use bitter chocolate by all means, and let your hand be heavy on the icing. Go a step further, get some black or English walnuts, press the halves lightly into the frosting, and you will call down on your head an avalanche of deserved praise.

If Dad's a little indefinite about his specifications for frosting, try him on an easy-to-make icing that has great virtue. Add one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoon of vanilla to one package of cream cheese. Beat until smooth and perfectly blended, add confectioners' sugar to taste, beat some more and heap it on the cake, any cake. With the first bite, the man of the house will start to smile broadly, for it's one of the best of icings.

Perhaps Father is addicted to dining at Italian restaurants; if so, watch out for him to flash a recipe from the billfold for zabaglione and tactfully ask if you can fix him a mess for the festive meal. In case he's forgotten to put down one or more essential ingredients or has slipped up on procedure, here's a true and tested recipe.

Into a large bowl place the yolks of 6 large eggs, add 3 tablespoons of powdered sugar and beat until the mixture is a lovely lemon color. This can be done at the table, using a whisk, and the job can be completed in the chafing dish. Very slowly add ⅓ cup of sherry or brandy and continue beating over the heat until the mixture thickens to a semicustard. Pour into tall sherbet glasses, and serve immediately. There's enough for four and every spoonful is smooth and glorious. Marsala or Madeira may be used instead of the sherry or brandy.

Probably you have never heard of *Parshing Ponakucha,* but if the gentleman happens to hail from the Pennsylvania Dutch country, or if he has visited in that area, he is more than likely to wax rhetorical about this truly great dessert. A simpler name for it would be peach fritters, but this seems to have a special, unusual, flavor. Here's how it is made. First, the ingredients:

Butter, ⅓ cup
Sugar, ½ cup
Eggs, well beaten, 2
Flour, 2 cups
Baking powder, 3 teaspoons
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Milk, 1 cup
Peaches, chopped, 1½ cups (fresh or canned)
Vanilla extract, ½ teaspoon
Lemon juice, ½ teaspoon

The butter and sugar are creamed. To them, add the eggs and beat thoroughly. Sift the dry ingredients together twice and add, with the milk, stirring briskly. Fold in the peaches, flavoring extract and lemon juice. Drop by teaspoonfuls into sizzling butter, and fry until brown. The smell of them cooking is enough to speed up the main part of the dinner. Serve them with a bowl of whipped cream or a bowl of shaved maple sugar.

Maybe your man has a long-cherished yen for a dessert he once ate when he was very young. We used to call it cottage pudding, but it seldom appears on other than farm tables these days. If the gentleman originally stemmed from a rural district, or if he lived in a home where this pudding was in sharp demand, he may express a desire to taste it again. In case this occurs, don't try to restrain him.

Basically, this dish starts off with a single layer of spongecake. You may bake one yourself, or buy one of the good spongecakes sold by bakeries. Heat the cake slightly before serving and cut it into wide and generous wedges. Next comes the sauce that translates this into a fine and sustaining dessert. The preparation is very simple:

Cream together ¼ pound of butter and 1 cup of sugar, add a teaspoonful grated nutmeg and 1 tablespoon of vanilla. Place in a double boiler, add 2 well-beaten eggs, flavor (if desired) with a trifle of rum or brandy, cook and stir until the sauce has thickened and become creamy. Pour the sauce over the spongecake and serve immediately. It is rich and heavy, and tastes like smooth and spicy manna to the man who remembers it with nostalgic affection.

Not Costly to Make at Home

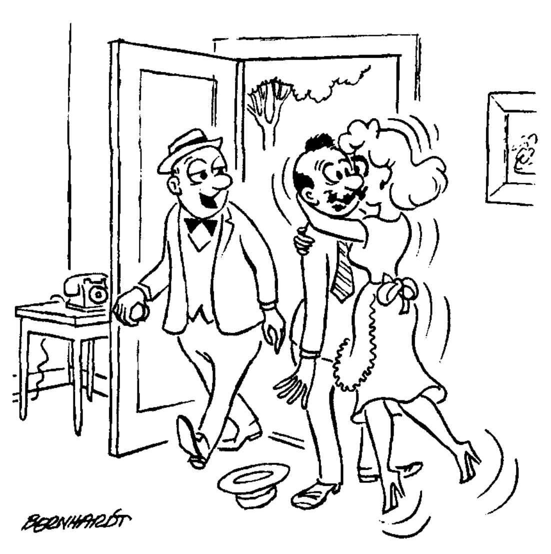
If Dad dines out on occasion, he may hint that he considers Cherries Jubilee about the ultimate in desserts. For some obscure reason the preparation of this dish is surrounded by a fog of mystery. In a restaurant, it's an expensive dish. In the home, it is one of the most economical of desserts—provided you have a chafing dish. It can be prepared at the table (see the recipe on page 37) and you can make it appear just as spectacular as it does in a restaurant.

It is tasty beyond description. Moreover, your stature as a cook will rise to great heights as the man tastes and approves.

Well, it has been his Day, and he has eaten with vigor and joy. As he leaves the table, he beams. A man always beams when he has eaten a good dinner, topped by his favorite dessert.

He has had his Day, and, fortified by his favorite sweet delicacy, he's surely convinced that he has the best wife and children in the world.

THE END



"See, Ed, didn't I tell you? The little woman *loves* company!"

COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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SADDLE BY STARLIGHT

By LUKE SHORT

There was every reason for Julia to be bitter toward the North Basin ranchers, every reason for her to fight them however she could. And now they themselves had given her the chance

The Story: Five North Basin ranchers, led by SAM HOLLEY, foreman of Six-Up ranch, had banded together to prevent homesteading of their ranges. The first "squatter" was ne'er-do-well DICK RAINEY, who, with his sister, JULIA, had moved into an abandoned shack on Six-Up land. The ranchers fired the shack and threw the Raineys off, but Sam, feeling sorry for Julia, found her a job with ELEANOR HETH, the wife of one of the ranchers.

When Sam's fiancée, VIRGINIA TALCOTT, heard of the eviction, she broke their engagement. She did not agree with Sam that the ranchers were entitled to keep the land they had fought the Indians for; she felt that since the law called it public land, anyone could stake a claim on it. Sam knew she had been influenced by HUGH GANLEY, an ex-government surveyor, who hoped to make work for himself by convincing the riffraff that they had a right to settle on the ranchers' land.

The shaky alliance between the ranchers was seriously weakened when Sam interfered in a barroom brawl between two of Ganley's toughs and BILL TENCH, hot-tempered foreman for ANSON HETH. To keep Tench from murder, Sam knocked him out, and he knew Heth would resent it.

II

JULIA RAINEY'S first look at Chainlink, Anson Heth's ranch, was from the seat of the buckboard Mrs. Heth had sent in to town for her. She hadn't known what to expect, but it was not this, and she felt a faint touch of melancholy. The ranch house was an irregular, one-story log building of many rooms, set unreasonably on a treeless flat and surrounded by jerry-built barns and sheds; it was dominated by the tower of a windmill, idle now in the still and sunny noon. There was a careless—too careless—air of indifference here that Julia found herself resenting. Wheeled gear stood out in the weather where it had last been unhooked; new harness was scattered at the foot of a shed wall, and tools lay where their last users had dropped them. A pile of corral poles, scattered like jackstraws, had to be skirted by the buckboard team before they crossed the barn lot and halted at the back door of the house.

It was as if all these possessions had come so easily to these people that they were not worth any care, Julia thought.

As the driver climbed down and skirted the team to help her down, Julia had time to notice the flower bed by the door—and to notice, too, the boot marks through it that seemed to say the flowers weren't even worth consideration. Then the door opened and Eleanor Heth stood on the sill.

Julia looked at her, prepared already to dislike her and all she stood for. She was taller than Julia and older, with a dark and striking handsomeness. She wore a full apron over her gray dress, and Julia, seeing the dusting of flour on her hands, knew she had interrupted preparations for the noon meal.

"Sam didn't tell me you were so pretty. Come in, my dear." Eleanor Heth looked over Julia's shoulder at the driver, saying, "George, will you bring in her things?"

"I've only got a valise," Julia said. "It isn't heavy."

George handed down the valise, and, at Eleanor's invitation, Julia stepped into the kitchen. Her first wariness was relaxing, and it took an effort of will to remind herself not to be taken in by the kindness of a greeting. These people were her enemies, and she must always be on the alert. The kitchen was a big, pleasant room dominated by a massive black iron range, and there was the good smell of bread baking.

Eleanor Heth said, "I'll show you your room." And when Julia looked at her, Mrs. Heth smiled disarmingly. "I don't have to tell you I'm glad you're here. I'll be honest about it. I get lonesome."

"I did, too," Julia replied, warming instantly to the smile.

Eleanor led her down a short passageway that connected the kitchen wing with the rest of the house. Opening a door on the right, she stood aside as Julia walked into her room. It was a small room, clean and comfortable and far more luxurious than anything Julia had been used to.

Eleanor said, "I'll have to leave you. I'm in the middle of getting dinner."

She went back to the kitchen, and Julia looked around. This was a bright and cheerful room, she thought with a sudden lift of spirits. She wondered at her pleasant reception by Mrs. Heth. She was a hired girl, working for people who had destroyed the little she possessed. It would have been only natural for Sam Holley to warn Mrs. Heth of her feelings, and to tell her of their unfriendly meeting. Yet, her welcome, her room and Mrs. Heth's simple friendliness made it hard for her to forget these were not her people.

She went out into the kitchen, and in a few moments was busy setting the table and helping Mrs. Heth. It was explained to her that the crew, a rather large one, ate in the cookshack next to the bunkhouse, where a Chinese cook fed them indifferently. Mr. Heth and the foreman, Bill Tench, took their meals here. She, Julia, would take hers with them. All this sounded a little unpleasant to Julia; she remembered Heth as a big-bodied, aggressive man from the night the shack was burned; she couldn't place Tench at all.

MRS. HETH went out the back door and rang the small triangle hanging from the eaves; when she came back, the two women busied themselves getting the food ready to serve.

Julia, who was rinsing pans in the sink, heard the door open, but she went on with her work, content and preoccupied. She was scrubbing away at a pot when she felt a hand on her elbow. Gently, the hand wheeled her around, and she stood facing Anson Heth. He took his hand from her elbow, and there was a surly scowl on his broad face. "Aren't you that Rainey girl?"

"Julia Rainey, yes."

Heth turned to his wife, who had paused at her work by the stove and was watching. "What's she doing here, Eleanor?"

"Why, she's the girl I told you about who's going to help me."

"You didn't tell me it was this girl."

"I think it's up to me to choose who'll help me, Anson, not you."

At that moment, Bill Tench stepped through the outside door and closed it behind him. His lips were swollen thickly, and his long nose was bulbous and discolored. When he saw Julia, he scowled, looked wonderingly at Heth, and then slowly took off his hat.

"Look who's here," Heth said, and nodded his head in Julia's direction.

"I see her," Tench said softly.

Heth turned to Julia again. "Please leave the room."

Julia rinsed her hands, dried them on her apron, and went into the corridor and turned into her room. Closing the door, she leaned against it, feeling her heart thump angrily in her chest. Heth had seen through her immediately. It was as if he had read her innermost feelings with a sure instinct of mistrust. This, she thought dismally, was the end of her first job. She had been on it less than an hour.

Heth moved toward Eleanor. "Now we're alone, I'd like to get this straight. I want—"

"We are not alone," Eleanor contradicted calmly. She glanced over at Tench. "Bill, please leave the room." There was an open malice in her eyes as she looked at her husband. "I don't ordinarily use that tone, but it seems fashionable today."

TENCH glanced at Heth, who would not look at him. Then he put his hat on and stepped out the back door.

Heth said dryly, "Very funny, very funny."

Eleanor said nothing, but her glance held his.

"How did you get on to the Rainey girl?"

"Sam sent Lydia over with the message that she wanted work."

"Sam again," Heth said sourly. "First he beats up my foreman. Now he sends you hired help. Is he running this ranch?"

"If he is, I hadn't heard it," Eleanor said placidly.

"What does Sam know about her?"

"What is there to know about her, except that she's broken with her brother and has to have work? Sam told Lydia she was pretty and seemed pleasant. Isn't she?"

"But a Rainey!" Heth protested surlily. "Probably sent out here to spy on us!"

"What's there to spy on?"

"She hates us. She couldn't help but hate us! I don't want her around!"

"But you've got her," Eleanor said steadily. "And if this is the time to trade dislikes, I've never liked Bill Tench. But I tolerate him because you seem to."

"Bill Tench is loyal to me. This girl won't be to you."

"I'll have her loyalty if I deserve it. I'm sure of that."

"She's got to go," Heth said stubbornly. "I'll take her into town this afternoon myself."

"That's fine. Give us both time to pack our things, first."

They looked at each other in silent conflict. Heth's broad face was flushed, and his expression was one of anger and bafflement. Finally, he said, "You wouldn't."

"Try me and see, Anson."

For a long moment neither spoke, and Eleanor read the indecision in Heth's face. Finally, she said quietly, "Is this finished? Our food is getting cold."

Heth walked to the back door. Opening it, he called, "Come in, Bill."

Eleanor went to Julia's room and summoned her. Fortunately, the two women were busy for the next few minutes serving the meal, moving back and

Hiding in the bedroom, the pair heard Ganley say, "If you were a man, I could take you down to the saloon and buy you a drink and find out what's on your mind"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

"Oh no-not that stuff in my car?"

—says Jeanne Crain starring in "BELLES ON THEIR TOES," a 20th Century-Fox picture. Color by Technicolor.

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forth from the stove. Tench and Heth ate without speaking, and when the women sat down they paid no attention to them.

To Julia, the meal was a torment. She could read the tension in Mrs. Heth's face, while the sulky silence of Heth was self-explanatory. Twice she surprised Tench watching her obliquely, a kind of sly amusement in his swollen face. She was certain that Heth and his wife had quarreled over her being here, and she wondered when she would be told to leave. It had never occurred to her that her coming hadn't been agreed upon, and she felt an odd sense of guilt and unwantedness.

When the men were finished, they left the room in silence. Julia got up and went to the stove for the coffeepot. Now it's coming, she thought. She poured Mrs. Heth and herself a cup of coffee, and then sat down. She felt the stiffness in her face, and there was a sense of dread within her. At that moment she hated these people and the humiliation which they would soon bring upon her. Mrs. Heth's eyes, Julia saw, were fixed on the Lazy Susan in the middle of the table, but she was looking at nothing. Julia decided abruptly that she would act before Mrs. Heth could.

There was a curt apology in her voice as she said, "Mrs. Heth, I'm sorry about this. I guess I shouldn't have come."

Eleanor looked up. "Why not? I asked you to."

"But Mr. Heth doesn't want me here. He made that plain enough."

"He didn't understand," Eleanor said. "He had some notion Ganley had sent you to spy on us."

Mrs. Heth thought that so unimportant that she didn't bother to look at Julia. If she had, she would have seen the furious embarrassment in the girl's face.

When Mrs. Heth finally looked at her, she saw the color fading, the distress dying in Julia's eyes, and she read into them only an understandable discomfort.

"But you're staying, Julia," Eleanor Heth said. "And I'm happy you're here."

A YEAR of survey work and a year of forced leisure had given Hugh Ganley an intimate knowledge of the North Basin ranches and the habits of its owners. So his choice of a rendezvous this afternoon had been a calculated one, and he dismounted by the dry dirt tank with a feeling of security. The seep which filled this tank had dried up months ago, and the tank was abandoned. Even the big cottonwoods which once had grown here were dead. This was a waste place now, ignored by stock and riders alike, but it was close enough to the house for Julia to reach it on a short and seemingly innocent ride.

Ganley loosened his saddle and tied his horse securely. Then he moved into the shade cast by a gaunt tree trunk. Here he sprawled comfortably in the cool dust and rolled himself a cigarette.

He had smoked it down and was rolling another when he heard a horse approaching. The shallow depression of the tank hid the rider from view, but Ganley was not alarmed. When Julia, dressed in a worn riding skirt and a man's shirt, came into view at the tank's edge, he waved idly, lighted his cigarette, and got to his feet.

He said hello to Julia and helped her dismount. Once she was seated against the gray trunk of the cottonwood, Ganley sat down in front of her, crossed his legs, and poked at the dust with a dry stick, watching her. She was a pretty girl, he thought, and at the moment a troubled one. The way she leaned back against the tree trunk, utterly relaxed, told him that she had been under tension these last few days.

"How's it going?" he asked in a friendly voice. "Do they lock you up at night and feed you with the dogs?"

Julia smiled perfunctorily, as if Ganley's coarse humor did not amuse her. Looking around her, she said, "Why are all these trees dead?"

Ganley felt a faint irritation. She didn't seem to realize the importance of this meeting. He only shrugged. They were silent for several moments, and then Ganley said, "What news have you?"

"None, Hugh. What news could I have?"

Ganley scowled. "Well, you're right in the middle of where it's being made."

Julia shook her head. "No. Heth suspects me. Did you know he would?"

Ganley smiled faintly and said, "It's reasonable. But you're still there, so he can't be too troubled."

"Only because his wife stood up for me."

"Nice of her," Ganley said dryly.

Julia looked levelly at him. "I like her, Hugh. I don't care what you say."

"That's a nice doggy," Ganley said mockingly. "Love the lady that feeds you."

JULIA raised her hand in a gesture of protest. "Oh, let's don't argue, Hugh. She's a good person and she's good to me."

"Does she talk with you—friendly, I mean?"

Julia nodded.

"About Basin business?"

"Business like what?"

Ganley threw his stick away with a gesture of impatience. "How do I know? That's what you're supposed to tell me."

"She talks about her neighbors, like any woman does."

"Well, what does she say about them?"

Julia frowned. "Why, Mrs. Heth is friendly with all of them. She's Mrs. Beale's sister, you know."

"Great work," Ganley said sardonically. "Everyone in the county knows that."

Ganley saw anger in her eyes, but she only said, "What, exactly, do you want to know, Hugh?"

"Hell, I don't know," Ganley said. "All I know is that the whole North Basin crowd is against us. Are some more against us than others? For instance, they'll fight among themselves. I saw Holley hit Tench, and I saw Heth try to swarm all over Holley." He shrugged. "You know what we're going to do. Do you think Heth would hold still for it?"

"No," Julia said. "He'd drive them off alone if he had to, and he won't have to."

"What about Six-Up?"

"Sam Holley is their leader, Hugh. Homesteaders wouldn't stay a night on Six-Up."

"Well, what about Ferrin?"

"No. From what Mrs. Heth says, his place is small and his crew is small, but the others would help him."

Ganley grunted in disgust. "That leaves Hackbarth. What about him?"

Julia frowned, as if this brought up associations that had been puzzling her. "I don't know," she said slowly. "They make fun of him, even Mrs. Heth." An alertness came into Ganley's eyes, but he said nothing, and Julia went on. "Heth calls him Nellie. I suppose because he's so fussy."

"You don't know Hackbarth," Ganley said. "But then, neither do I. What else?"

"Mrs. Heth said that his men make fun of him behind his back. He tried to make them work regular hours, like a town job. When his crew found it out, they wouldn't stir out of the bunkhouse after supper. Once he had to put out a fire in the blacksmith's shop all by himself, while they sat in the bunkhouse, Mrs. Heth said."

Ganley smiled slyly. "What else?"

"Something happened the night they moved us off Six-Up. I—"

"Don't say that," Ganley cut in sharply. "The night they moved you off your homestead, you mean."

"All right," Julia said meekly, "that night. I don't know what it was, but it was between Sam Holley and Hackbarth. A disagreement of some sort."

"What else?"

"That's all I can tell you, Hugh. It's just an impression I've picked up." She hesitated. "It's not much to go on, is it?"

Ganley stood up. "It's enough," he said quietly. He looked at the sun. "I've got to go. Is it safe to write you?"

"You mean, are they opening my mail?" Julia asked, almost angrily.

"And why wouldn't they?" Ganley said coldly. "Are you getting soft in the head?"

Without waiting for an answer, Ganley went over to his horse and cinched up the saddle. Swinging into the saddle, he said curtly, "I know all I need to know. I'll get in touch with you."

He was pulling his horse around when Julia said, "Hugh!"

Ganley reined in and looked down at her.

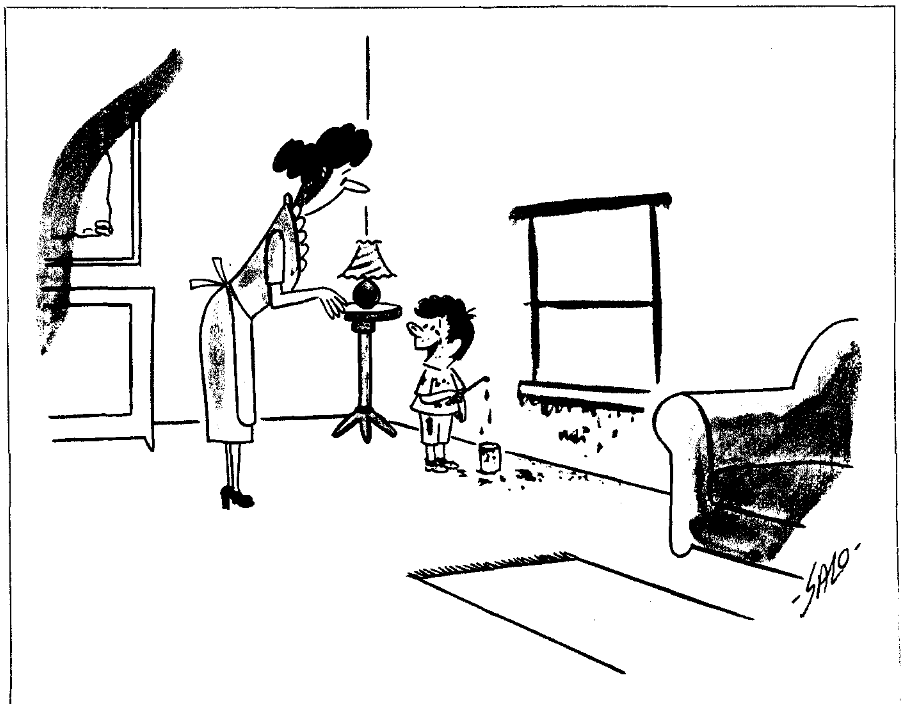
"How's Dick?"

"I never see him," Ganley said. "He sold your beef. The money is pretty evenly spread between the old poker hands at Dundalk's, I hear."

"It would be. Thanks."

Ganley pulled his horse around and touched his hat, and not until the horse had taken ten steps did he turn in the saddle and call, "Thanks, Julia." He did not see Julia's crooked smile.

GANLEY reached town at dusk and ate his supper at the Conover House. When he'd finished, he started down the hotel steps and then hesitated. Usually he spent the hour after supper in Dundalk's Saloon, talking with the small ranchers from the South Basin. But since Holley's eviction of the Raineys from Six-Up, things were different. Men who had once listened to him avoided him now. The Rainey eviction seemed to take the iron out of his arguments. Men who had declared they'd back up the Raineys with a gun if necessary no longer seemed interested. It was the old



COLLIER'S "It's a picture window. I painted it myself" SALO ROTH story of defeat; they were used to it, and the North Basin crowd would never be licked.

Ganley, remembering his appointment tonight, grinned faintly in the darkness and headed toward his rooms. The meek and the fainthearted in Dundalk's crowd would change their tune soon. Now only Virginia Talcott believed in him, it seemed.

He went up the covered stairway to his quarters over Ben Button's saddle shop and let himself into the front room, which was his office. He lighted the big table lamp. A roll-top desk filled the front corner. A long table, flanked by several chairs, took up most of the room, and on it were stacks of rolled-up maps.

Taking off his coat, Ganley moved over to a far corner, where a pair of transit tripods were standing. He took one laid it on the table, sat down, and reached in the drawer for sandpaper. He might as well sand and varnish these, he thought, because he'd be using them soon.

His hands busy, he let his mind return to Virginia. He hadn't seen her since the Rainey eviction, principally because he wanted her to work out her troubles with Sam Holley. And there'll be troubles, he thought with a grim satisfaction. By slow but persistent stages, he had brought Virginia to the point where she was in almost open rebellion against everything Holley stood for. It pleased him some that by doing this he was hurting Holley, but there was a more serious aspect to it. He had found the girl he wanted to marry. Once Holley was out of the way, he would marry Virginia; he was as sure of it as he was sure of his longing for her.

THE sound of someone coming up the steps roused him. He stopped sanding and listened, and then, smiling faintly, he returned to his work.

He was thoughtfully admiring his handiwork when two men stepped into the room. "Hello, boys," he said mildly, and then smiled at the irony of his greeting. For neither Albie Meacham, the taller and cleaner of the two, nor Otey Bliss had ever been a boy, Ganley thought; they had been old and wise and vicious at birth. They were the happyhearted, ageless, hog-ignorant products of a frontier, vaguely Southern, that Ganley had never seen and could only guess at, throwbacks to an earlier and earthier roughness. He had written a Texas friend to send two men up, and this was the pair he'd drawn. Neither of them returned his greeting, but Ganley knew there was no offense intended; like all degrees of manners and amenities, the return of a greeting was something they knew was unnecessary.

Otey Bliss walked over to a faded map pinned on the wall and looked at it curiously but uncomprehendingly. Even at this distance, Ganley could smell the vile, animal stench of him. Otey was slight and hard and straight; his clothes were so fouled with dirt they were stiff and shiny.

It was Albie Meacham who seemed the more troubled of the two. He came over to the table and stared incuriously at the tripod. "When we going to work?"

Ganley carefully laid the tripod on the table, tilted his chair back, and looked at Meacham thoughtfully. "Tomorrow." He smiled at some inner thought and said, "You two are homesteaders now."

Meacham's pale eyes were expressionless. He tongued his wad of tobacco to the other cheek, turned his head slightly, and spat, his eyes on Ganley, as if he were still waiting for a rational answer. Ganley noticed the tangle of matted hair beneath his greasy hatbrim and the fur on his face, and he wondered why he had ever thought Albie any cleaner than Otey Bliss.

At Ganley's announcement, Otey drifted over to the table, his tough face placid but interested. "Not me," he announced calmly. "I'm not homesteading anything."

"This is a different kind of homestead," Ganley explained. "You just make camp, put out your stakes, and wait for trouble."

Otey glanced at Meacham. Meacham said, "What kind of trouble?"

Ganley brought his chair down on all four legs and leaned his elbows on the table. "Fighting trouble. You came here expecting it, didn't you?"

Otey said, "Trouble with the sheriff, he means."

"There won't be any. Somebody will want to move you off, and you won't move."

Neither man seemed impressed. Again they glanced at each other, and then Otey said, "We need money."

Irritated at this interruption, Ganley said coldly, "I gave you twenty dollars Monday. I even paid for your room."

Otey only shrugged and looked steadily at him. Meacham watched him too, chewing placidly on his cud of tobacco.

Ganley said impatiently, "I'll take care of that later." He hunched forward again. "Now, you'll go out there tomorrow. It's the Swallowfork. I don't care where you stake out, but don't make it too near the house. Take an ax with you and a pack horse for your stuff."

"What stuff?" Otey asked.

"Your clothes and grub and bedrolls!" Ganley said roughly. "Hell, you're there to stay."

Meacham said, "This Swallowfork—who owns it?"

"Emmet Hackbarth."

Otey's interest seemed to awaken. He said, "He that little fellow that was goin' to jump us in the Revenue?"

Ganley shook his head, "That was Tench, Anson Heth's foreman. He hasn't got anything to do with Swallowfork. You've never seen Hackbarth."

Otey's interest in Hackbarth died, but he said in a musing voice, "That Tench, I'd admire to meet him sometime. I will, too."

"Forget Tench," Ganley said. "Have you got this straight? You're to go out there and stay until I tell you to move off. Remember, no matter what anybody says, you have a right to be there, and don't let them put you off. Any questions?" He looked at Meacham inquiringly.

Meacham stopped chewing long enough to say, "We need money."

Ganley sighed. For a despairing moment he wondered if these two men had heard a word he said. Certainly nothing in his orders had impressed Otey. He might as well have been talking to an inattentive, daydreaming child. Meacham was a little better, although Ganley wasn't sure that even Meacham understood. He had tried to make it as plain as possible that this job was dangerous, but they were unimpressed.

He stood up and was reaching for his wallet when he heard light footsteps on the outside stairs. Ganley said quickly, pointing to the door that led to his sleeping quarters, "Get back there and be quiet."

ACTION was something that both Otey and Meacham understood; they moved into the dark room and left the door partly open behind them. Ganley settled down in his chair again and went back to work on the tripod, whistling softly above the grating noise made by the sandpaper.

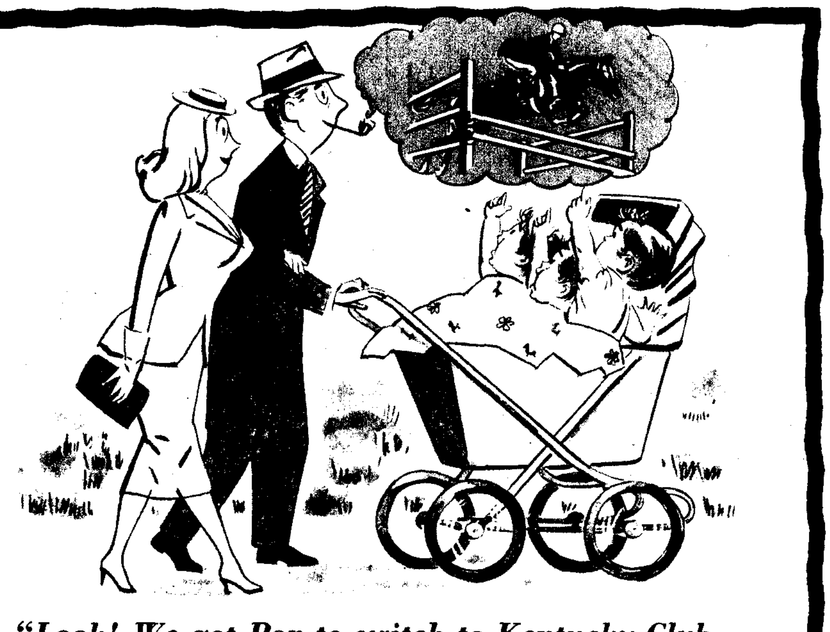
When he heard someone come into the room, he glanced up and saw Virginia Talcott. A surprise, touched with embarrassment, came to Ganley; he did not want Otey and Meacham overhearing his conversation with Virginia. She came hesitatingly across to the table as Ganley stood up.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Virginia," Ganley said, his voice low-pitched and familiar. He came around the table and swung the swivel chair away from the desk so that it faced the table. "Sit down."

He moved in front of her and looked at her with open pleasure. Raising his eyebrows quizzically, he asked, "Isn't this a little late for you to be on the street?"

"I suppose it is, Hugh. Still, I'm only just done working." Ganley sat on the edge of the table, put a leg up on it, and clasped his booted ankle with both hands. He saw that Virginia looked tired; even the warm color of her dress couldn't brighten her pale cheeks. There was something else in her face, too, a kind of shyness that marred her open friendliness.

Ganley said, "If you were a man, I could



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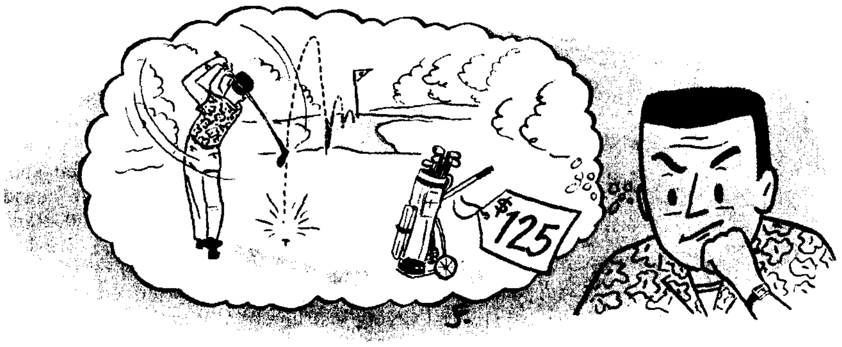

HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

By GEORGE MITCHELL

ABOUT A year ago I figured all I needed to get my golf game in the low 70's was a new set of clubs. Trouble was I had one of those not-too-big pay jobs, and saving the necessary $125 looked as hopeful as making a hole in one.

Then one Saturday a friend asked me to help him take on a couple of visiting firemen. I should have recognized one of them by his pipe but the only name I caught was Bill—and maybe it was just as well I didn't know until later I had been playing against a pro.

But we didn't do too badly. We only lost two and one. As we were walking off the eighteenth green, Bill came up to me and said, "Listen, young fellow, if you can play that kind of golf with *those* clubs, you'd be terrific with an up-to-date set."

Well, I laughed and told him all that was keeping me and a new set of clubs apart was the little matter of money.

"H-m-m," he said, puffing on his pipe. "Tell you what. Smoke a pipe instead of cigarettes—and you can save over $100 a year right there. What's more," he added, holding up a tin of Kentucky Club, "here's a tobacco that makes smoking a pipe a positive pleasure."

I usually don't go much for free advice but Bill's made sense. Want to know the score to date? I got my new clubs—and some nice trophies. I discovered that a pipe and Kentucky Club are the best smoking combination in the world. And guess who was one up the last time I played Bill!

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take you down to the saloon and buy you a drink, and you'd be telling me what's on your mind. There is something, isn't there?"

Virginia's smile was one of self-derision. "Is it that plain?"

"I like it. I'm glad you came to me."

"Well, you've watched part of it happen, Hugh. You may as well know the rest." She hesitated. "I'm through with Sam."

"The Raineys?"

Virginia nodded, and looked at Ganley with a searching need for approval, and Ganley, sensing it, said, "You'd never have been happy with a blind man, Virginia. He's blind, and you know it."

"But liking a man is a hard habit to break," Virginia said.

Immediately, Ganley knew that he had been wrong in not seeing her these past few days. She had probably always depended on Sam Holley's judgment; now she was without a man, and he should have been with her. He must make up for his error—but Otey and Meacham were probably listening to every word he said.

He reached out and took Virginia's hand. "It's a nice night, and I know a long way home. Are you too tired to walk it?"

"Of course not," Virginia said.

AS GANLEY shrugged into his coat, he remembered promising Otey and Meacham money. For a moment, he was tempted to walk out and leave them, but he knew they would wait for him.

He turned down the lamp and took Virginia's arm, and they started down the stairs. Halfway down, he stopped, saying, "I forgot my pipe, Virginia." He turned and ran back up the stairs, while Virginia slowly went on to the plank walk below.

Upstairs, Ganley moved swiftly to the bedroom. The rank smell of Otey Bliss in the closed room was like a blow in the face. He made out the two figures standing patiently in the darkness.

Reaching for his wallet, Ganley drew out a gold eagle and handed it to Meacham. This was no time to haggle, not with prospects as bright as they were at this moment. "Remember, be there tomorrow," he said. "Now, give us a minute and then clear out of here."

Albie followed him out and stopped in the middle of the room, Otey trailing behind him. Already Otey seemed to have forgotten Ganley's visit. He cruised about the room and paused at the far corner, where Ganley's second tripod and transit were standing.

"Come on," Meacham said.

"Wait a minute," Otey looked at the surveying instrument. "What's this thing?"

Meacham moved across the room to join Otey, who had lifted the tripod and transit and was handling them.

"He surveys through it," Meacham said. Otey loosened a pair of set screws at random; the transit parted from the tripod, and Otey grabbed wildly for it. It slipped from his hand and fell to the floor with a heavy clatter. He looked at it a moment, neither alarm nor guilt in his face. Then he reached down, picked it up, and started for the door, saying over his shoulder, "Let's go."

"Where you going with that?" Meacham demanded.

"It's bound to be worth something, ain't it?" Otey asked innocently.

"Put it down," Meacham said coldly. "You crazy? Who'd buy it?"

Otey halted. "Dundalk, maybe."

"Quit it," Meacham said shortly. "It's likely the only one in town. You think Ganley wouldn't know who took it?"

"He never locked his door," Otey said reasonably.

"Put it back," Meacham said flatly.

Otey shrugged. He turned, took a couple of steps, and pitched the expensive transit into the corner.

Meacham seemed satisfied by this, and they started for the door.

On the steps, Otey said, "How much did he gives us?"

"An eagle."

"Let's go break it up."

Meacham, ahead of Otey, nodded, and when he reached the plank walk he turned right toward Dundalk's.

Otey stopped. "No." Meacham turned around and looked at him questioningly.

"You go there, and Dundalk's got the eight dollars we owe him right now, ain't he?" At Meacham's nod, he said, "There's a bar across the street." They set off for the Revenue, whose lamps cast a golden light in the soft dust of the street.

The back corner table of the Revenue had a special place in the affections of the bar patrons. Custom decreed that the first occupant had it and kept it to himself as long as he wanted; only the rashest stranger would invite himself to join whoever sat there. In a manner of speaking, it was the mourners' bench for the Revenue's customers, a place where a man could consider his troubles in solitude.

Tonight, Sam Holley sat at it. With his hat pushed back off his high forehead and a deck of cards held loosely in his left fist, he was halfheartedly betting against himself in a game of solitaire. Three cigars lay in front of him on the green baize table, and the cigar in his mouth was as yet unlighted.

True to the tradition of the back table, Sam had a problem, and it had been nagging at him for two days. It was an easy problem to solve, but there was an iron reluctance in Sam to accept the solution.

He fumbled in his coat pocket for a match and struck it against the bottom of the table. Touching the flame to the end of his cigar, he glanced idly across the room. Bill Tench was at the bar, which meant, Sam thought wryly, that God was in his heaven and all was right with Tench's world. The long and wearying ride from Chainlink to the Revenue Bar had never bothered Tench. He traveled it in all weathers, happy in the knowledge that whisky lay at one end of the road and money to buy whisky at the other end.

There was a scattering of townsmen and ranchers, all of whom were acquaintances of Sam's, at the bar; there were two poker games in progress at the tables. All this seemed pleasant and familiar to Sam in his present mood, and even the sight of the two unwashed hard cases, Ganley's friends, did not disturb him. They had a front table, and before them sat the fanciest bottle of whisky the Revenue could supply.

Sam returned his attention to his game, but it was only a surface interest. He wondered, for the thousandth time in the past two days, how he would tell Ganley what he must tell him. There was no consideration for Ganley; he could and would tell Ganley anything at any time. What concerned him was the way his message to Ganley would come back to Virginia.

HE WAS suddenly aware of two things at once: the talk in the room had quieted, and there was a man standing across the table from him. He glanced up and saw Bill Tench in front of him. Sam could not see Tench's feet, but, from the way his upper body was weaving, Sam knew his legs were spread for balance. Tench's bruised face held a wild tension.

Sam took the cigar out of his mouth and started to speak; then he thought better of it. Tench knew the rules governing the back table as well as he did. They stared at each other in silence.

Tench said finally, "Barney wants to know if you want whisky."

Sam looked at him a long moment. "If Barney wants to know, let him ask me."

Tench smiled crookedly and said, "You're a cheerful little tyke, aren't you, Holley?"

"I am that," Sam said pleasantly. "Now go away and leave me with my mud pies."

Tench grunted, turned unsteadily, and went back to the bar. Sam thought: Three more drinks and it'll happen. And he went back to his card game, unconcerned. Presently, the bartender stopped beside his table. "Want a drink, Sam?"

Sam answered crossly, "When I do, I'll come and get it." And he felt a small guilt at the hurt look in Barney's eyes.

A kind of irritation touched Sam, and he thought: What the hell is this saloon coming to? He had been needlessly interrupted twice in a half hour, and, in his present mood, he felt mildly offended.

He discovered suddenly that he could beat out the spades in his game of solitaire, and he was concentrating on it when he was interrupted for the third time. It was Tench again, and this time the Chainlink foreman was holding a bottle of whisky in his left hand and a glass in his right. Tench said slyly, "Barney said you wanted a drink."

Sam looked at Tench and then around the room. Both poker games had stopped and there was an expectant amusement in the faces of the players. Ganley's two friends were standing so as to watch from a better vantage point. Sam felt his temper rising. He knew that Tench was baiting him and that the memory of his beating would gall him into action.

Suddenly the memory of Heth and his implacable temper came to Sam and with it a feeling of weariness. Someday he must settle this with Tench. But not now.

Tench had set the glass and the bottle on the table, and was looking at Sam with a dare in his eyes. Lazily, Sam tilted his chair back on its hind legs; the movement brought his extended arms to the edge of the table. Once he had his palms against the table edge, he let his chair down on all four legs. His body already had gained momentum, which compounded the mighty shove he gave the table. The far edge of the table caught Tench's upper thighs; he made a wild grab for the whisky bottle, missed it, and went down on his back.

SAM boiled out of his chair, skirted the table in one long stride, and then fell heavily, his legs doubled under him, across Tench's chest. His solid weight drove the breath from Tench in a sighing gust that could be heard all through the room. Kneeling on him, Sam fumbled for the gun in Tench's holster. Drawing it, he threw it carelessly over his shoulder, and then a hard anger rose up in him. He knew that Tench would do this again and again, until he had proved to himself and to the world that he was not afraid of Sam Holley. Or until he's dead, Sam thought.

Climbing off Tench, whose legs immediately folded up against his chest, Sam reached down; he balled up Tench's shirt collar in his big fist, grabbed the waistband of his overalls and heaved him to his feet.

It was a long run to the bat-wing doors, and Sam, in spite of Tench's weight, managed to acquire a respectable speed before he heaved Tench through them. Tench was off balance and drunk, but he was pedaling frantically as his head slammed into the saloon doors; he parted them with a violence that sent them back on their rockers with the noise of a gunshot. There was a splintering crash of wood which meant that Tench had crashed through the tie rail.

Sam was headed toward the bar before the noise had subsided. Behind him, he heard the milling of men headed for the street. "Barney," he called, "I'll take that drink now."

He downed his drink quickly, feeling an odd sense of relief. He supposed Tench was too drunk to be hurt, but he knew that when this got back to Heth it would only serve to fan the fires of his temper. To hell with him, Sam thought.

Turning away from the bar, he met the first of the returning patrons. "You came close to setting him right on his horse, Sam," the man told him.

Shoving through the doors, Sam cut across the plank walk behind the crowd and stepped into the street. He glanced at Tench, who was lying face down in the dust, under the belly of his motionless horse; then he looked up and saw the light still in Ganley's office. He crossed the street, and as he slowly mounted the steps, he phrased what he was going to say to Ganley. The door was open; he knocked once on the frame and stepped inside.

The room was empty. He called, "Hello," and there was no answer. For a moment, he stood undecided, and then he thought: No, by damn. I've worked up to it and I'll do it.

It was late, but he was stubborn; he sat down in Ganley's swivel chair, put his hat on the table, cocked his feet up, and began the long wait.

It must have been an hour before he heard footsteps on the stairs. Then Ganley stepped into the room.

WHEN he saw Sam, a look of alarm crossed Ganley's face. Looking past Sam, he saw the fallen transit and tripod in the corner. Walking over to the transit, he picked it up and examined it carefully; then he came over to Sam and held out the transit. "Did you do that?" he asked.

"Not guilty," Sam drawled.

"It's broken."

A faint humor touched Sam's eyes, and he said dryly, "You never use it anyway."

He saw the angry flush mount in Ganley's face. "I'll *be* using it," Ganley said grimly. "That's why it bothers me."

Sam took his feet off the table and watched Ganley, who was still angry, put the transit down gently.

"What are you doing here?" Ganley said.

There was no sense in trading formalities, Sam thought, so he plunged. "Ganley, Virginia may have told you that she's not going to marry me."

Ganley nodded, and there was open malice in his eyes as he said, "Smart girl. I congratulated her tonight."

"I figured you would, since you advised it." Sam paused. "The next move is up to you, isn't it?"

Ganley frowned and looked at him carefully. "What does that mean?"

"I mean that if you can talk a girl like Virginia into breaking off with the man she was going to marry, you must have some plans for her."

"What do you mean by plans?" Ganley asked coldly.

"Marriage." Now that the word was out, Sam looked steadily at Ganley. He saw the resentment and the anger in Ganley's face.

"That," Ganley said shortly, "would be entirely my business and not a damn' bit of yours, wouldn't it?"

"No."

A faint puzzlement came into Ganley's voice as he asked, "How do you figure that?"

"Because Virginia is still my friend, my best one," Sam said. "Bad things don't happen to my friends, if I can help it."

"This is a bad thing?" Ganley asked sardonically.

"About the worst thing that could happen to her," Sam said, and added, "I'm talking about you and your influence over her."

"That's a matter of opinion," Ganley said. "And it should be her opinion, not yours."

"Mine, too," Sam replied doggedly.

For a long moment they stared at each other, and neither bothered to hide the dislike in his eyes. Then Ganley shifted in his chair and said, "What do you want me to tell you, Holley? That I think Virginia is a fine girl, that I would like to marry her, that I will treat her with kindness and respect?"

"That's exactly what I want to hear," Sam said.

"Then you can go to hell," Ganley said flatly. "My relations with Virginia are none of your business. I've never kicked a woman in the face yet, but if I wanted to, you wouldn't stop me. As for Virginia, she's through with you. She's told you so. You bother her and you'll be in trouble with me and half the men in this county."

"I would expect to be," Sam said. "But let's get back to what I came here for." He pointed a thick forefinger at Ganley. "You, my friend, better mind your manners, keep your hair combed, and go to church, as far as Virginia is concerned. If you don't, you're in trouble with me. I'll leave the rest of the men in the county out of it, because I'll be enough."

Surprisingly, a faint grin lifted one corner of Ganley's wide mouth. "We seem to be threatening each other with the same thing."

Sam stood up. "That is no threat, Ganley. That is a statement of fact." And he walked out. . . .

None of the Revenue's patrons was much interested in Tench or what had happened to him. Not a man of them bothered to step down into the street and examine him. Standing in the crowd, Otey and Meacham dispassionately looked at the Chainlink foreman, waiting for something to happen. Nothing did. After a while, the crowd filed back into the Revenue, leaving Otey and Meacham alone, teetering on the edge of the plank walk.

A half bottle of good whisky and some money in his pocket had given Otey an extraordinary feeling of well-being. He asked mildly of Meacham, "Remember him?" and nodded at Tench lying in the dust.

Meacham said he did, in a voice slurred with whisky.

"He's a hard-luck fella," Otey observed. An unpredictable shift in his balance caused Otey to step into the road. Once there, he walked unsteadily over to Tench, put a hand on the cantle of the saddle of Tench's horse and cautiously looked at the man lying at his feet. Without speaking or giving any warning at all, Otey lifted his foot and kicked Tench in the head. He waited, his hand still on the cantle, to see what would happen.

MEACHAM, his mouth open to protest, looked up and down the street. There was nobody in sight, and he stepped into the road and halted unsteadily beside Otey.

"Wudja do that for?" he asked mildly.

Otey swiveled his head. "You don't remember him?"

"Sure, I remember him."

"You don't remember what he said about you?"

Meacham looked at him in bafflement. "About me?"

"He bet you had pigtails. Remember?"

Meacham considered this for a fuddled moment, and then looked down at Tench. Then he too kicked Tench in the head.

Meacham's kick brought a groan from Tench. With unbelievable slowness, he heaved himself to his knees. His head was hanging, and he shook it from side to side.

Roughly, Otey reached down, pulled him out from under his horse and hauled him to his feet. Tench's eyes were glazed and unseeing. All the night's whisky had caught up with him in this past moment's violence.

Otey stood him against the saddle and backed off in order to hit him. Meacham, however, stumbled between the two and put a hand on Otey's chest. "Not here," he said. "You take him. I'll take his horse."

"Where?"

"What's the matter with the first alley?"

Otey laughed suddenly with a kind of childlike delight. Meacham laughed, too, and they looked at each other with an awakening pleasure at the prospect of fun.

While Meacham untied the reins of Tench's horse, Otey ducked under Tench's arm. Some blind instinct in Tench made him grasp the stirrup for support.

This was the way the three of them marched down the empty street and reached the alley behind the bank, Meacham lurching ahead, the reins in his hand, Otey and Tench staggering alongside the docile pony. They were unseen and unheard as they stopped in the blackness of the alley.

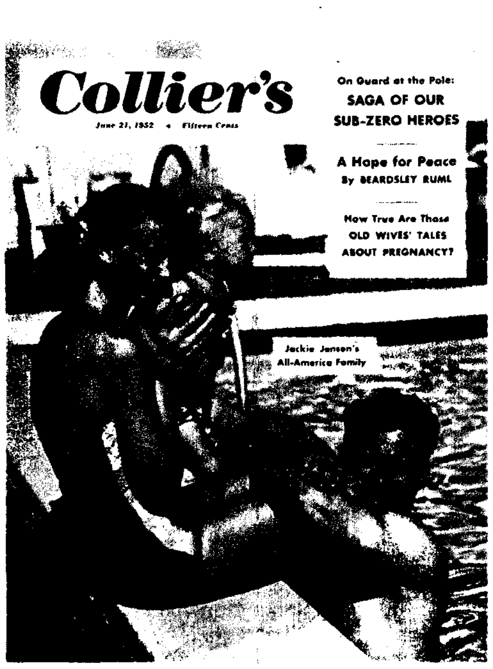
Once in their own private world of darkness, Otey and Meacham played their drunken game. It consisted of hoisting Tench to a sitting position on top of an ash barrel, then knocking him off it. It was Otey who first complained that he was hurting his hands, and he spent a drunken moment on his knees, searching for a brick along the edge of the alley. When he had it, Meacham had to find one too.

The game went on until they were both exhausted. It was played without any anger, without any thought, and without any recollection of why it had started.

When they were too exhausted to go on, they left the alley without a backward glance. And by the time they had reached the deserted bank corner, they had forgotten Tench and were trying to remember where they had tied their horses.

(To be continued next week)

Next Week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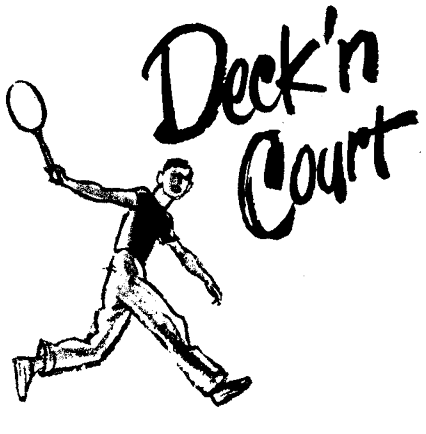

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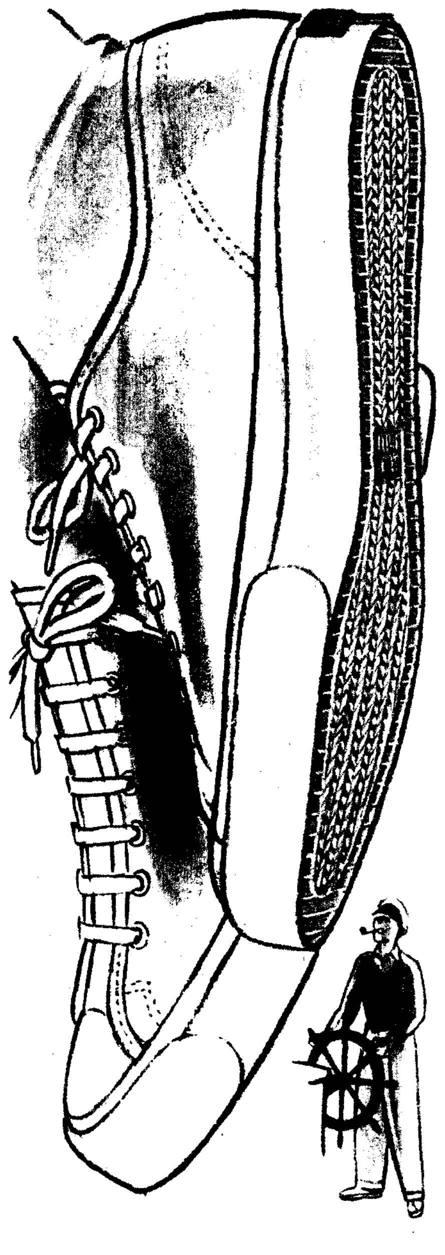

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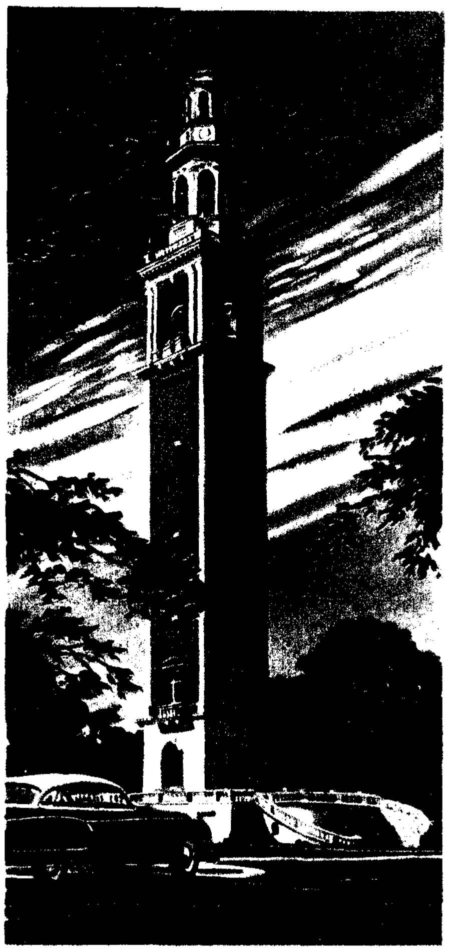

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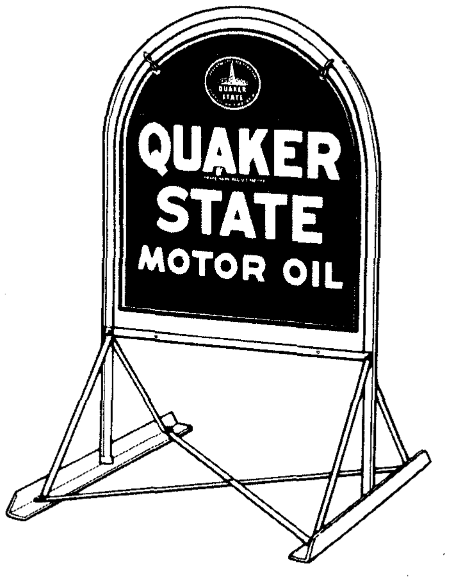

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Sad and Successful

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

in his career, he had no way of getting out of his opening remarks. He kept rolling, beginning to perspire, seeing the ringsiders shifting uncomfortably while he groped everywhere for a punch line. But it never came.

"Toledo, Ohio!" he concluded, wretchedly. "Majestic she stands! The thirty-sixth largest city in the United States."

Thomas, who is considered a very good contributing writer by his writers, has picked up most of his routines from life. In Detroit, for example, he saw a woman arguing with a butcher over a cut of smoked salmon, or lox. This observation resulted in a routine in which Thomas plays a housewife in search of just the cut of that fish she wants. The butcher starts at one end and cuts a couple of slices. "Keep cutting!" Thomas commands. The butcher cuts on and again Thomas says: "Keep cutting." When the butcher is three quarters of the way through the fish and is demanding how many people Thomas intends to feed, Thomas sighs with satisfaction. "There," he says, "that's the slice I was after."

Losing With a Royal Flush

Thomas' few gambling ventures in Las Vegas have produced other routines. "I sat in one poker game there," he says, dazedly. "But a royal flush wasn't good enough. I caught one and lost to a hand called Timbuktu. This was a pair of deuces, a seven, eight, nine of clubs . . . and a six-shooter about three feet long. Then I caught a Timbuktu myself. Lost to a pair of fours. Same size gun."

The bosses who, in Thomas' imagination, have tromped upon him, denying him a quarter for spending money while they counted a take of millions, have been attacked repeatedly in a routine called "The Ode to the Wailing Syrian." This is a classic beef, guaranteed to get audiences aroused. From it, Thomas may launch into indiscriminate complaint. "What's good about air mail?" he may shout. "As soon as you send a letter asking for money, you get back an answer, 'No!' Or the new medicine they give you? Last month my doctor shot me full of something that sounded like sulfaparapenicillinamide. They haven't even got a *disease* for that one yet!"

In night clubs this running protest occasionally starts a reaction seen only in Thomas audiences. People begin a general discussion of the points he has raised. Once, the discussion became so heated Thomas had to go out among the tables and join in it himself. The fact that the discussions take place at all, of course, is the strongest evidence that Thomas has somehow released, or become the spokesman for, the frustrations locked up in many a bosom in the house. It is this gift of his that probably accounts for that phenomenon, the Thomas fan.

Thomas fans, now numbering in the high thousands, talk about him constantly, load him with gifts, call him from distant cities when they are lonesome, beat up the fans of other comedians and follow him around the country, hiring special cars on trains. When he is in their towns, they go to see him five-six nights a week.

What they see is a rather forlorn sort of creature, aged thirty-eight, five feet 11 inches tall, weighing 176 pounds, with black hair and a brooding, Biblical face, dominated by one of the largest noses in show business—a face capable of registering anything, from the zeal of a prophet to the cunning of a tout to the settled despair of a springer spaniel.

This sight inspires behavior that can be explained only by a Thomas fan. Recently, one of them, a Chicago manufacturer whom we shall call Emil Karpus because he craves anonymity, was questioned on the subject. Mr. Karpus, a busy man, an employer, has followed Danny Thomas approximately 137,000 miles in 10 years, visiting 43 U.S. cities and London, England, just to watch him work. "Why do you do this?" Mr. Karpus was asked.

"I like him. He's sincere."

"Any other reason?"

"He's a very unhappy man—laughing on the outside only."

"Inside, he's crying?"

"I'm positive."

"But is there any one thing that sets him apart?"

"Haven't you ever seen his night-club work?" asked Mr. Karpus, in amazement. "Look," he said at last, "let me give you a sample . . ."

Immediately, Mr. Karpus launched into Thomas' celebrated routine about the jack. Thomas' car has a flat tire. It is midnight on a deserted highway and Thomas, who has no jack, has to walk three miles to a garage in a pouring rain. As he walks, half drowned and limping from a nail in his shoe, his misery overflows and he thinks of the garageman, sitting in comfort down the road. Unreasonably, Thomas begins to hate the garageman. Unreasonably, Mr. Karpus begins to hate him also.

"Think of it," Mr. Karpus said, growing red in the face. "That lousy mechanic! A secret drinker, possibly! At that very minute probably chasing women around among the cars and hollering 'Let 'em eat cake!' at the peasant, Thomas, who is staggering around in the dark and the rain, catching flu."

Mr. Karpus thought this over a second and then he jumped up, brandishing his fist aloft. "There he lolls!" he cried. "The garageman! The oppressor! Stuffed to the gills! Owning everything while Thomas, who might as well be you and me, has nothing, not even scraps—nothing at all!"

Mr. Karpus was livid. "In the end, Danny beats the stuffing out of this garageman, like he richly deserves!" he said.

What Makes Fans Go for Him?

Mr. Karpus is no run-of-the-mill Thomas fan, of course, but he has points of likeness with all the others. No one has explained what it is Thomas does to them, but Thomas has a theory.

"I am a complaining preacher," he says. "If I had been born in Lebanon, the country of my people, it is likely I would be today out in the desert hills with my feet wrapped in burlap, wearing goatskins, writing protest messages on the rocks."

It is true that Thomas preaches to audiences, ordering them to break down the fences they have built around themselves, and so on. But he has another attraction he feels endears him to far more people, and that is his appearance. Thomas is not a handsome man. When he was picked for the lead in I'll See You in My Dreams, for instance, it was strictly off-beat casting: everybody said people would never believe a man with a face like Thomas' could win a girl with a face like Doris Day's. Nevertheless, Thomas triumphed over this obstacle; in fact, he demonstrated so successfully that he could, indeed, win a girl with a face like Miss Day's that they will be co-starred again in Warner Brothers' remake of the famous Al Jolson picture, The Jazz Singer, with Thomas playing the role originated by Jolson.

Thomas' conquest of his own face, he feels, should be an inspiration to others. "If I can force people to see past my outside to what's inside," he says, "anybody can do it. That's why I've got fans. I'm a form of reassurance. Nobody can get enough reassurance."

It was years, certainly, before Thomas, a Syrian Catholic whose real name is Amos Jacobs, got any reassurance. Thomas' first recollections are of a precarious and angry world in which his mother and father and eight brothers and one sister were always

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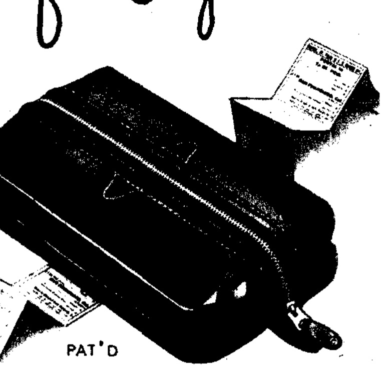

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ying to stay off relief. Thomas' father was a laborer in Deerfield, Michigan, where Thomas was brought into the world during raging blizzard by a veterinarian, the town octor having been marooned out in the ountry. Some months later, the family moved to an alley called Cherry Street in Toledo.

Thomas remembers that Cherry Street warmed with ferocious kids, all fighting, ll yelling and stealing from the grocery tores and running from the police.

Timing Learned at Burlesque

When Thomas was thirteen and beginning to enjoy what he calls "the golden boyhood days"—gang fights in the city oalyard and the garbage disposal plant, raternity in the newsboys' association, everal more times on relief—his latent heatrical urge manifested itself. In sunhine or snow, Thomas and his brothers anged in front of various Toledo restaurants, playing the kazoo and the bones, parodying popular songs and running hrough burlesque routines for nickels and dimes. Thomas' first theater experience came when he was fourteen. He got a job as a candy butcher in Toledo's Empire Buresque, where, watching some of the greatest comedians who ever lived, he learned the trick of timing.

The glare of the footlights turned Thomas from the lamp of learning and he was separated from Woodward High School at sixteen for doing floor shows in class. Twenty-one years later, Thomas got an honorary diploma from Woodward at a special graduation exercise attended by the entire student body. He was called the class of 1949½ and advised to be upright through life.

Once free of school, Thomas made several fruitless attempts to go on the stage. Instead, he became, successively, a winder in an armature factory, a punch-press operator in an automobile plant and night watchman in a city lumberyard. He also became the only Syrian center on the Jewish Educational League basketball team. At seventeen, he picked up the habit of chewing Mailpouch tobacco, a luxury to which he is still so devoted that he carries a small cuspidor around with him, concealed in a hatbox.

A couple of years ago he was in England, playing a near-record four weeks at the London Palladium; finding his chewing tobacco running low, he telephoned his secretary in Beverly Hills for a new supply. The call cost $36, the postage $3.85, the duty $15 and the tobacco itself 90 cents.

Despite the most persistent theatrical job hunting, all Thomas could land was an unpaid spot as master of ceremonies on The Happy Hour Club, a radio amateur hour in Detroit. Week after week, he hitchhiked from Toledo to Detroit and back, 60 miles each way, to appear—an effort that led finally to a $35-a-week job as master of ceremonies at Bert's Beer Garden, a Detroit saloon. All that steady money turned Thomas' head and he asked Rose Marie Mantell, a seventeen-year-old singer he had met on the amateur hour, to marry him. When she accepted, they discovered that $35 wasn't enough for two and Thomas was forced to work at odd jobs 10 hours every day, in addition to the emcee job, to keep going.

One wintry night in 1940, Thomas, who was then billed as "Amos Jacobs, Singer, Comedian and Kazoo Artist—Special Rates for Parties & Banquets," lost his night-club job and was informed by his agent that he wasn't good enough to get anywhere in show business. These twin blows took the resistance out of him and he left the club and began walking home in freezing darkness through one of Detroit's tenement sections. It was the worst walk he had ever taken. Midway through it, he turned into a deserted Catholic church to do a little thinking before he went home to face his wife. As he sank into a rear pew, he began to pray, tentatively, to a saint he had had in mind for just such an occasion. This was Saint Jude Thaddeus, the patron of the hopeless and the forgotten.

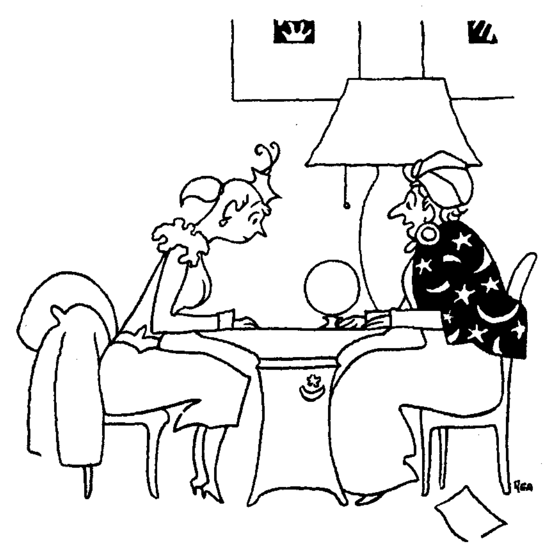
Then as now, Thomas had a habit of praying in brisk, show-business language, as though he were talking to some patriarch of his profession, like Jake Shubert. As he prayed this night, he laid it right on the line, telling the saint that he had been fired, that he had nothing in prospect and that it seemed he was through in show business, at the age of twenty-six. He told of his hopes to get into the big time, not stooping to false modesty but coming right out with the information that he was one of the world's finest virtually unknown comedians. Then he promised to build a shrine to Saint Jude if only he would help him decide what to do. On the way home, he felt better.

It was some days before Thomas had any indication that his prayer had got through. Then, for no logical reason, the name of a friend who was producing radio shows in Chicago popped into his head. At once, for no more logical reason, he set out for Chicago, telling his wife he would send for her if something turned up.

A New Name for Amos Jacobs

Something did. As soon as he arrived in Chicago, Thomas landed parts in four radio serials, and the William Morris Agency sent him out to the 5100 Club, a fast-failing establishment where a $50-a-week master of ceremonies job was open. Thomas took it, but when the manager asked him how he was to be billed, he grew suddenly reluctant to place his real name, Amos Jacobs, on the block in such a place. When the manager pressed him, he hastily put together the first names of two of his brothers, Danny and Thomas Jacobs, and announced that he was Danny Thomas. Since then, he has celebrated two birthdays annally—one of them for the lost Amos Jacobs who has remained a powerful and querulous voice of conscience, and is constantly cautioning Thomas against the pitfalls of fame.

When Thomas began work at the 5100 Club, the worth of an old physical principle —that two negatives make a positive—was spectacularly demonstrated. Almost as soon as he opened there, people began to trample one another to get in. Within two years, the management had to expand and redecorate twice, and Danny Thomas, who was then the father of two daughters, had become



"Oh, bless my soul! That's the third time I've seen that tall, handsome gentleman, today!"

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an object of the fiercest admiration in Chicago.

One night, out of a clear sky, the manager offered Thomas 25 per cent of the place if he would stay on permanently. Thomas, who was as insecure as most actors, but who also still dreamed of getting into the big time, had a terrible struggle saying no. He was still kicking himself a week later—when suddenly the break came: Abe Lastfogel, one of the most influential agents in show business, offered him his choice of night-club dates in New York.

Thomas was then, and is now, rooted in the Midwest like the Wabash. The thought of facing those Broadway dyspeptics frightened him. But if he was going to do it at all, he reasoned, he might as well do it big, so he asked Lastfogel to book him into what he thought was the toughest place in town—La Martinique.

Ovation at Martinique Debut

Thomas remembers the opening there because people began to tear the place apart as soon as he came on. Squinting out into that chaste hall, Thomas saw that the ringsiders were not applauding but were looking around at the rear tables in amazement at the tidal sound. Then, Thomas began to hear familiar cries—"Let 'em have it, Danny!" "Give 'em the Wailing Syrian!" "The jack, Danny, the jack!" Somewhere in the uproar, Thomas heard the word "Chicago" and the meaning of the upheaval became clear. Chicago, in the shape of a train carload of Thomas fans, had come to New York for the opening.

It was four and a half months, at a salary that climbed from $750 to $1,250 a week, before Thomas left the Martinique. Thomas, a humble man, essentially, could not believe in his success. That, perhaps, was why he was so surprised when Ed Sullivan, the Broadway columnist and a man who was not yet a Thomas fan, invited him to appear on a benefit show in Madison Square Garden in 1943.

This was a tremendous affair. Nearly everybody in show business was there and 22,000 people jammed the house.

Thomas arrived about 9:30 P.M. and pushed his way up to Sullivan, who was acting as master of ceremonies. "I'm here," he said, pulling Sullivan's sleeve. "I'd like to go on right away, if possible, because I have to be back at work by eleven."

"What's your name?" asked Sullivan, looking at a long list.

"Danny Thomas. You know—the Martinique?"

"Ah," Sullivan said.

Three hours later, when everybody had been on and the audience was exhausted and ready to go home, Thomas approached Sullivan again. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I'm still available in case . . ."

"Son!" Sullivan hollered, jumping up. "I was just thinking about you. Hey, Bert!" he called to Bert Lytell, who had taken over the emcee job. "Here's one we missed. Danny Thomas. Can you give him a little introduction?"

"Danny?" said Lytell, who was standing in the shadows some distance away. "Sure, I'd love to!"

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Lytell shouted, walking out on the stage. "You have had the appetizer and the entree but you have not yet had the best part of the meal—the dessert. And who . . . what personality could possibly top what you have seen here tonight?"

The audience crouched, not breathing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Lytell thundered, "the one and only, the incomparable . . . Danny Kaye!"

"Standing there in the wings," says Thomas, "I heard a terrible roar go up. I felt Mr. Sullivan's hand on my arm, shaking. He said I should go out there and show them. That started me shaking. Then I heard Lytell telling the people there had been a little mistake and a tremendous groan went up. Then I started down that block-long stage.

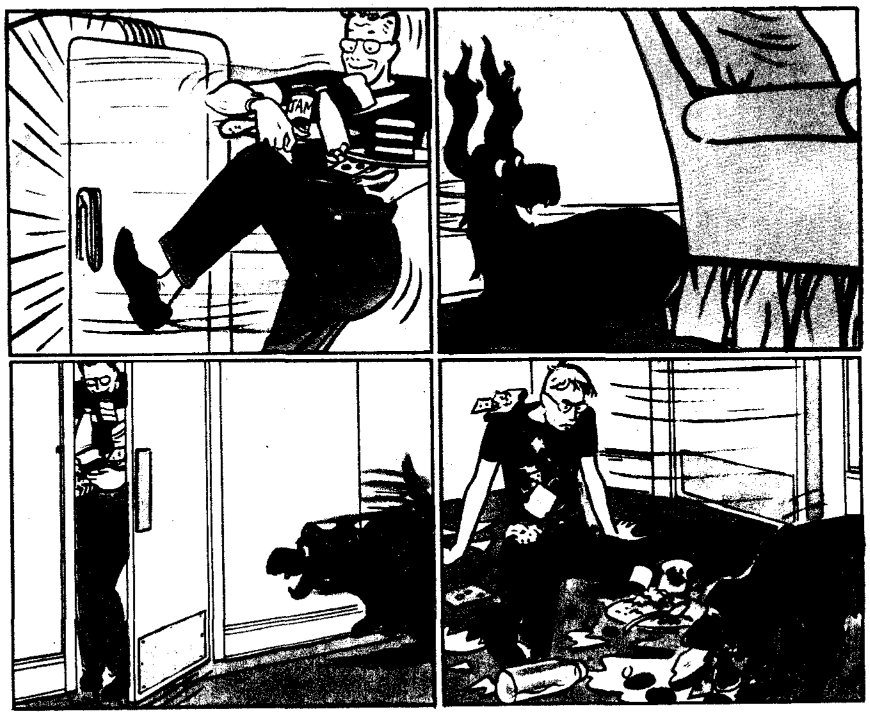
"By this time," says Thomas, "I was shaking so hard I looked down and saw my tuxedo pants flapping like a wash in a wind. I had meant to do an Italian dialect number but I couldn't, the way I was shaking, so I switched to a routine about a bus rider—a guy who beefs about his troubles while he is jouncing along. Violent shaking is a part of this number, so the people didn't realize my terror. In fact, they liked the act."

This is elaborate understatement. The audience kept Thomas on stage almost an hour, refusing to go home, urging him through half his repertoire and carrying on at the end worse than people in Chicago. The next day, Sullivan carried a fat item in his column, beginning, "A star is born . . ."

After the Garden show, the phone in Lastfogel's office began to ring incessantly. Night-club managers, radio producers, Hollywood—all suddenly wanted his client. But it was 1943 and the USO wanted Thomas, too. For the next 18 months Thomas taught the masters some of the refinements of beefing, in troop camps from Casablanca to Italy to the South Pacific.

After the war, the demand for Thomas

CLANCY



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catapulted him into the big time. He played almost every big night club from the Copa City in Miami, to Ciro's in Hollywood. In addition, he wore himself out with theater dates, national radio shows and three movies—The Unfinished Dance, The Big City and Call Me Mister—which he made for M-G-M and 20th Century-Fox. All this was the wonderful realization of a persistent dream. Life was suddenly wonderful—so wonderful Thomas found it hard to remember what it had been like to be Amos Jacobs, of Cherry Street. He even stopped chewing Mailpouch and took up a $2 English brand.

But to deny the past is, apparently, to limit the future. Every time Thomas got a chance to become a really big star, something went wrong. His option on two radio shows was not picked up. Two of the movies he made did absolutely nothing for him. His early guest appearances on television caused many of his fans to wonder what it was they had seen in him in night clubs. Some vital ingredient was missing—Thomas knew that. But what it was he could not discover, and this depressed him mightily and caused him to make excuses.

His movie trouble he blamed on the studio make-up men. They had packed his nose, changing its shape. He had told them: "If you're going to have a nose, *have* one!" He had argued that ordinary-sized noses were no good for breathing. "Look at mine," he had said, inhaling prodigiously. "Once a day! Like a camel!" But they had fiddled with it anyway and as a result Thomas felt he had gone into his pictures spiritually weakened, like Samson after the haircut.

But it wasn't the nose. The trouble went far deeper than that. Even his home performances weren't going over. When he asked his daughter, Theresa, who her favorite comedian was, she said Red Skelton. When he asked his son, Tony, a simple question like "Where did you get that face?" Tony, who could barely talk, would shrug and say: "Whadaya gonna do?" And then, there was Margaret's grade-school graduation party.

The Night Nothing Went Over

The high light of the evening was to be a floor show featuring actor Alan Reed, whose son was among the guests, and Thomas. On the great night, Thomas started out briskly by attempting to dance with Margaret. But every time he got under way, some giant, fourteen-year-old boy cut in and Thomas was forced to retire, muttering, "My little girl!" Then came the floor show. Reed went on first, got scattered laughs and came off showing a severe strain. Then Thomas, the $12,000-a-week man, strolled on, exuding magnetism. He opened with some of his latest and finest material. Silence. He veered hastily to his time-tested routines. Silence. He outdid himself singing. The children remained very quiet, very respectful.

"Amos," Rose Marie said when Thomas came off, looking glazed and shaken, "you didn't seem your old self tonight."

The next morning, after a night of rolling and tossing, Thomas crept into a shower, which he feels is a healing cubicle where he can luxuriate in warm water, shutting out the hard-eyed demands of the world. This morning, he turned the water on hotter than usual and began to worry over his stalled career. Who was lying down on the job? Thomas? Lastfogel? Fate?

Suddenly, Thomas remembered that Rose Marie, who almost always calls him "Jake," had called him "Amos" the night before. This set him thinking, he says, of the lost Amos Jacobs, and in one stroke he saw what the trouble was. Day by day, as he had become more successful, he had dropped Amos, the little man, out of his personality, and his family, the kids at the party and the customers outside had spotted the cavity. They had seen that, without Amos, he was only half there.

"Amos," Thomas remembers calling, anxiously, over the noise of the shower, "can you hear me?"

But Amos, the long-stilled voice of his conscience, did not respond.

"Listen, you Amos Jacobs," Thomas exploded, suddenly. "What are you doing in my house?"

"I married your wife," the voice of Amos cut in, abruptly. "I mentioned saving money."

"Money!" Thomas shouted. "What's money? I might as well be a factory, the checks I write. One hundred and thirty-seven checks a month! Not counting taxes, I make $500,000 a year and I had to borrow to buy this house . . ."

Promise to St. Jude Recalled

But Amos was apparently not interested in any of this. Instead, he hit hard and cruelly. He reminded Thomas that he hadn't done anything about the promise, made to Saint Jude long ago, to build a shrine.

This blow stung so badly that Thomas hopped out of the shower without another word and began pacing his bedroom. He couldn't eat lunch. That afternoon, he got in touch with Abe Lastfogel and asked if he would help set up a fund for a Saint Jude shrine. "I think it ought to be a hospital," Thomas concluded, somewhat fearfully. But if he expected Lastfogel to be astonished, he was disappointed. "All right, Danny, if that's what you want," Lastfogel said.

"That's what I want," Thomas replied.

Since that memorable shower a year and a half ago, Thomas has had no more troubles with his career, nor, except for one minor brush, has he had any trouble with Amos. The reason may be that he took Amos back to live with him and began at once organizing a Saint Jude hospital fund—a nonprofit foundation with Samuel Cardinal Stritch, of Chicago, as chairman of the board of directors and Lastfogel as fund president.

A few weeks ago, fund directors announced that a $1,500,000 Saint Jude hospital will be built in or near Nashville when the money has been raised. Nashville was selected at the cardinal's suggestion, because it is in the South, which needs hospitals, and because the fine Vanderbilt Medical School is in that city. The hospital's only entrance requirement, according to Thomas, will be to be a human being and be sick.

Thomas, the secretary-treasurer of the fund, has done over 40 benefits for the hospital so far and has raised about $100,000. All proceeds from the Chicago *première* of I'll See You in My Dreams were turned over to the fund, for instance. As a personal donation, Thomas has contributed about $125,000 worth of his time. At the moment, he is organizing a national personal appearance tour in the hospital's behalf—a tour that should bring in more money than Thomas, who can deduct no more than 15 per cent from his income for charity, could have raised in five years.

But we were saying that Thomas has had only one brush with Amos since the shower. This exchange took place one recent night. Thomas had spent this evening pooh-poohing a company of admirers who had plied him with the most powerful compliments. Around midnight, however, he had begun to see something in what they said and had admitted that hard work, shrewd planning and clean living had caused his success. He did not mention Amos.

Walking out to the parking lot later on, Thomas got an abrupt jolt from the voice of his conscience.

"Big boy," said Amos, coldly, "I sure do hate to see you walking around with that dollar cigar in your face. It looks too much like a symbol of what you are today."

Thomas remembers stopping short, and sighing. He dug hastily in a side pocket.

"Don't worry," he said, holding up a worn package of Mailpouch where Amos could see it. "Today is in my face, yes. But I got yesterday in my pocket." THE END

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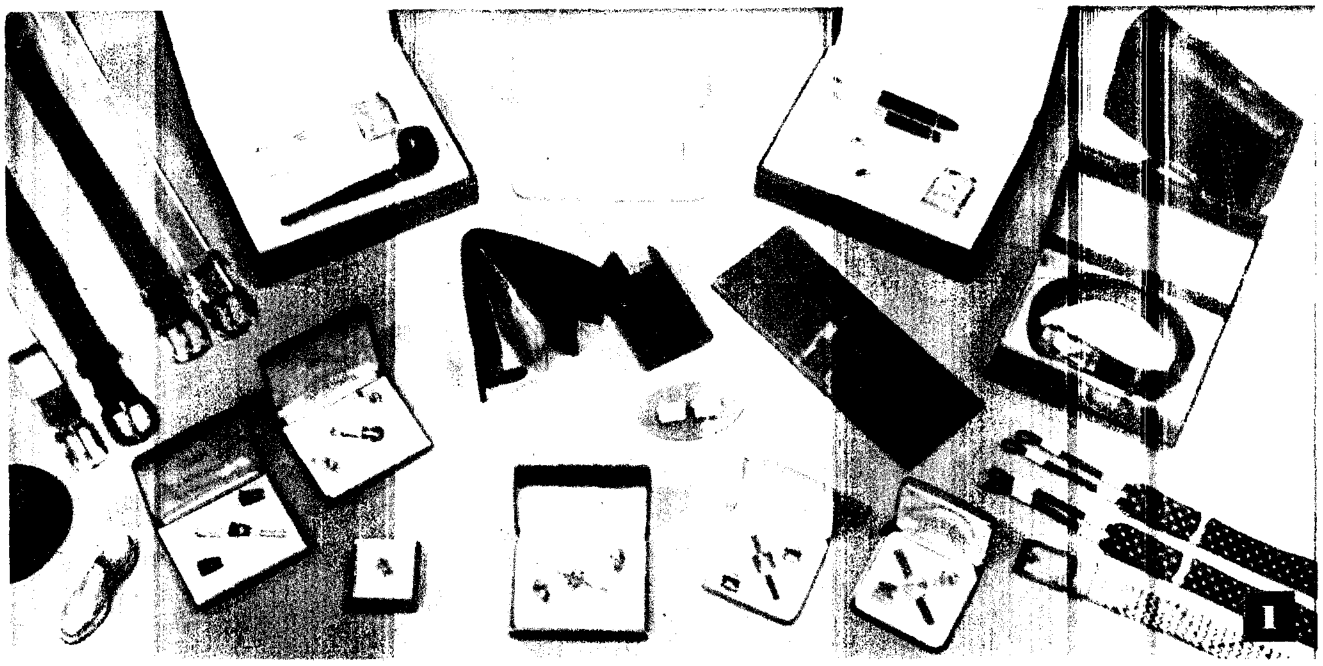
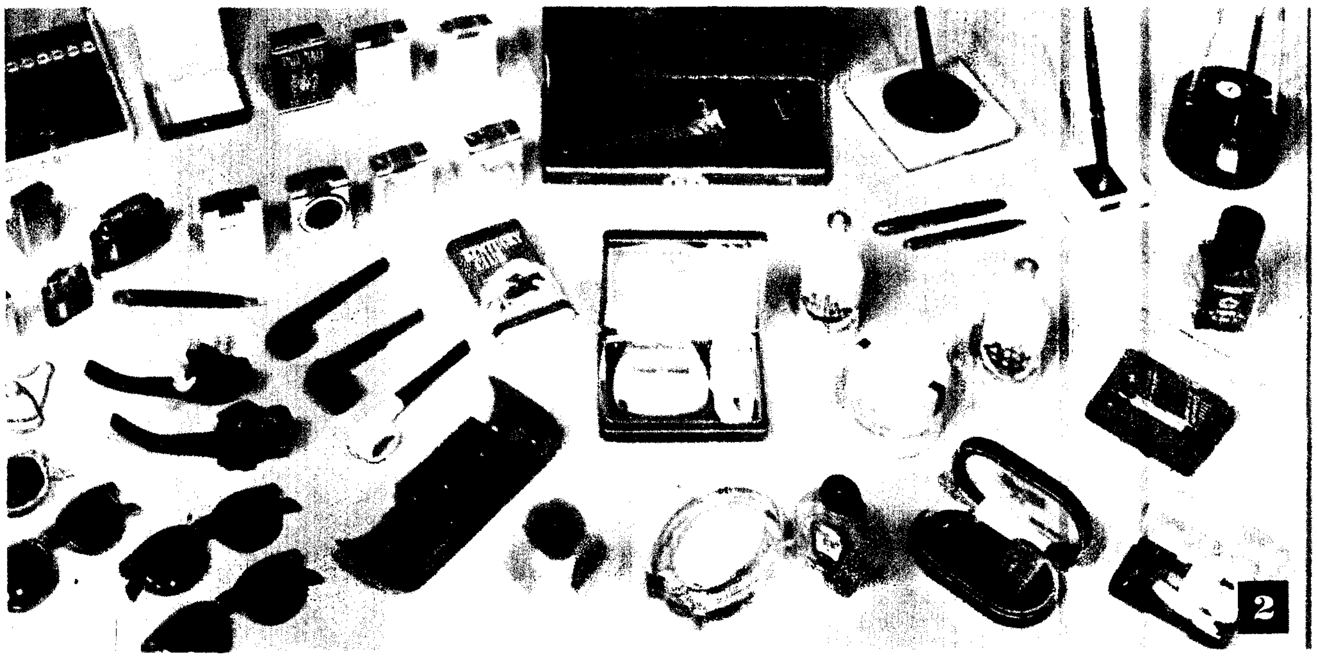
FOR THE PRESENT

By BERT BACHARACH

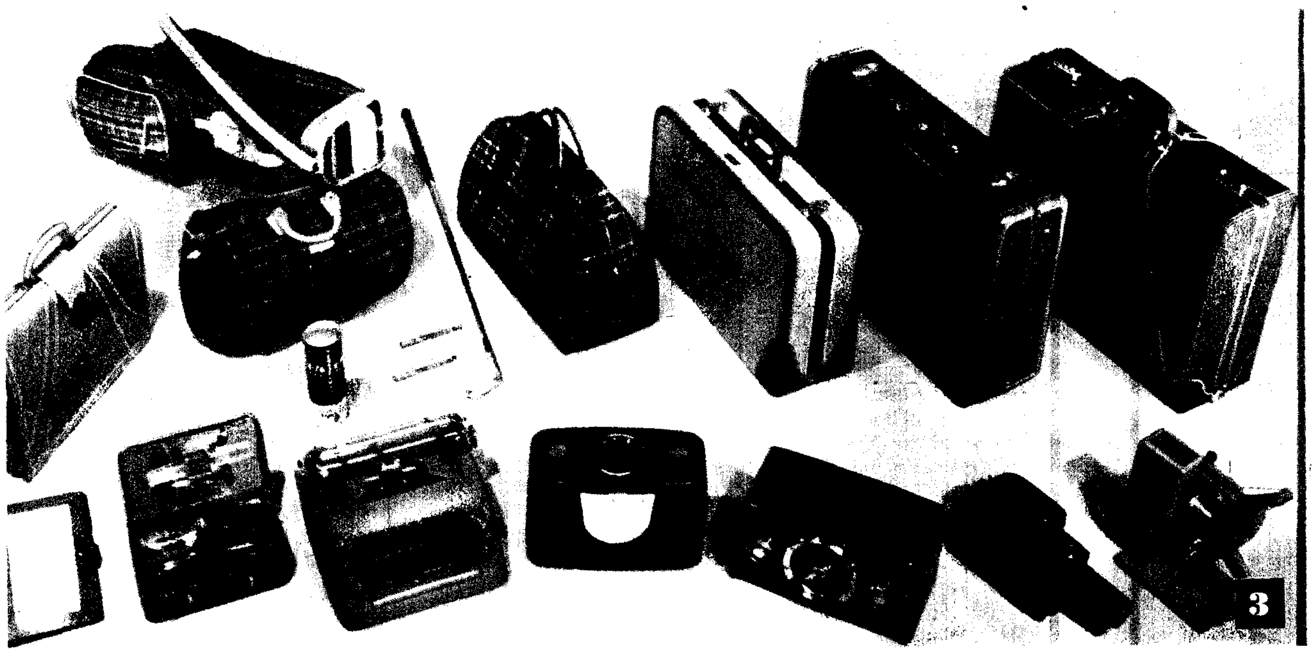
WITH Father's Day due June 15th, it's time to scoot into a store and select an appropriate present for the senior male member of the family. The pictures on this page contain a variety of gift suggestions designed to help you make the right choice for Dad. In shopping for Father—or, for that matter, any man—there are two important factors to consider. When buying wearing apparel, make sure you know the correct size. Half the joy in receiving a gift is lost if it must be exchanged because it does not fit. And whether you are buying clothes or any other type of article, adapt your purchase to Dad's needs and tastes. *Don't,* for example, buy gaily colored clothes for a man who is determinedly a sober dresser, nor golf tees for a nongolfer. *Do* try to pick out something he has been intending to buy for himself, but for which he just has "not had the time to shop." ▲▲▲



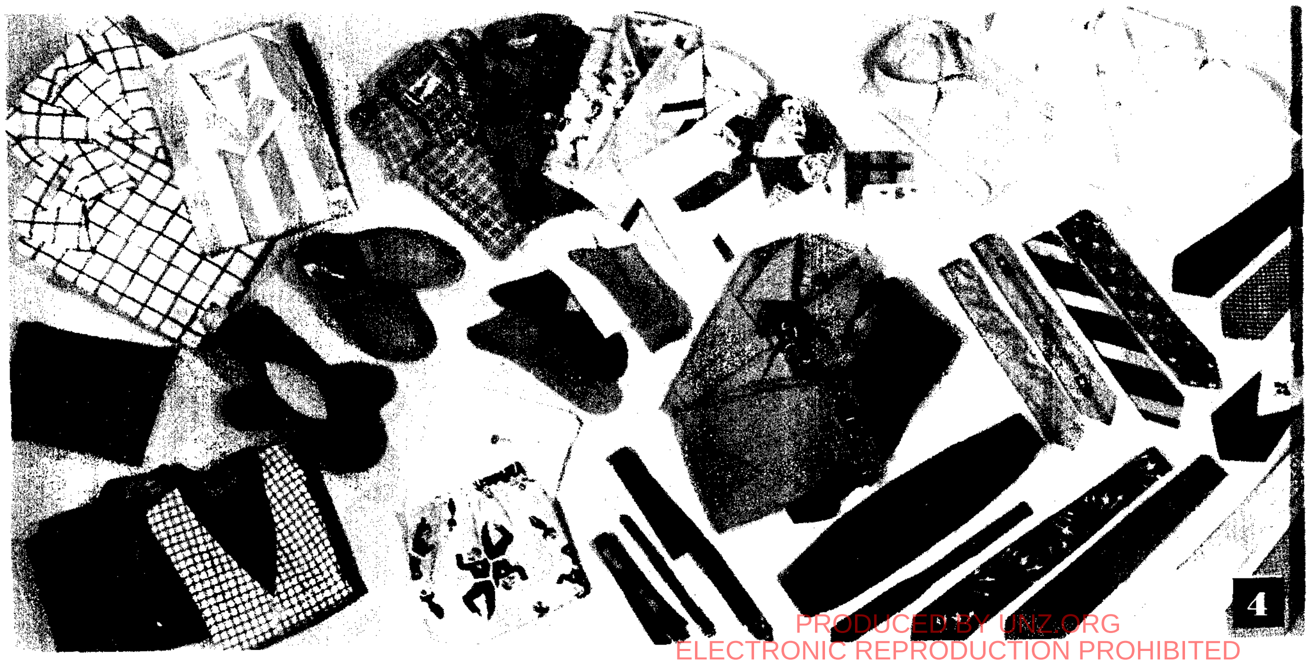
1. Top row: Two belts by Swank; next two by Hickok; Hickok combinations—jewelry, pipe and lighter set; lighter and jewelry set; pen-and-pencil, lighter and jewelry set; "Two-Suiter" reversible belt in simulated suitcase by Paris. Bottom row: Miniature hat for gift certificate, by Lee; miniature shoe for gift certificate by Florsheim; initialed jewelry set and "musical instrument" set, both by Swank; Swank "insect" tie pin-on; tie-bar and cuff-link set by Pioneer; heraldic and initial sets by Shields; braided belt and braces by Pioneer. Center group: Matching wallet and key case by Prince Gardner; wallet by Rolfs; and calendar cuff links, with significant date set in stone, by Marchal



2. Top section: Cigars; Mark Cross cigarette case; cigarettes; Ascot letter-opener lighter; desk pen by Esterbrook; Parker "51" pen-and-pencil set; desk pen by Schaeffer; Desk Valet by Hanenson. Middle section: Lighter and chain by ASR; Flaminaire lighter (top); pocket, desk and pen lighters by Ronson; carved pipes by Marxman; three pipes by Kaywoodie; pipe tobacco; Remington electric shaver; Old Spice toiletries; Gillette razor; Bachelor Club cologne. Bottom section: Sun-glasses by Pur-O-Ray; pocket shave set by Star Case; Ever-ready shaving brush; horseshoe toiletries by Gourielli; razors by Star and Gem



3. Top row: Brief case of Neolite by Lifton; matching golf bag and kit bag of Travis nylon by Hughes Consolidated; Pennsylvania tennis balls; U.S. Tru-Blue golf balls; MacGregor golf club; carryall kit bag by Atlantic Products; luggage by Amelia Earhart, Samsonite and Belber. Bottom row: Road map case by Star Case; fitted toilet kit by Stanley & Stanley; Smith-Corona portable typewriter; Zenith portable radio; Crosley desk-model radio; Kodaslide and Kodascope projectors



4. Top row: Matching robe and sport shirt of Lanella by Peerless; lightweight pajamas by Weldon; sport shirts by Brentwood, Sutton, Cooper, Truval and BVD; dress shirts by Manhattan, Arrow, Jayson and Van Heusen. Center row: Fold-up raincoat by Rainfair; slipper socks by Esquire; terry mules by Mr. Oomphies; socks by Phoenix, Westminster, Esquire and Jerks; denim shirt and shorts, bathing trunks, by MacGregor; handkerchiefs (above), fancy by Arrow, squared-off initial by Appleton; ties—in order, two by Damon, two by Manhattan, two by Mr. John and one by Manhattan. Bottom row: Sweater and sweater vest by Revere; underwear by Cooper; matching bow tie, watchband and belt by Hurlburt; matching cummerbund and bow tie by Currick & Leiken; two ties by Bergheim; and a pair of ties by Arrow

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY NICK LAZARNICK

Reflex Curve

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

he went soapily to answer it. "It will be a strange and beautiful young lady," he said to the ringing telephone. "She will have a sultry voice, and I will ask her to marry me."

It was indeed a sultry voice that asked if this were Sam Lewis, the pitcher.

"Yes," Sam said into the telephone. "Do I know you? Are you strange and beautiful? Will you marry me?"

"No, three times," the voice said. "My name is Edna Langdon and I work for the Chronicle. I wondered if I could come up."

"Ah," Sam said. "The press. You can, indeed. May I order something from room service? A Coke?"

"That would be nice," the sultry voice said, "but don't plan on too much of an orgy. All I want is an interview."

"Come upstairs," Sam said. "I will give you an exclusive interview, after which I may jump out the window and end it all. You can write *30* to the story of Sam Lewis, pitcher."

"We don't use *30* in the newspaper business any more," the voice named Edna Langdon said. "We use those funny little things on the typewriter I don't know the name of. I'll be right up."

SAM LEWIS hung up the telephone for a moment, then picked it up again and got room service and ordered two Cokes. They arrived simultaneously with Edna Langdon of the Chronicle.

"That is a nice pair of legs you have there," Sam Lewis said, conversationally.

The bellhop from room service said, "I beg your pardon?"

"The lady," Sam said. He signed the check.

"Oh," the bellhop said, and looked carefully at the lady. "She does, at that." He nodded and departed.

The girl in the doorway looked at Sam. "Would you like to call the manager for his appraisal?" she said. "Or the little man on the elevator?"

"No," Sam said. "No, I don't think so. Are you married?"

"Why, no," Edna Langdon said. "But any time you say. Meanwhile, I am twenty-seven years of age, born in Dayton, Ohio, five feet five, weight one eighteen, hair auburn all the time, hips thirty-four, waist twenty-four. Does that do it?"

"Not completely," Sam Lewis said. "Didn't you leave something out?"

Edna Langdon blinked at him. "What, for instance?"

"Collar size," Sam said. "Sit down, Edna. May I call you Edna? You have a baseball writer named George Johnson—may his children be born wearing sneakers—and I always call him George."

"He has a name for you, too," the girl said. She sat down on the side of the bed and crossed her legs in a silken sweep that left Sam baffled and aware. "George filled me in on you. He said you would make good copy for the Sunday supplement, if you are *still* with the team Sunday. He said you are tall and dark and handsome and ought to be optioned to Fort Worth, whatever that means."

"Good old George," Sam said. He sat himself in an armchair that afforded a commanding view of his beauteous inquisitor and doodled a dagger on the copy of the Chronicle in his lap. "Do you know anything about baseball?"

"Only what I read in the papers," the girl replied. "As far as I can find out, baseball is the one occupation in which nothing is called by its right name. A pitcher isn't a pitcher. He is a slab artist who toils on the hill. Why is that?"

"I used to know," Sam said. "All I know for sure now is that it's a lucky thing they've been knocking me out in the sixth inning. It would be awful to go through life known as Five-Inning Sam."

Edna began to take notes. In the expectation that she might recross her legs, or uncross them, or perhaps even smile gently at him, Sam dared not look away. She wore a pastel-blue summer frock, and her hair fell to her shoulders. Her eyes were dark brown and serious, and Sam wondered achingly if she were in love. He did not often wonder this of anyone.

Indeed, she *was* smiling at him. Sam felt like stout Cortes, silent upon a peak in Darien. "You," the young lady from the Chronicle said softly, "have a dimple."

"Oh, my," Sam said. "I've known you ten minutes and I'm falling in love with you. Isn't it strange? It doesn't even happen on television."

"It does on the half-hour shows," Edna said, but she was still smiling, and she let him look at her. "I'm sorry," she said, after a pause. "I wish I wasn't doing this story."

"It's all right," Sam said helpfully. "I'll make it as easy for you as possible."

"Well, then," Edna said, "You might as well know. The title for this magnificent story is going to be Six-Inning Sam—the Handsome Flop. So if you want to make it easy for me, you'd better make a pass at me or do something else I'll resent, so I won't like you. I'd feel better if I didn't like you."

"Anything to oblige." Six-Inning Sam declared slowly. He stood up and went over to the bed. He held her face with his hands and bent his head and kissed her, first on the eyes, then on the tip of her nose, and then on her mouth. He found her lips languorous and warm and not unwilling, and it was a sensation such as he had not known before.

At length, her arms went up about his neck and, balance lost, they tumbled on the bed. Edna drew away and sat up, her hand at her hair, looking down at him. "You," she said.

"You had better call me Sam," Sam said. He lay there and looked up at her. "Or Six-Inning, or something. I'm sorry. I was only trying to help."

"Why aren't you a better pitcher?" the girl said to him, shaking her head slowly.

"I used to be. I won fourteen games last year. Seventeen the year before. Twenty-two in 'forty-nine."

"What happened?"

"They're hitting my curve ball," Sam said. "A curve ball, for your information, is a ball that curves. You're beautiful."

SHE made a face at him. "George the baseball writer told me every batter in the league expects you to throw the curve. Why don't you throw something else?"

"Like what?"

"What else is there to throw?"

"Fast ball, slow ball, slider, spitter."

"That sounds nice."

"What sounds nice?"

"Spitter." She said it gingerly.

"It was outlawed thirty years ago," Sam said. He sat up. "Anyway, I think this. So they're expecting my curve: so what? Sooner or later they'll figure I'm just so dumb and I'll change my big pitch to something else. So then I throw the curve and they're not expecting it. See?"

"No," Edna said. "All I know is you keep on losing. And it's always the sixth inning. George the baseball writer says you're a psycho."

"Donald the baseball writer, on the Tribune, said the same thing last Tuesday. In print."

"Well," the girl said, "how would you—Sam, don't make that dimple at me—how would you explain it?"

Sam dimpled. "Coincidence."

"Is that all? Nothing else?"

"Certainly. Suppose I took a fat lead into the sixth inning. Do you think I'd blow it?"

"I asked George the baseball writer," Edna said seriously, "what would happen if the Lions went into the sixth inning ahead of the other team by a score of forty to nothing. He said it was an unusual thing

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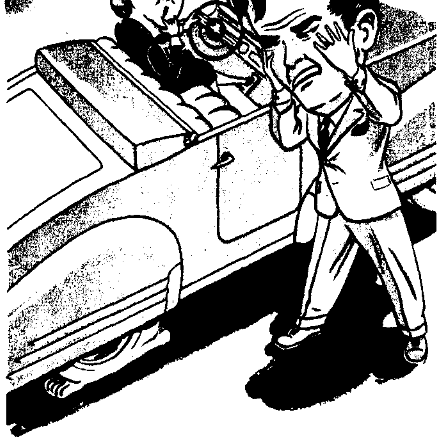

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for the Lions to score forty runs in an entire season, but he said if you were pitching, then they'd lose forty-one to forty."

"That's assuming Hawthorne could put the fire out," Sam said bitterly. "Hawthorne is my relief pitcher."

"Don't you like Hawthorne?"

"I don't know him well enough. All I ever do is give him the ball."

"Well," the girl said, gazing distractedly at her notes, "not knowing anything about baseball, I'd say maybe you ought to throw something besides the curve when you get yourself into a bad situation."

"Not if the curve's my best pitch."

"But they've been hitting it. George the baseball writer—"

"George the baseball writer hasn't hit it. The only thing George the baseball writer ever hit was his wife, who is an underweight midget. Honey, pitching is ninety per cent brains." Sam tapped his temple significantly. "You've got to outguess them."

Edna shook her head in wonderment. Then she stood up. "I don't know," she said. "I think maybe we'd better continue this interview some other time. I have to collect my thoughts. George the baseball writer told me I had no business in the newspaper game, and I'm beginning to think he was right."

"As much could be said for George the baseball writer," Sam said. He rolled off the bed and stood up. "We have a night game tonight. Have supper with me?"

"I suppose." She sighed. "Sam . . ."

"Ma'am?"

"I'm afraid you're crazy, like they said."

"And you're lovely."

"And you're handsome, and I'm going to have to write a nasty story about you, just like they said I would."

"In that case," Six-Inning Sam declared, "I'd better get you real mad."

"Yes," Edna said, moving into his arms, "so kiss me one more time."

OUTSIDE the ball park, early editions of next morning's papers already were on sale. Sam bought one without thinking about it, steeped as he was in the magic of the single lamb chop he had had for supper, and the memory of Edna in the candlelight. She had told him softly that he was, indeed, a bum; that his reputation was that of a domesticated animal; that perhaps he should get mad once in a while, and that would solve his problem.

Now Sam glanced casually at the sports headlines. What he saw made him stop where he was and read it all.

LEWIS LACKS GUTS, SAYS H'M'L'G, the headline read. Even in this moment, Sam was comforted to see that Himmerling still could not get his name spelled fully in the headlines. But it was slack comfort. The reason Sam was losing, said the story, was that he had no guts. Who said so? Himmerling, the manager. He would, Himmerling had told the press that afternoon, trade Sam off for a used bat boy at the earliest opportunity. A trade, indeed, was brewing with Midland City. Sam shuddered involuntarily and read on.

The tail end of the story was, as it could on frequent occasion be in the local press, the most interesting. *Himmerling's outburst, it said, was viewed in some quarters* (what quarters? Sam wondered) *as a masterpiece of psychology aimed at shaking the easygoing right-hander out of the mental doldrums. Himmerling is known to subscribe to the school of thought that says a manager is a manager off the field as well as on, and that the occult art of psychology is his to practice even as is the art of changing pitchers at the right moment.*

Himmerling's problem (the story went on) *is twofold: first, he must convince Lewis that the sixth inning is no different from any other inning; second, he must convince Lewis that his curve ball has become the biggest sucker pitch in the league; third, he must see to it that Lewis develops a substitute delivery.*

There is nothing, Sam said to himself, reading the last paragraph a second time, like a twofold problem with three folds. Sam folded the paper and went into the clubhouse.

Pregame banter was at a minimum. Himmerling avoided Sam. So did practically everyone else. Sam went out to the bull pen with a third-string catcher named Wasser and sat down to watch the game. Wasser had not broken into the line-up yet this season, and there seemed no reason to believe he would rupture this record.

"Wasser," Sam said, "are you speaking to me tonight?"

Wasser shifted his tobacco within his ample cheek and blinked at Sam. "Why not?"

"That does it," Sam said.

BURKE was pitching for the Lions against Boston this evening, and he could have been called Two-Inning Burke. Boston got him out of there in the second, and Hawthorne, the wrong-arm, went in. He went all right until the fifth, when Himmerling yanked him for a pinch hitter. The pinch hitter put a triple into the wrong field, and two runs scored, and it was a tie game at 4 and 4. Walsh, no kin to the great Spittin' Ed, went in to throw for the Lions in the Boston sixth, and Sam, suddenly alone with Wasser in the bull pen, got up to get heated. He had to heat fast. Walsh walked the first man, fed the second one a double, and then let Legs Kelly work him for a walk.

That made it none out and bases loaded, and Himmerling, in a motion born of despair, waved his right hand toward the bull pen. A roar, one part hope and three indignation, went up from the stands as Sam Lewis ambled toward the hill.

Himmerling met him there with the ball in his hand.

"Of all the people I was hoping not to see," he said.

"Good evening," Sam said. "I see it's the sixth inning."

"Yes," Himmerling said, "and we are about to lose another. Hawthorne can't come in to relieve you tonight, buddy boy. Hawthorne's already been in. So if they score twenty-five runs on you, you'll still be in. Did you read the papers?"

"Only the obituaries."

"Read 'em again tomorrow," Himmerling advised, and went darkly back to first base.

Sam took his warmup throws and went to work on the Boston pitcher. The pitcher was up there to bunt, and he was determined to die bunting. This he did. He squirted three foul and went unhappily back to the bench. That brought up Wells, the lead-off man. Sam got ahead of him, at one-and-two, and, with Wells looking for the waster, slipped the fast curve over the outside corner for strike three.

Two out, and the crowd was buzzing now, with him instead of against him. Facing Jolley, the Boston third baseman, Sam worked with the care he always used against a left-handed hitter. The count went full, to three-and-two. Birnbaum, the catcher, came out to say something, and Himmerling came over from first.

"Don't throw that curve ball," the manager said.

"He can't throw the fast ball," Birnbaum said. "This guy grew up on fast balls."

"I don't care what you throw," Himmerling said to Sam, "but, Dimple, don't you throw that curve. He's set for it."

Sam smiled placidly. "That's just it."

"Oh—oh," Himmerling said.

"Throw him a slow ball," Birnbaum advised.

"You crazy?" Sam said.

"Newhouser used to do it."

"I'm not Newhouser."

Hughes, the plate umpire, came out. "It's always fair weather," he observed, "when good fellows get together."

"I'm talking to my pitcher, prune face," Himmerling said. "You object?"

"Yes," Hughes said. "On two accounts. The talking and the prune face."

"Sam says he isn't Newhouser," Birnbaum said.

"I never said he was," the umpire said. "Play ball. One more prune face and you're all out of here."

"Ah," Himmerling said, and went back to first base. Sam waited for Birnbaum to get back behind the plate. After all this, he said to himself, there is one pitch this batter will not expect. And I am going to fog it by his nose.

He checked his runners, stretched quickly and threw. The ball darted in, hung for no more than an instant, snapped off as a perfect curve ball should and bent inward toward the left-handed hitter.

Jolley, the Boston batter, went for it. There was the sound of a pistol crack, followed by the sharper, ringing noise as the ball caromed high off the scoreboard in right field.

Six-Inning Sam stood there, watching the runners race around the bases. Midland City, he said quietly to himself, here I come.

MIDLAND CITY, there he went. Himmerling swung the trade within twenty-four hours. Sam talked to Edna once on the telephone before he went.

"You're a bum," she said to him. She was crying.

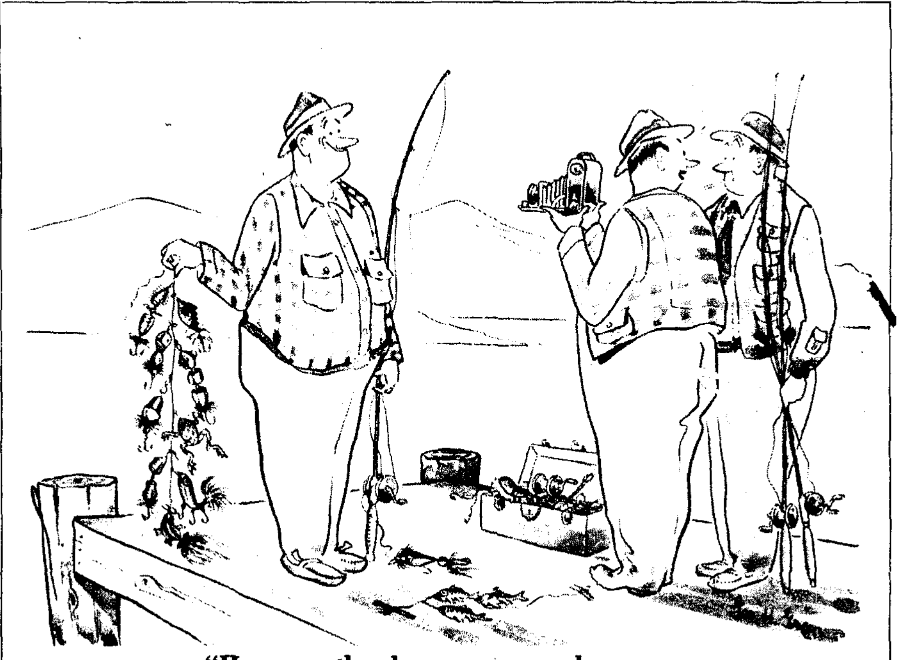
"I love you," Sam said.

"Leave me alone," she said.

Sam went to Midland City.

There (and it baffled him) they were glad to see him. Gottwald, the manager, had him in the bull pen from the start. "I'm saving you for the Lions, Sam," he said.

"I shall take that literally," Sam said. It was a bad joke. He had read it on a sports page somewhere.



COLLIER'S **"He says the lures are much prettier than the fish he caught"** GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"Don't you want to start against them?"

"I'll start against anyone."

"All right. The Lions. What about the curve ball?"

"What about it?"

Gottwald shrugged. "Who knows?"

"Is it as good as ever?"

"I think so," Gottwald said. "But they're all expecting it. You got to confuse them."

"All right," Sam said. "Did I tell you I was in love?"

"Sometimes it makes a difference."

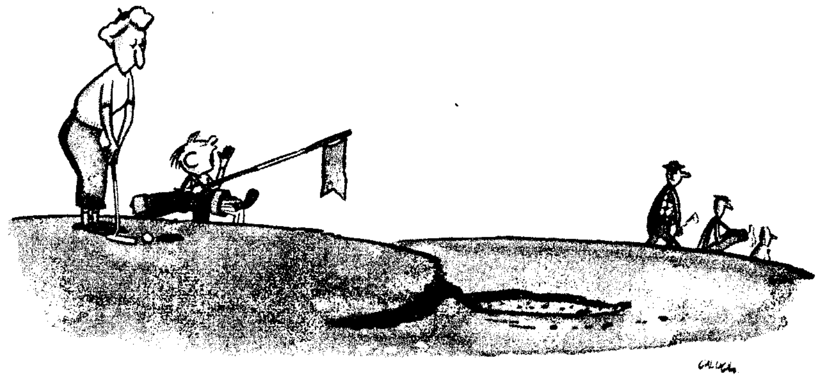
"She isn't talking to me."

"Who blames her?"

"I don't know," Sam said, in despair, and went home to dream about Edna. In his dream, he struck Edna out with a slow ball.

HE WOKE up in a sweat and consulted the Midland City papers, whose baseball writers, in a ten-strike of originality, had fastened upon him the nickname of Six-Inning Sam. Midland City was in fourth place. The Lions, not climbing so much as the top teams were falling, were now up in third place. It was that kind of a league. Anyone had a chance to take it all. Even Midland City.

Sam waited his turn. The Lions arrived in town, and it came. The press made much of the fact that he was making his first Midland City start against the team that had traded him away because he had no guts. It appealed to the local fans. Curiously, Sam found it appealed to him, too.



COLLIER'S "Fore!" JOHN GALLAGHER

He let his curve do the talking for him. He used just enough of the other stuff to keep the hitters honest, but his fast curve was the baby. Sam could not remember when it had worked so well: when the break had been so sharp, so controlled, so impossible for a batsman to anticipate.

It was the top of the fourth before they got a hit off him. Birnbaum got it, dropping a Texas leaguer back of short and legging it to second when it fell in. But Sam struck out the next man, to get out of the inning, and in the Midland City half of the fifth he put down a cold bunt sacrifice to help push a run around and put his club ahead. 1 to 0.

Gottwald, the manager, said, "All right, Sam. You know what inning this one coming up is."

"Okay," Sam said. "I'll stiff 'em. Then I'll be known as Seven-Inning Sam."

"You read the papers too much," Gottwald said. "They're all crazy. I see where some dame in one of the papers in your old town said last Sunday you're potentially the greatest pitcher in baseball."

Sam thought for a moment. "I shouldn't have kissed her."

"Yeah," Gottwald said, and spat over the bat rack. "Himmerling told me before the game that she got fired for it."

Sam picked up his glove and went out to pitch. It was the sixth inning, and he was acutely conscious of it. The stands, he knew, were as conscious as he; and so were his teammates, for, with one out, a ground ball went at medium speed through the hole for a single to left and then the second baseman gummed a double-play grounder behind him, and there were men on first and second, and Himmerling, the Lions' manager, was at bat.

Himmerling grinned. "For once," he called, "I'm glad to see you out there."

Sam threw him the curve for called strike one, then came back fast outside for a ball. He took a bad call low for ball two, then got strike two with his curve. Himmerling was still waiting. Sam missed inside with his slider, and it was three-and-two, and Himmerling stepped out of the batter's box.

"Dimple," he called. "I hear you turned lover-boy in your old age! Conned some broad into thinking you was the greatest pitcher since Alexander. Come on, Dimple, cross me up! Throw me the curve!"

Sam stood there, hunched slightly forward, waiting for Himmerling to step back in. His catcher squatted to give the signal, and Sam shook his head no. This would be his pitch to call, to throw. Would Himmerling expect—actually expect—the curve?

Sam eyed his runners and looked back at the plate, where Himmerling stood waving his bat in slow, steady arcs. Coldly now, suddenly, Sam realized he was angry. But it did not affect his thinking. All these weeks he had been playing disastrous guessing games with the batters, he had overlooked one thing: he, the pitcher, knew what the pitch would be; the batter did not.

He grinned a little; steadied, kicked, and threw. From behind, his arm came fogging through, all the power of his strong shoulder behind it. His body carried around blazingly in the direction of the plate. And at the very moment of release, his fingertips drew swiftly back.

The slow ball seemed to creep from his hand. It floated toward the plate, turning almost not at all as it went. Sam thought he could read the manufacturer's imprint on the ball as it traveled. He saw Himmerling, dug in, suddenly shift his stance and prolong his timing to meet the lazy throw.

Then Himmerling leaned toward the ball and swung, and the roar of the crowd danced in Sam's ears as he saw the ball fly past his head. Almost dimly, he realized Himmerling had not hit it. Himmerling had struck out. The catcher had whipped the ball down to second to catch the runner off base. Sam turned and saw the second baseman putting on the tag for the double play. He turned back toward the plate and saw Himmerling sitting there in the dirt.

BACK at the hotel, the operator told him there was a long-distance call waiting for him. It was Edna. She said to him, "I'm a heel."

"Well, I don't know," he said. "I finally got mad. You told me to throw something else, and I heard about that piece you did, and it got through my thick head. Anyway, I had a dream where I struck you out with a slow ball."

"That was nice of you."

"It was unusual," Sam said. "I heard about your tough luck."

"What tough luck? They saw the box score of today's game and offered me my job back."

"You going to take it?"

"Unless something better comes along." Her voice was warm in his ear. "I think I'm in love with you, Sam."

Sam said, softly, "Wow."

"You might tell me you love me," she suggested.

"I was busy making a dimple," Sam Lewis said.

THE END

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Despite light drizzle, youngsters play outdoors (l. to r.): William Pipp, 2; Donna Fabry, 8; Gwen Kessler, in tree, 10; and Guy Porter, 6

William munches cooky and eyes darkening sky. Later heavy rains came, and guests Pipp, Fabry, Porter went inside with Kessler kids

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Rainy Day in the Attic

FOR almost everyone, there is lingering nostalgia in a rainy day. We all have recollections of childhood afternoons when the wonder of rain raged or whispered about the house. On such days, with the out-of-doors forbidden, cops chased robbers up the back stairs, and cowboys on stairway hills shot at rampaging Injuns in the front-hall valley below. But perhaps best remembered of all is the final, inevitable rainy-day adventure: the conquest of the attic.

Most modern youngsters may find it difficult to believe that attics were once storehouses of great treasure. There were chairs and tables and picture frames, tennis rackets and cushions and umbrellas, toys, Christmas ornaments—and old wardrobes lying ready for the ultimate joy of playing dress-up.

Houses are smaller today, and attics are tidier—when they exist at all. But for fortunate youngsters like Gwen and Ken, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Kessler, of New Rochelle, New York, a rainy day can still have that old-fashioned flavor. The Kesslers live in an old, 10-room, three-story house with a jam-packed attic.

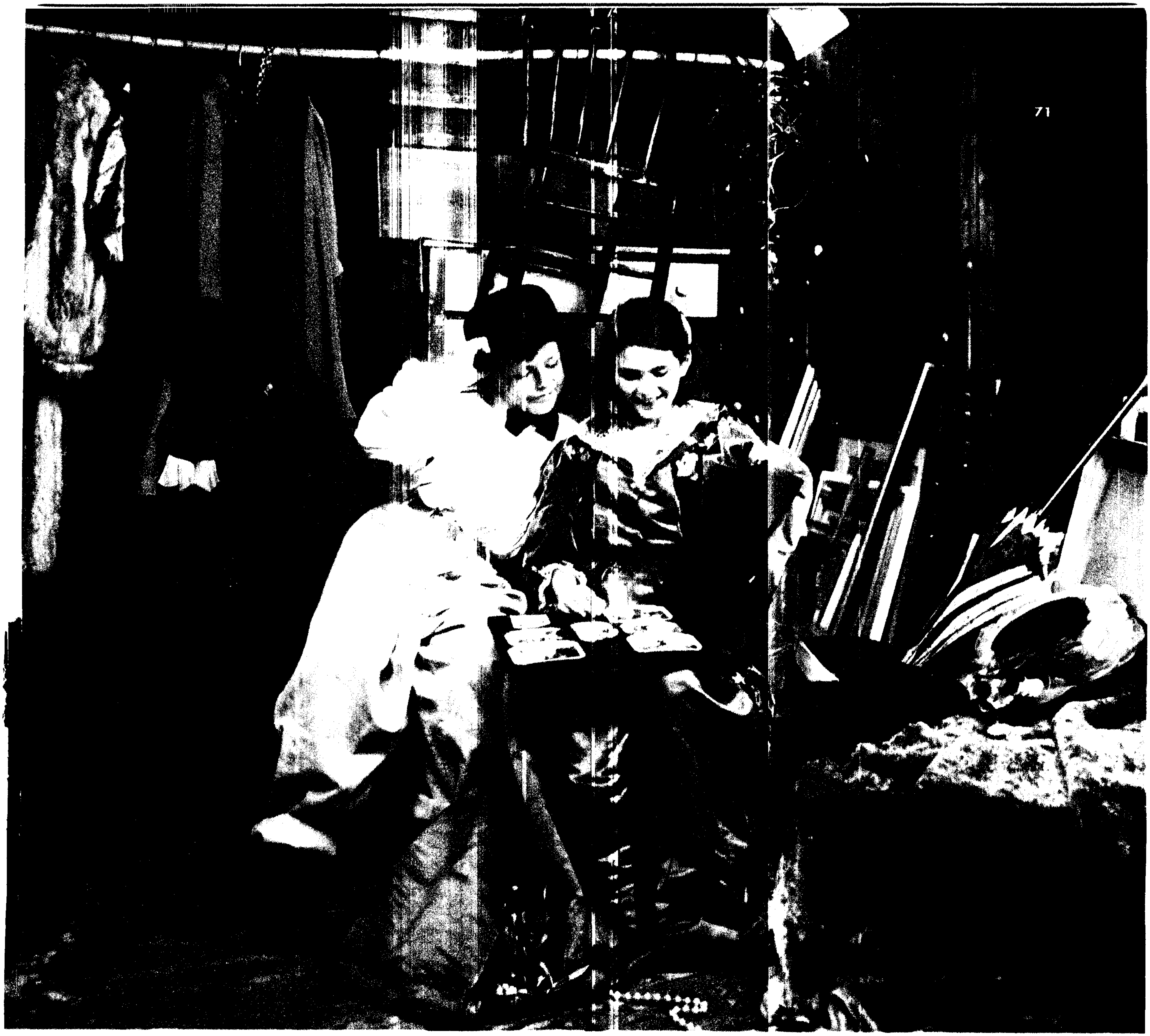
Best of all, among its trunks is one which is filled with theatrical costumes, collected by Mrs. Kessler when she was acting in major Broadway plays as Patricia Courtley.

One day recently, while the Kessler children were playing outside with three friends, it started to rain. The kids simply moved the party indoors. Starting on the ground floor, they used up every diversion in sight, finally wangled permission to visit the attic. Here, amidst a vast and glorious array of discarded items, they slipped into the old costumes and demonstrated conclusively that, while modern architecture may bring plenty of sun indoors, there's nothing to beat a real old-fashioned attic on a rainy afternoon. MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GUY GILLETTE

Finally yielding to weather, William and Guy start battling rainy-day boredom in the Kessler living room with their hosts' toy soldiers

After an initial raid on attic, Guy, in derby, and Ken Perez, Gwen's stepbrother, try checkers for diversion. Then—back to the attic



PETE DIMITRI

Amidst a wealth of wondrous miscellany, elegantly attired Master Porter and Mistress Kessler examine family album found at bottom of old trunk

Glamorized Gwen watches Donna apply cosmetics, essential for any good dress-up game. Theatrical costumes belonged to Mrs. Kessler

Girls settle contentedly in improvised nursery on stairs with Gwen's once-discarded dolls, made twice as precious by rediscovery in attic

On Guard at the Pole

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

covered his eyes, expecting disaster to hit the expedition then and there.

It did—but, ironically, not until Morgan and the Weasel were safely on the ice. Blowtorch leaped in triumph from the vehicle and both his feet went out from under him as they hit the glassy blue surface. Instinctively, he reached for the vehicle to break his fall. His hand caught on a sharp metal edge of the Weasel, and ripped a four-inch gash in the flesh. The intense cold congealed the blood almost immediately, and there was no hemorrhaging. But there was no doubt that Blowtorch Morgan was severely injured, and there was nothing to do but send him back to the hospital at the main base in the C-119. The party was reduced to six.

Crossing the Ice Pinnacles

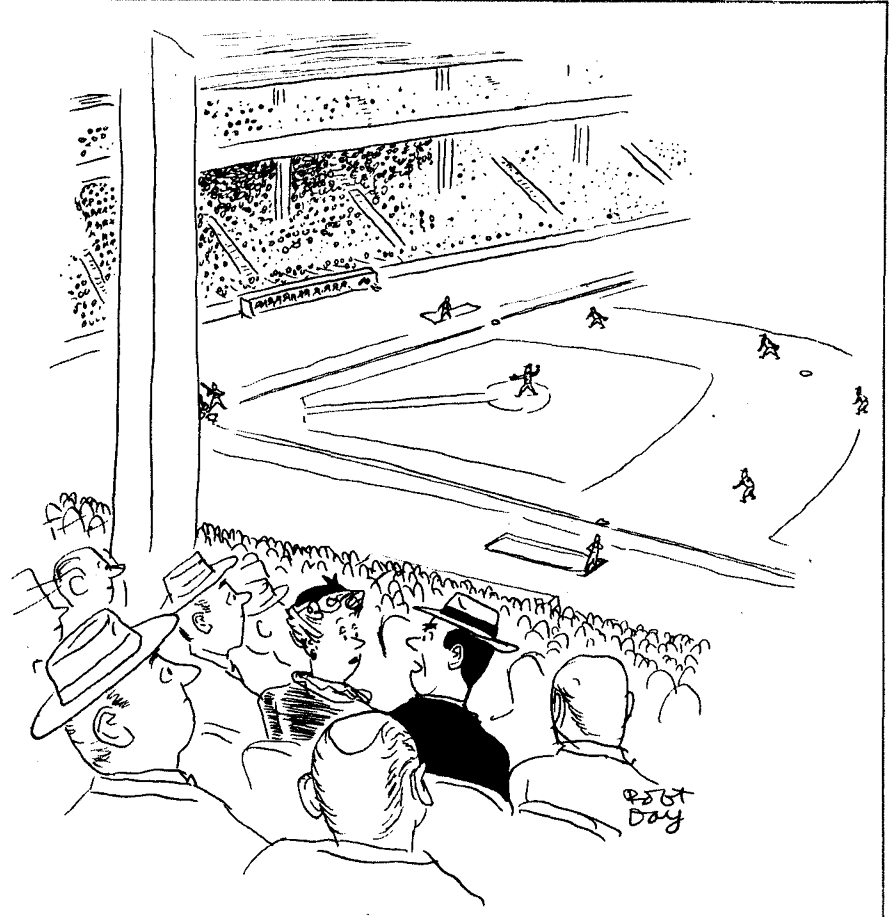
By Monday, April 7th, the group had regained sufficient strength after their exertions in the intense cold to begin their work. They loaded a tent, rations, first-aid equipment and two hand-cranked radios on a sled attached to the Weasel, and five of them took off on a short trip across the rough sea ice to examine a potential site for Nord on the northwest corner of Cape Rigsdagen (this location was under consideration, along with the Dagmar's Peninsula site). They left Captain Baker behind to guard against fires and polar bears, and headed out across the ice pinnacles.

It was an excruciating trip—11 hours to cover 46 miles—but it was only a foretaste of what was to come. It also was a disappointment, for their ground inspection canceled out many of the fine potentialities which the site had seemed to promise from the air. Nielsen, the Dane, all but eliminated the location because of strong cross winds. The Americans, moreover, decided that the terrain, which had looked perfectly flat from the air, was too rough to permit completion of the airstrip with limited equipment during the six-week summer construction season—an assignment that had been given to Morgan and his men. They ate steak that night, thawed the meat by placing it under the engine hood of the Weasel on the long return trip. Then they buried themselves in their tents for a good night's sleep—since they knew that the worst ordeal of all, a 55-mile trip to Princess Dagmar's Peninsula, was the next order of business.

They awoke Wednesday at 11:00 P.M. (time meant nothing since it was daylight 24 hours a day), and the entire party took off in tow, in the Weasel, a Weasel sled and a toboggan sled. Originally they had planned to travel in the Snowmobile as well, but that vehicle had gone dead after covering just 100 yards over the rough ice pinnacles. It wasn't long, either, before they realized that the toboggan sled was worse than useless. It turned over three times in the first mile and a half, and finally everyone had to get out in the bitter cold to unload it and strap it and its cargo atop the Weasel.

But that wasn't the only portent that hit them during those first few hours. They could see for incredible distances over the flat sea ice and low-lying islands and peninsulas, and 50 miles away they noticed something that made their blood run even colder. Far to the southeast, a wind was blowing toward them, whipping the surface snow into the kind of cloud formation that always means acute danger in the arctic. The cloud of blowing snow was partly iridescent, partly dirty gray—and it was mushroom-shaped, like an atomic blast!

Sykes was driving the Weasel at the time and he considered halting to take shelter. But too much time had been wasted already and he decided to press on. Gray, Baker and Trawicky were jouncing along in the Weasel with him, their knees jammed up uncomfortably under their chins. Even more uncomfortable were Nielsen and Milliken, who were on the sled. To keep from freezing, these gentlemen sat on three layers of caribou skins with four layers of skins pulled over them. Shielding their heads and bodies was a tarpaulin, which the others had to lash down from the outside, imprisoning the occupants within.



"I don't know *how* so many people get away from work in the middle of the day! Now stop worrying about it and watch the game!"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

The Weasel had to be stopped every hour to allow the riders up front to refasten the tarpaulin, which was continually buffeted by the icy blasts. Even with all these precautions, falling asleep on the sled would have meant freezing, so they had to fight continually to keep awake. They began taking turns riding in the sled, but as it turned out, Milliken and Nielsen were the only ones who could stand the confinement. As Sykes recalls with a shudder, "It was no place for a guy with claustrophobia."

The big wind first hit as they approached the mouth of Danmarks Fjord. They could see it moving toward them in the form of a gray smudge of blowing snow that obscured Princess Thyra's Island as it roared in. The 50-mile-per-hour gusts nearly capsized the flimsy little caravan, and in the 20-degree-below-zero cold, tiny ice particles ripped into exposed flesh like flying needles. The wind came in two waves that lasted an hour each, but the Weasel managed to fight its way between Princess Thyra's Island and Princess Dagmar's Island.

"It's too late now, of course, but if we'd only had some good strong immigration laws . . ."

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Then they were in the clear for a while, and they saw a strange mirage of dozens of 400-foot-high icebergs reflecting the rosy rays of the sun. When the party approached, the icebergs disappeared. There was no sun—just another series of forbidding black clouds, on the horizon to the southeast and southwest. By this time they had been driving more than 12 hours.

They lurched over the rough ice and the soft snow around the southern tip of Princess Dagmar's Island, and Sykes yelled, "There's the point just ahead!" It was another arctic illusion. The peninsula seemed to be no more than 200 yards away. Actually it was still five miles off and it took them nearly an hour to get there. Then they were engulfed by another wave of 50-mile-per-hour winds and blowing snow. They couldn't see two feet in front of them.

Then suddenly the winds were gone. Nielsen was the first to peer through the settling snow. He took one look and shouted, "There it is!" The others stared and gasped at what they saw. They were standing on the edge of a great arctic plain, smooth as a board except for rippling waves of snow. It was thousands and thousands of feet long. It couldn't have been a more desirable site if they had written the specifications themselves. For once, aerial observation had *under*estimated the flatness of the ground.

Joyfully, the engineers scrambled about the plain. They found excellent locations for runways, with perfect wind directions for airplane landings and take-offs. Under the snow, the plain consisted of loose gravel, the best building surface in the arctic because it drains in the spring when the permafrost begins to melt and heave underneath. Not only that, but Nielsen found several excellent locations for the weather station, with frozen ponds to assure a fresh-water supply. Offshore, too, the ice was smooth and 65 inches thick—enough to support the landing of the heaviest planes in the initial air lift to follow.

The Warm Wind from Nowhere

Even nature turned kind at this point. For shelter, they pulled up behind an iceberg, one of thousands that break loose from glaciers every summer and then are trapped in the freezing sea ice. As they stood in the lee of the iceberg, they were amazed to see the snow melting on their boots. They rushed to look at their thermometers, and it was an unbelievable 34 degrees above zero! A so-called "foehn," or warm-wind zephyr, had sprung up from nowhere, and this, plus the reflection of the sun's rays off the surface of the iceberg, had suddenly raised the temperature in this spot—while 20 feet away, where the Weasel was parked, it still was 10 degrees below zero.

This pleasant interlude was short-lived, however. By the time they had eaten their Army rations—using melted iceberg chunks for drinking water (because icebergs form from fresh water)—the weather had deteriorated again. The sun was gone and there was another of those ominous mushroom-shaped clouds of blowing snow bearing down on them from the southwest. "Let's get out of here," Milliken said. "We can't," said Gray, "We've got to find an area of smooth ice to be cleared for the planes coming in on the air lift." They found just the spot they wanted, off the west shore of Dagmar's Point. But this wasted a valuable 45 minutes and by the

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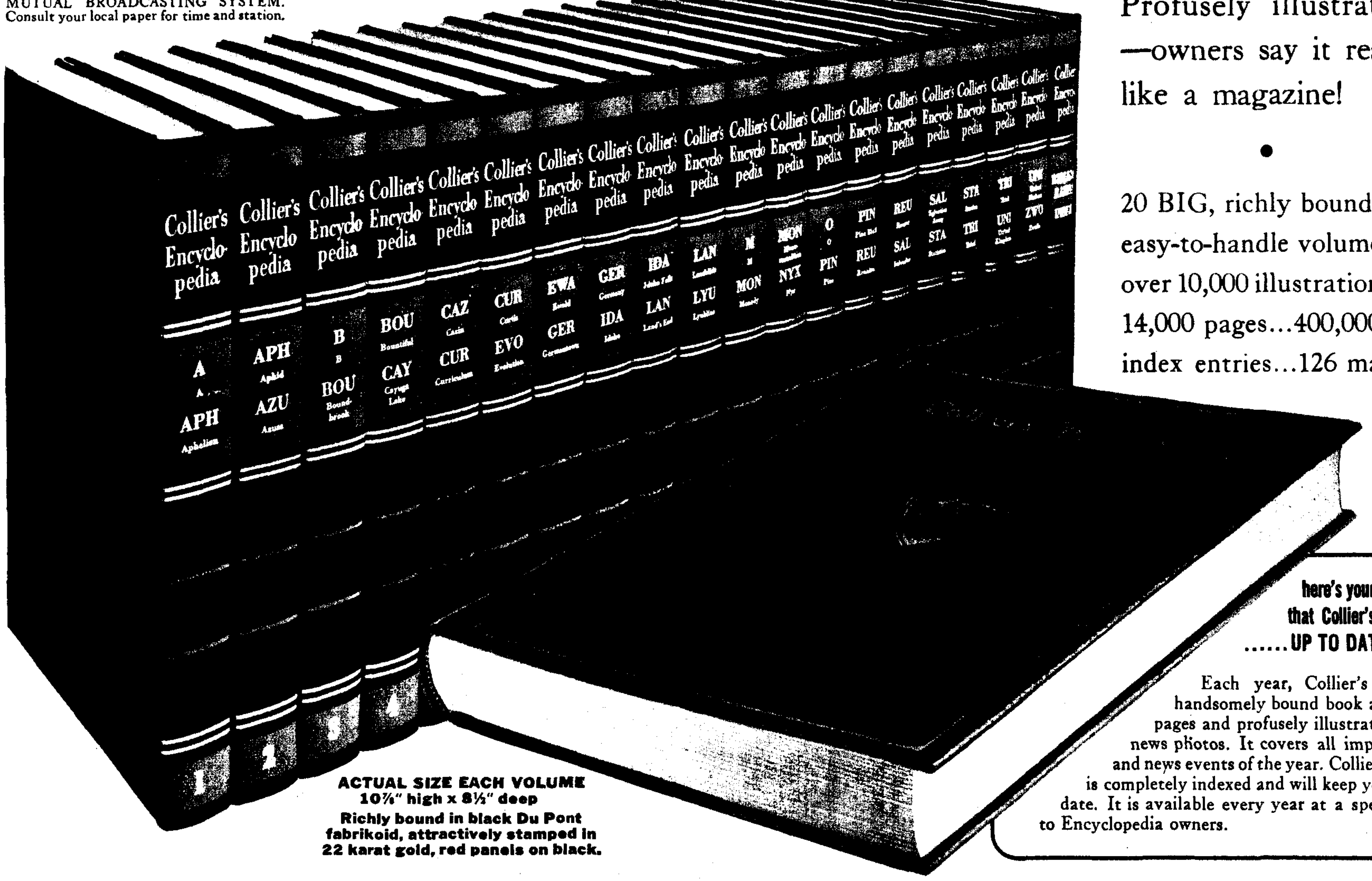

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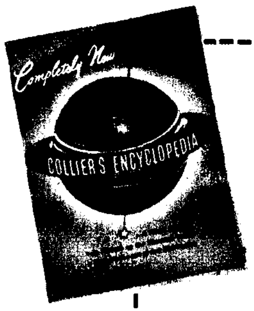

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time they were ready to leave, it was snowing and the visibility had closed in to just a few yards. "That," says Sykes, "was when our troubles really began."

They headed north toward Princess Dagmar's Island, but they couldn't see a thing. "It was like being in the inside of a snowball," Trawicky recalls. So they blundered around in the unbearable cold for a while, and then Sykes pulled out a tiny pocket compass and sent Baker away from the metallic influence of the Weasel to make compass readings every half hour. Even so, they were north of the Magnetic Pole and the compass readings were inaccurate—often by as much as 90 degrees.

Horrors of the "White-Out"

Not only that, but they were experiencing a phenomenon called the "white-out," a haze in which there was no differentiation between the white surface and the white atmosphere, and they felt as if they were floating blindly in space. They crashed into ice pinnacles and once they nearly ran into the side of an iceberg. Sykes is convinced that they made at least one complete circle and he thinks that in their 15 hours of blind wandering, they passed over the Prince Frederick's Islands far to the south.

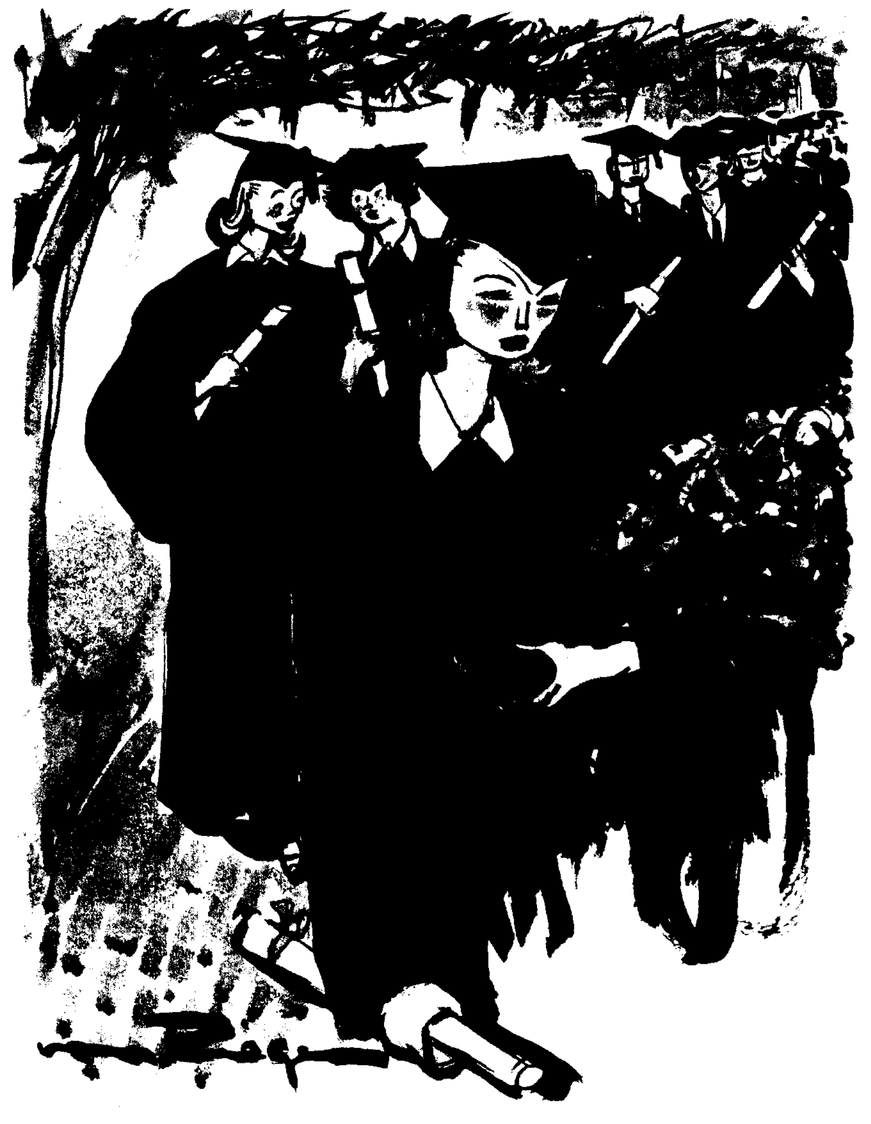
Once, Trawicky walked off less than 50 feet from the Weasel and disappeared completely in the "white-out." A few minutes later he fought his way back. "It's horrible," he said. "It's just like walking in feathers. I couldn't even sense where I was putting my feet. I could have walked off a cliff without knowing it."

Then Sykes began to have hallucinations. "In the solid whiteness," he says, "I suddenly began to see pastel-green foliage. Then, to my horror, I recognized trees and boulders on the Taconic Parkway near my home in New York State. It was as if I were driving along the parkway, but they were always the same trees and the same boulders." At this point, he turned the wheel over to Gray, who, in turn, had the hallucination of running between high snowbanks, though they were traveling on perfectly flat ice. Also, Gray kept veering, for no explainable reason, to the right. Several times the Weasel nearly turned over, running up the sides of pinnacles, and once the sled tipped and they lost some of their caribou skins.

The period of horror was climaxed when Sykes fell asleep under the tarpaulin on the sled and awoke half frozen and in the throes of an acute attack of claustrophobia. He screamed and struggled until Nielsen heard him and rushed back to free him from the tarpaulin.

After 11 hours of this, during which Sykes alternated at the wheel with Gray and Trawicky, they were beginning to despair of coming out of it alive. They kept heading toward what Baker said was the west, on the theory that sooner or later this would run them into the coast of Valdemar Gluckstadt's Land, at the northern tip of which, at Cape Rigsdagen, they had been put down by the C-47 just seven days before. The only trouble was, they could not trust the compass directions, and for all they knew they might be heading into the arctic toward the North Pole, less than 450 miles away.

Just then, Nielsen, the wily arctic hand, barked, "Look!" It was a tidal crack, a dividing line where the rising and falling sea ice meets the immovable ice of the solid land. They could scarcely contain themselves as they realized the tidal crack ran north and south and coincided with the coast line of Valdemar Gluckstadt's Land. They sped north along the crack, and then through the whiteness they spotted a flash of red. At first they thought it was another hallucination, but they recognized it as one of the flags they had put out on



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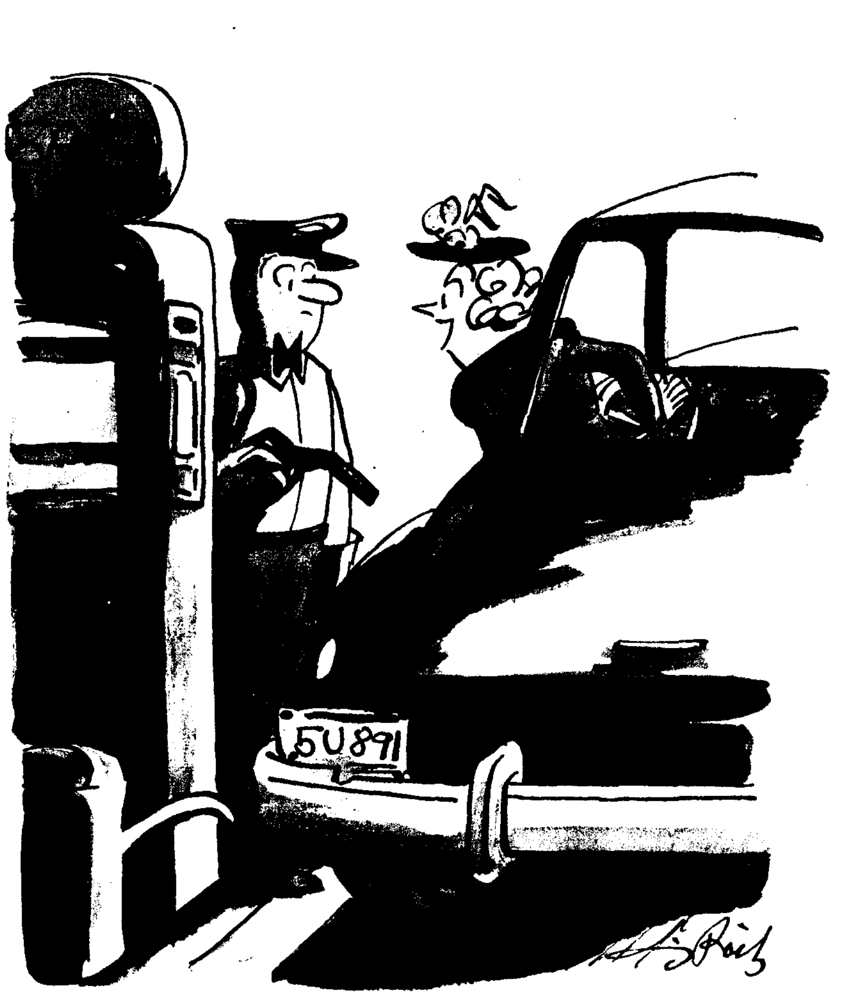

"Let's see—it's four and six-tenths miles to Mildred's and three and four-tenths miles to the grocery store, then six and one-tenth miles back. At fourteen-and-a-half miles to the gallon, how much would that take?"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

their ice landing strip. Weak with fatigue, they made their way to the tents of their camp and began to thaw out their frozen stoves to warm their cold-racked bodies. It was 12:30 P.M. on Friday. They had been gone nearly 38 hours.

When they arrived they had only one eighth of a tank of gasoline left—or enough for 10 to 13 miles more. As Sykes admits today, "No sensible man would have continued in that weather. We should have stopped and made camp. That's what the Eskimos would have done."

Rescue Plane Had No Skis

But their ordeal was far from over. Back at the main base, 600 miles away, crack arctic pilot Major James T. Butts, of Thomaston, Georgia, was ready to fly in his four-engine C-54 to rescue them—a ticklish operation for a big, wheeled airplane which was never designed to land in snowdrifts. It *had* to be attempted, however, because the ski-equipped C-47 had crashed and there was no other available. Photographer Lew Merrim and I were scheduled to go on this mission, along with Colonel Balchen, Blowtorch Morgan, whose hand had healed sufficiently by now, and Cecil Courtney and Peter Moore, the two friends he had recruited in Oklahoma as assistants. But the weather turned bad, and there was nothing for us to do but sit around for four days and wait for it to clear up.

At the camp, meantime, the survey party just lay around in their tents recovering from their trip. Colonel Albert Milliken became the cook, and he whiled away the time devising new recipes for canned pemmican, the dried meat-fat-cereal substance that is the backbone of all arctic diets.

He finally came up with "gumbo pemmican à la Albert," which is made with "one can of pemmican, one pound of bacon, fried to a crisp and sprinkled through the pemmican, water to thickness of gruel, and salt and pepper to taste. Serve in GI coffee mug. Will provide two-and-a-half servings per person."

Most of their activity was not so lighthearted, however. The winds and blowing snows came and went, and for hours at a time they huddled in their sleeping bags on snow-shelves carved out of the floor of their tents. Answering nature's calls became acts of torture in the biting cold, and when they radioed the main base on their tiny transmitter, two men had to risk frostbite taking turns in the open, cranking the generator.

Finally, on Tuesday morning, April 15th, the weather opened up and we took off from the main base at 6:30 A.M. We flew for four hours across the deadly, dazzling-white flatness of the Greenland icecap. For most of the 600-mile flight, Morgan and Courtney played cribbage. Courtney, wearing a heavy black beard, carried a revolver thrust in his belt, and the scene looked like something out of The Shooting of Dan McGrew.

The plan was to leave Morgan and his two assistants at the campsite when we rescued Sykes, Nielsen and company. The three mechanics then were to proceed over the ice with the tractor and other vehicles, to Dagmar's Point, 55 miles away. Then, using the tractor as a bulldozer, they were to clear the snow off the ice so that planes from the main base could land at Dagmar's Point with the materials to construct the Danish weather station and the permanent land strip at what was to be called Nord. Some 600 tons were to be air-lifted in—in a total of 125 flights by U.S. Air Force C-54s and C-119s. Not included in the 600 tons were 35 Danish construction workers, almost all of them built like heavyweight prize fighters, who already had arrived at Thule from Denmark. They were to fly to Nord and build the new weather station.

At 9:10 A.M., copilot John C. Parker, of Oklahoma City, announced, "We'll be over

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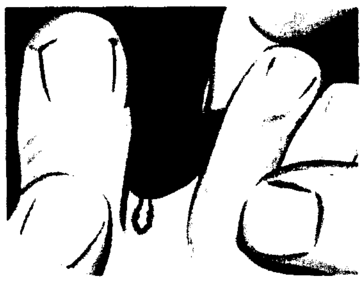

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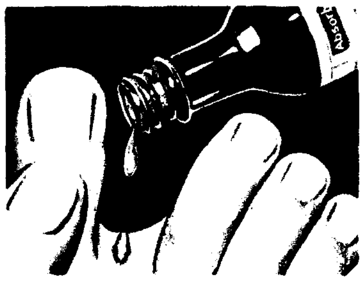

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Independence Fjord in 21 minutes," and then the rough mountains and cliffs of the east coast of Greenland loomed up in the distance. Our radio operator, Corporal Hugh Thomas, of Waycross, Georgia, glued himself to his set, and suddenly he picked up the weak signals from the ground party. He gave his information to the navigator, Lieutenant William Gunning who said, "The strip will be right around the bend, if it's where they said it was." We flew over the "strip" twice without seeing it before we noticed the pathetically tiny tents and red flags. "We're going in," said Colonel Balchen.

Morgan looked at me and I must have been ashen-faced. "This is the first time a four-engine plane has ever tried this," he said. "You'd better hold on."

Rugged Landing in Snowdrifts

The big plane landed with what seemed like a crash. I was torn loose from my safety belt, and a great cloud of snow obscured the windows. We all jounced around in the fuselage and then I realized we were bouncing over the snowdrifts. It was like driving a jeep across a plowed field. Morgan and Colonel Balchen seemed to be the only ones in the plane who were unperturbed, and I heard Morgan say to Courtney, "Cecil, there's enough ice here for all the cocktails you'll ever want to mix."

Colonel Balchen said cheerily, "Well, we're here," and I noticed for the first time that the plane had come to a stop and that the engineer, Staff Sergeant Floyd Bennett, of Tampa, Florida, had opened the door. Morgan already had scrambled out and he said to Sykes, "I tried to get up here sooner, sir." To which Sykes replied, "I know how it is with those pretty nurses." (There wasn't an American nurse within 2,000 miles.)

We unloaded the airplane and hauled aboard the equipment of the landing party. A deathly stillness hung over everything, and the dozens of icebergs in the bay reflected an eerie green color. There were some attempts at gaiety. Colonel Milliken donned a Civil War Union Army cap and announced, "This is the farthest north a Northern soldier ever got." Then, with fine impartiality, he planted a Confederate flag in a snowdrift. Colonel Balchen seemed to take no notice of these proceedings. He stared toward the east. And he was still looking eastward when we climbed aboard to take off, some 50 minutes later.

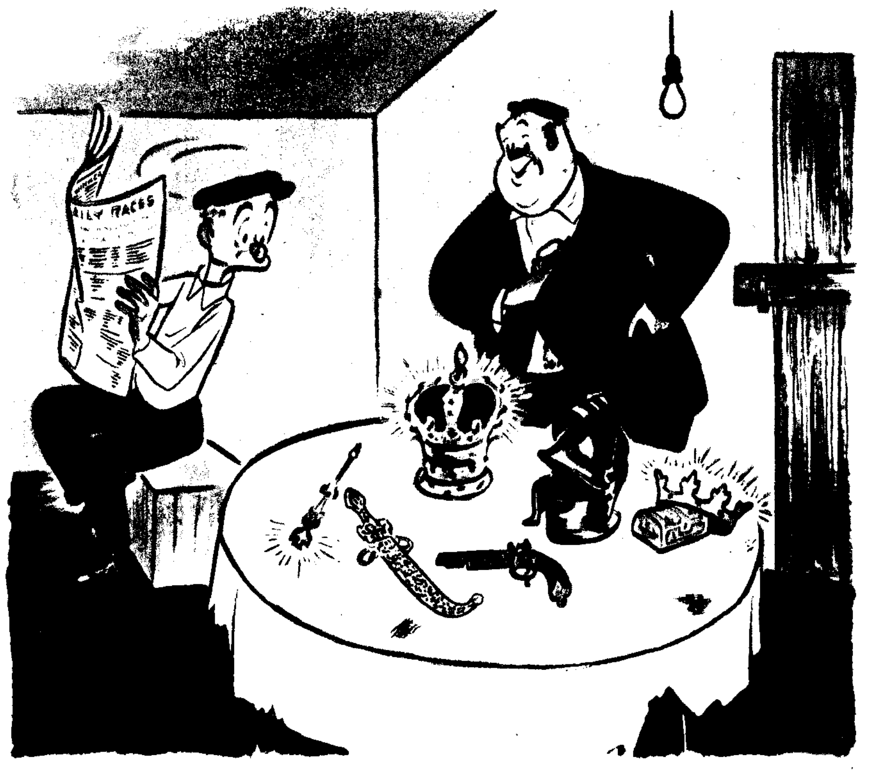
The take-off was a nightmare. The big plane struggled to pick up speed through the 24-inch drifts (a C-54 is not supposed to be able to negotiate snow that is deeper than eight inches); and we could hear the landing gear groaning beneath us. Then, without warning, a terrific gust of wind blasted down from the mountain that flanked the bay. The gust picked up the big plane like a toy and spun it around at right angles. To our horror, we found ourselves hurtling toward the mountain at 100 miles an hour. We were just 50 yards from the mountain when the plane rammed into a deep snowbank. That was the only thing that saved us. Equipment ricocheted around the cabin and a thermos jug crashed into my knee.

Next, while we sat petrified, Major Butts made another attempt to get the plane into the air. The lumbering ship could not develop enough speed through the drifts. He then taxied the plane back and forth, back and forth, over the ice to smooth out the drifts, but this didn't work either. The strong cross wind still made a take-off impossible. At that point, the number one engine went dead. We were just about resigned to becoming the subjects of an arctic rescue mission, when Butts fed fuel pressure into the dead engine from the other three, and started it up again. He then took off cross-country and literally "jumped" the plane into the air from the top of a snowdrift. We hung precariously above the ice for a moment, and then we struggled up and away to safety. (The plane was so badly banged up, however, that after we got back to the main base it went into maintenance for several days.) Butts, a superb pilot, came into the cabin mopping his brow after the take-off and said, "That was the toughest experience I've had in all my years of flying."

But Act III of the drama still was to be played out. Back on the ground, Morgan, with his two assistants, still had to fight his way over to Nord with all his heavy equipment and then begin leveling the airstrip.

Since the weather had improved, we were able to contact him from the main base by radio the next day. He announced that he was breaking camp and taking off that night. The second day, Thursday, we made

BUTCH



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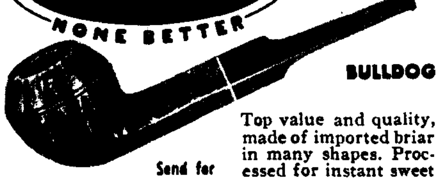

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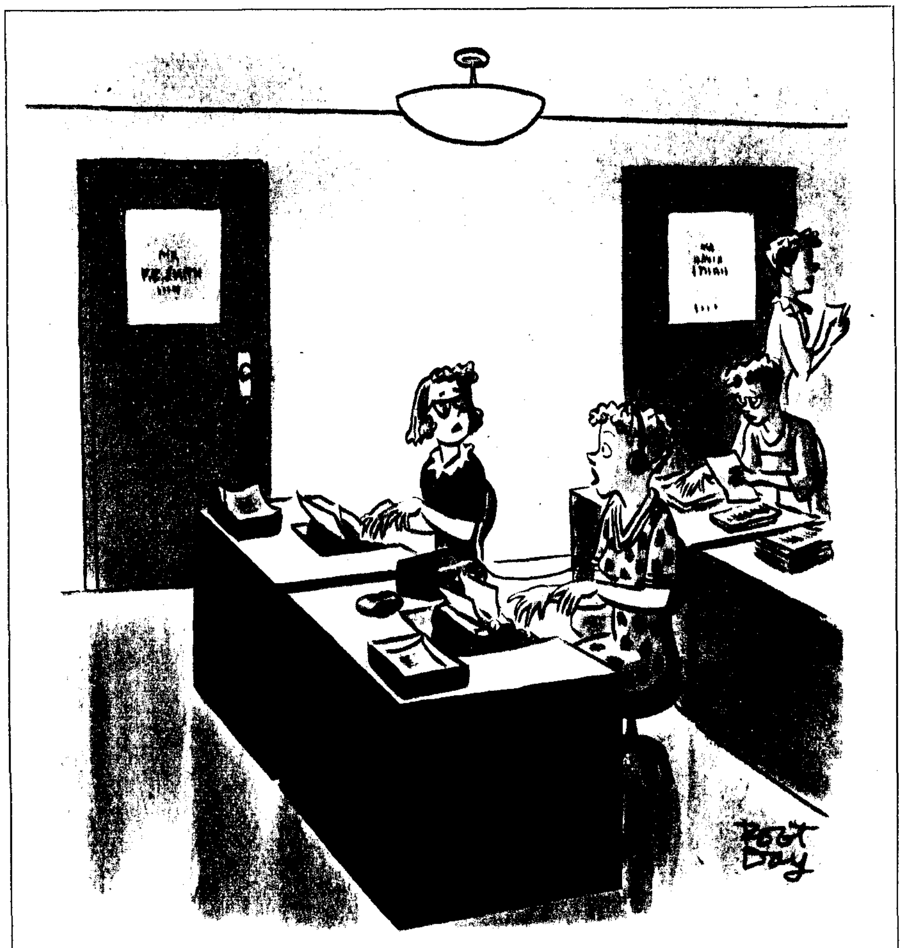

"I wish he would turn off the ball game when he dictates. I just typed, 'Berra smacks one and it's going, going, going!' "

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

radio contact with him again. "We covered 12 miles since yesterday," he told Sykes, "but it's tough going. The 16 tons of fuel on these sleds make them sink into the snow and they jam up against buried boulders and ice pinnacles. Then we have to stop and dig them out. Also the tractor pulling the sled gets stuck. The Weasel doesn't bog down, but the tractor does." Then, as a cheerful afterthought, Morgan added, "I'm gonna go eat. I'm gonna put on the feed bag."

Another Report from Morgan

The third day, Morgan seemed to be making only slight progress again, so we flew with Colonel Sykes to contact him from the air in a C-54 commanded by another outstanding arctic pilot, Captain Robert H. Campbell of Scotch Plains, New Jersey. We picked up Morgan's tracks from 6,000 feet and we found him easily, though the tractor train looked like so many bugs lined up in the snow below us.

Sykes spoke to Morgan over the plane's radio. "How are you coming down there, Blowtorch?" he asked.

"She's pretty rough," Morgan replied over his tiny portable transmitter. "The sleds still dig in and we have to use shovels and back up for a fresh start every 50 feet or so."

"Then you'd better drop off all your fuel and rations except what you need, and we'll parachute new supplies to the Nord site. They'll be waiting when you arrive."

"Fine," Morgan said. "We'll take two drums of oil and gasoline and abandon the rest."

"How about your blowtorch?"

"I won't let it get out of my sight. I've even got these two Okies here believing in the blowtorch."

We flew back to the main base to find that Morgan's journey was being followed like a sweepstakes. Betting pools were springing up on the date and hour of his arrival. But for three days he remained bogged down.

First, the weather turned bad and the tractor train was blocked by the same kind of blowing snow that had nearly wrecked the Sykes party. Then on Sunday night he radioed that the fuel injector in the tractor had broken down and that in trying to fix it he had torn three vital rubber seals which had adhered to the metal in the intense cold. He asked for an air drop of some new rubber seals, but before they arrived, Morgan was doughtily on his way again. He had improvised the seals out of electrician's tape.

That night Sykes tried to find Morgan from the air, but he had disappeared in the swirling snow. In the morning, Sykes, groggy from lack of sleep, made another flight, and this time he located the tractor train. He dropped fuel, a bottle of whisky, a can of pemmican, and a mysterious pink letter addressed to Morgan in a feminine hand. On Monday night, the sixth day out, Morgan reported that the transmission on the tractor was shot as a result of the heavy going, so Sykes made another flight to drop a new transmission by parachute. On this occasion Morgan reported, "These men with me are so happy they want to volunteer for another five years."

Finally, on Wednesday (the eighth day), with every Danish and Air Force dignitary in the area listening in, the following radio message from Morgan was received at the main base: "We arrived at the Nord site at about 2:00 P.M. We had to leave the tractor about two miles offshore because the weather has turned very bad. But I'm going to have a steak dinner and some Morgan pemmican stew. Then I'm going to have an after-dinner cigar. Then I'm going to start clearing this ice on a 24-hour-a-day basis, so you can start flying some planes in here and start building that station."

Blowtorch Morgan of Watonga, Oklahoma, was about to push back the world's frontiers another 600 miles.

In next week's issue, Bill Davidson tells of the arctic heroes who planned and built our stations near the Pole, and describes his trip with the first supply planes to visit our isolated northern outposts after the end of the six-month "perpetual night." Order your newsstand copy of Collier's now

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If you should decide to seek the answer, we hope that you will ask yourself this one question: "Why am I not a Catholic?"

First of all, the answer to this question will reveal, almost certainly, that your ancestors were Catholics—that your forefathers worshiped in the historic Church just as your Catholic friends and neighbors all around you are still worshiping today.

It may be difficult for you to trace your "family tree" back far enough to discover when or why your forebears ceased to follow the historic Faith. It may have been in eras of oppression, when imprisonment, confiscation of property and even death were among the penalties for holding true to the Faith. Possibly it happened during the sixteenth-century revolt against the Church. Or it might have been due to a marriage outside the Church, to a lack of religious interests, or even to some disagreement which you would instantly recognize as trivial.

Perhaps your answer to all this will be that you don't care what your ancestors were... that you can choose your own religion, or do without one. But will this answer stand the test of your own common sense? We know that Christ did establish a Church to proclaim His teaching to all men—including you. We know that He commanded us to "hear the Church." We know that He promised His Church would endure to the end of time. And we know that the Catholic Church is that same Church existing through the centuries since the days of the Apostles.

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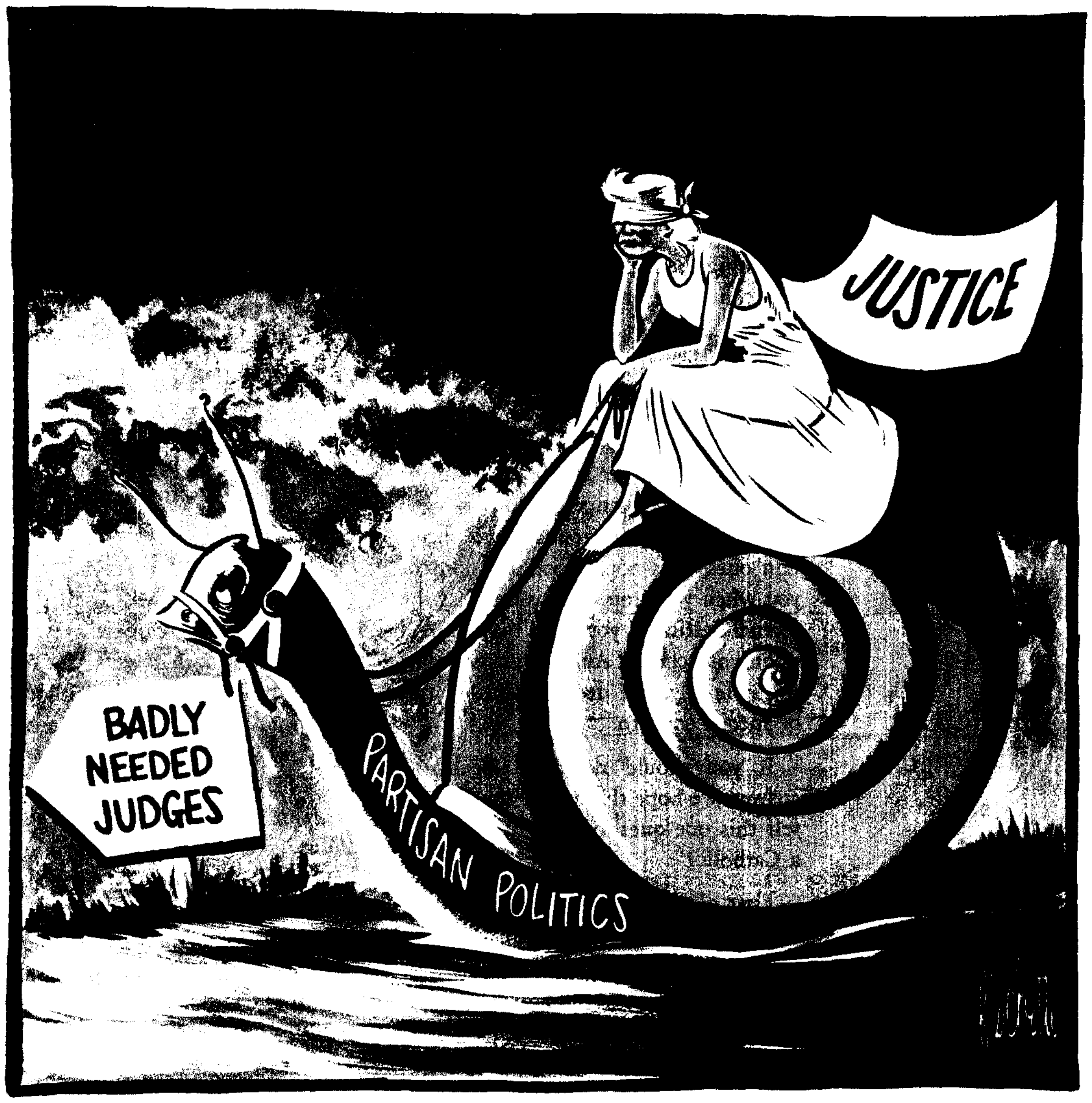

JOHN FISCHETTI

Okay Blind, But Why So Slow?

RESENTMENT AND POLITICS won the decision over good sense and statesmanship when the House of Representatives killed a bill which would have created 23 new federal judgeships. As a result, thousands of litigants in United States courts can look forward to even greater delay and expense before their cases come to trial. Or they may choose the option of an out-of-court settlement at a considerable financial sacrifice.

The resentment which influenced the Representatives' judgment is understandable. Two weeks before their vote on the judgeship bill Mr. Truman seized the steel industry without consulting Congress, and without resorting to the law which Congress had passed to deal with just such emergencies as then existed. The legislators seem to have reacted in a mood of "You by-passed us, so now we will by-pass you."

We can also understand the part that politics played in the House vote, though we can't say we applaud it. Mr. Truman had announced his retirement at the end of his present term. Republican legislators were hopeful of a victory for their party in November, and they evidently wanted to leave the federal judiciary in its present understaffed state until a Republican President could name the needed additions. It also seems that some Democrats were willing to leave the situation as it is for the present, and use the patronage of new judgeships as vote-getting bait in their own party's Presidential race.

But neither Mr. Truman's announced retirement nor his ignoring of Congress in the steel case had anything directly to do with the matter at hand. This must have been as obvious to the congressmen as it is to anyone else. Yet, because it is the President's duty to appoint United States judges, they did nothing to remedy the unhealthy condition that confronted them. So, today, the federal dockets are in as bad or worse shape than they were three years ago when Collier's asked Congress to take some necessary action in an editorial titled Break the Legal Log Jam.

At that time new cases were being filed at the rate of about 40,000 a year, and court calendars were running from one to three years behind. Shortly afterward, Congress authorized the creation of 27 new judgeships. That helped, but not enough. In the last six months of 1951, new cases were filed at an annual rate of 55,000. Federal court cases instituted in the Southern District of New York at the present time won't come to trial for about three years. The waiting period in districts embracing other major cities is from one and a half to two years.

This delay is more than an inconvenience. Federal cases, of course, aren't confined to actions involving the government and large corporations, although those are numerous and use up an enormous amount of court time. There are also a lot of small cases between citizens of different states who can ill afford the long waits involved. For instance, a man might have a clear case for damages. But the costly delay which accompanied the disposition of his case could compel him to settle for a fraction of his claim in order to save money in the end.

Justice can't be done if the machinery of justice is stalled for months or years on end. And there is no prospect that the machinery can be speeded up until a new Congress is in office. We hope that the new Congress will act, and quickly. In the meantime we can only say that the result of the present legislators' tactics is much like the consequence of a national strike in a key industry such as steel, coal or transportation. In both cases the principal target—be it President or company—is hardly hurt at all. It's the innocent bystanders who suffer most.

You Can Save a Life Today

HERE IS A MESSAGE we have received from Corporal Roger T. Hovis in Kojedo, Korea. We pass it along to our readers without comment:

> This is an open letter to the people of the United States. I thought that Collier's magazine might be interested in presenting it to them on their editorial page. My topic is support, home-front support. Most of the fellows over here seem to think that we have none. They don't have to have someone tell them why they are here. What they need right now is an indication that the people at home know why they are here. They need a gesture of backing from the people of the United States, not as a group, as individuals.
>
> There is one thing that can be done. You can give blood. Do you think you're too old or too busy? Think of the men over here. I have seen fresh young seventeen-year-olds and gray-haired men of forty-five and fifty. They weren't too busy to come to Korea and take a chance on leaving their life's blood mixing with the mud and slime of the rice paddies. Don't you think that you could find time to save a life?
>
> I just read recently where an intensified one-day radio and newspaper drive in the city of Detroit netted the grand total of 350 pledges for blood. This in a city of approximately 3,000,000. According to my mathematics that's one person in 8,500. Blood is becoming a critical shortage in the hospitals of Korea and Japan. Can't the home front get behind the boys over here?
>
> We are doing as dirty a job as has ever been given to U.S. servicemen. Do you know that in the first 17 months there were as many casualties in Korea as there were in World War II in the first 20 months? Did you know that the killed-in-action rate in Korea was double that for World War II in the first 15 months?
>
> The GIs in Korea know it. They also know that it took the full, wholehearted support of every man, woman and child in the United States to bring World War II to a successful conclusion.
>
> Many people would like to do something spectacular, something heroic, and the way is made so easy for them. You, yourself, can save a life. You can donate blood to a GI who lost his while doing a dirty job—for *you.*

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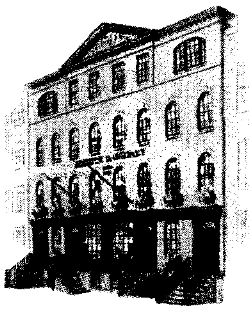
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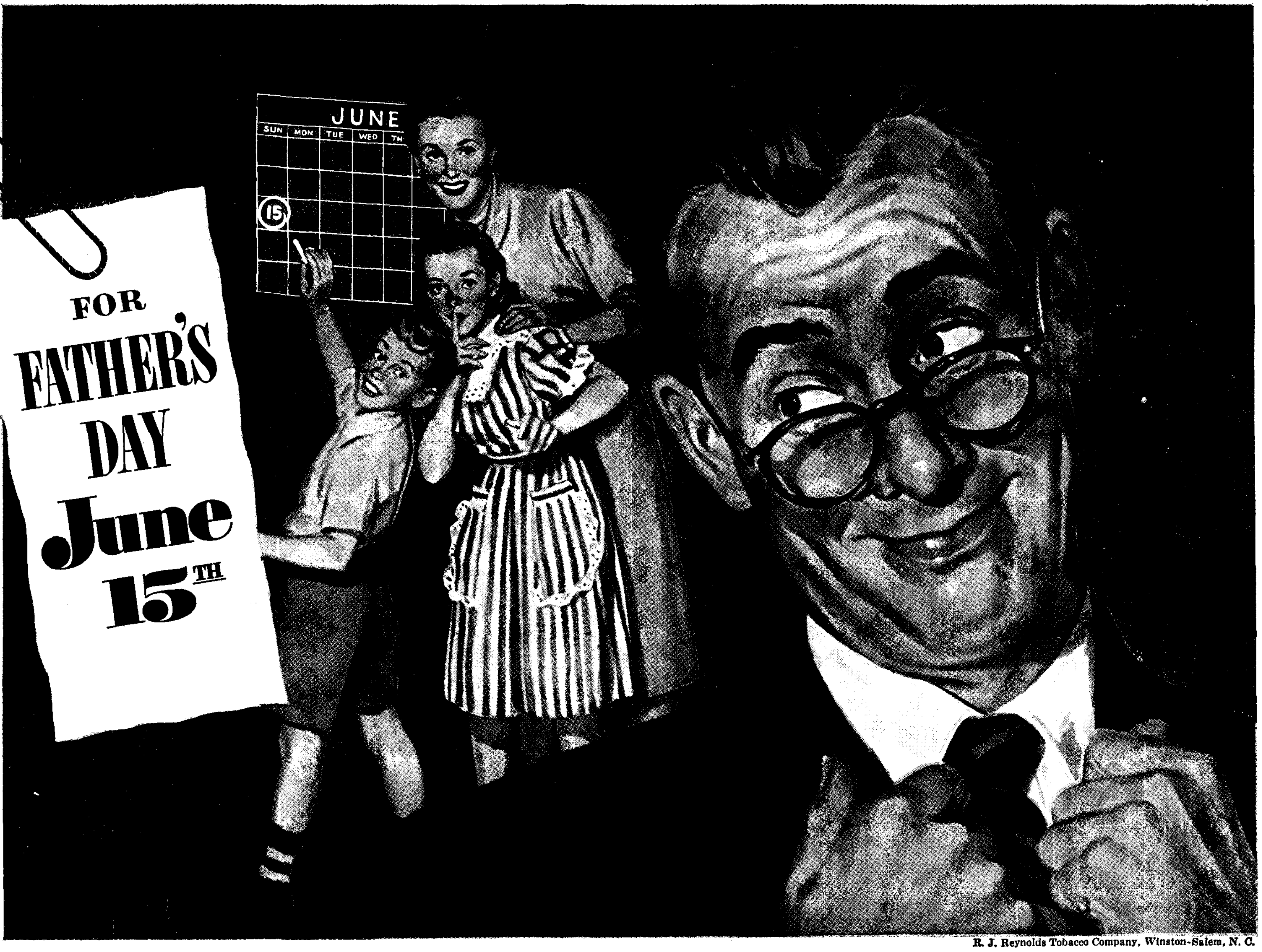
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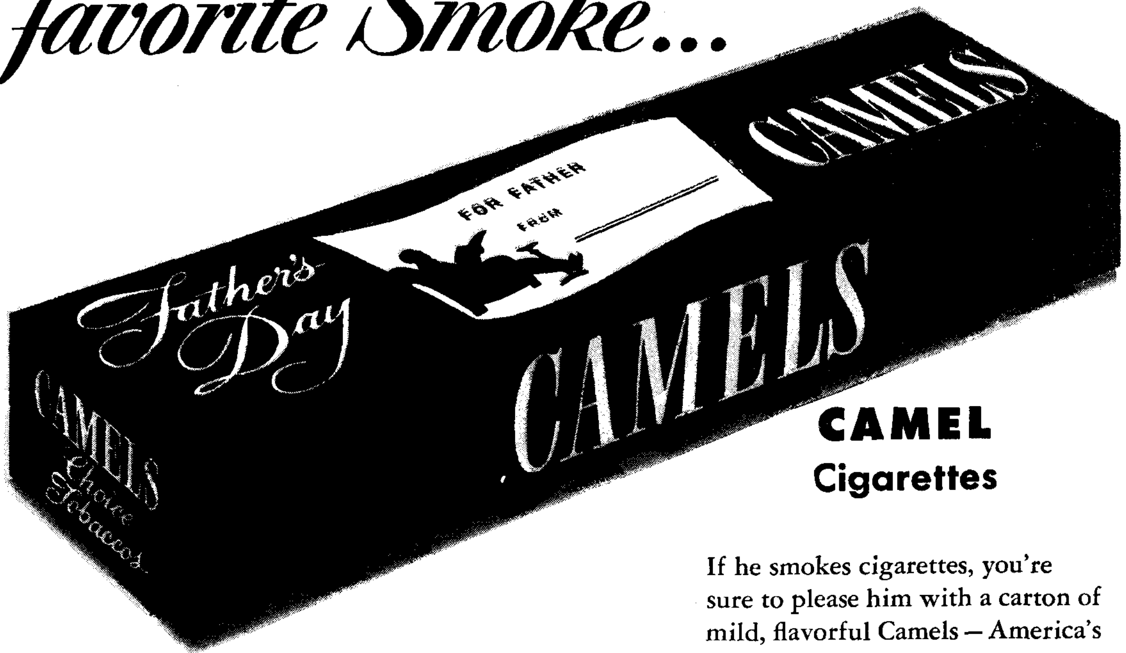
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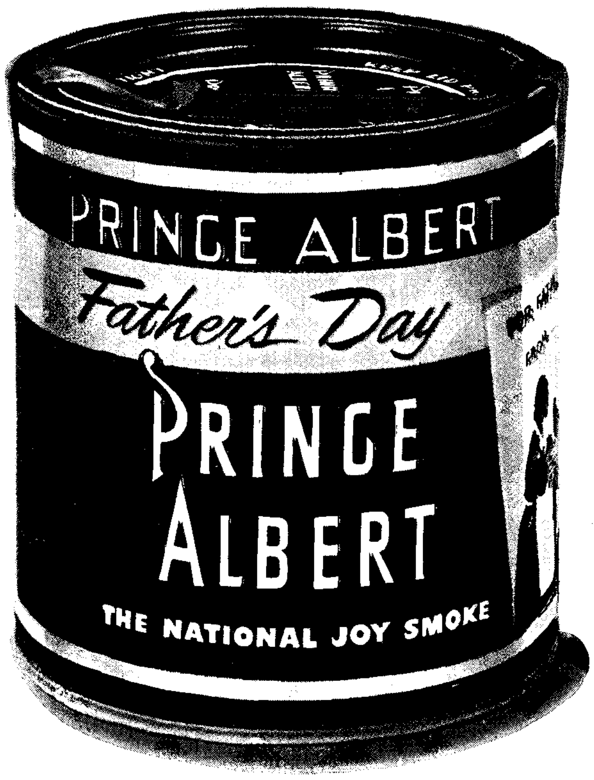
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